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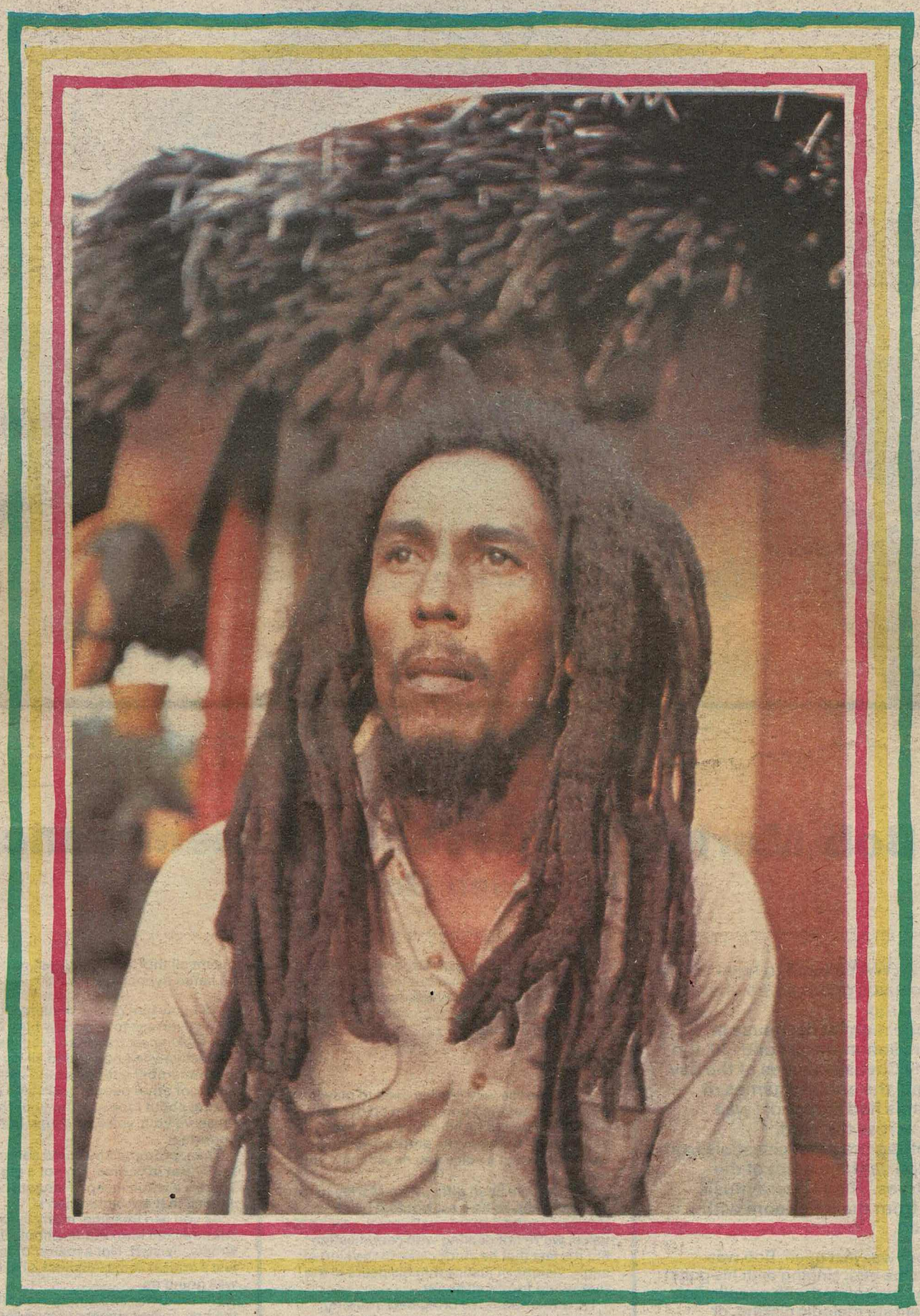
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

The Lion sleeps tonight



BOB MARLEY JAMAICA 1980/PIC: ADRIAN BOOT

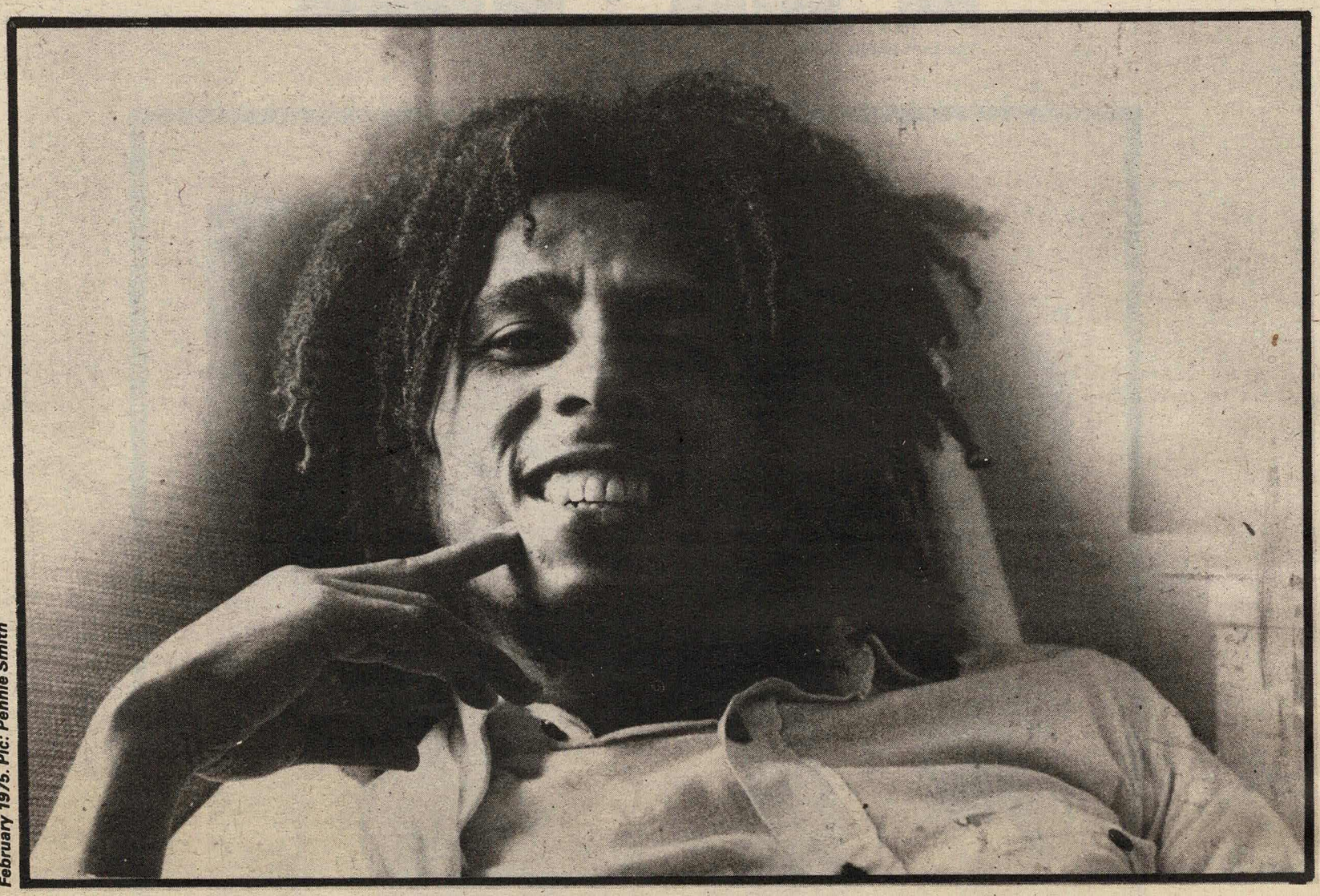
ROBERT NESTA MARLEY

6th April 1945 ~ 11th May 1981

"Soul Rebel ~ Natural Mystic"

366-201057
inkl. moms

"I don't believe in death — neither in flesh nor in spirit ..."



February 1975. Pic: Pennie Smith

Bob Marley: A Personal Remembrance

By Vivien Goldman

HE ALWAYS used to have an acoustic guitar somewhere around.

Late one night at his house in Kingston, sometime around '76, the Piccadilly Circus activities of the day had faded, the endless games of table tennis had stopped. I was walking across the yard, star-spotting the neon celestials from the central vantage point of the mango trees. Then I heard music coming from the little room with a single bed.

The door was just open. Bob was sitting on the bed, singing with his guitar in a shoe box jammed with people. Bob played delicate melodic picking, or passionate rhythm swipes. He was free-forming around what became 'Guiltiness' on the 'Exodus' album: *"These are the big fish, that always try to eat up the small fish. They would do anything to materialise their every wish . . ."*

So sad, so angry. One woman sitting on the opposite end of the bed was obviously entranced, as if Bob was a snake charmer. The simplest magic; singing the truth directly to and from the soul; you had to agree somewhere along the line.

Bob smiled at the woman, subtly shifted the shape of the song to a seductive section about making bedsprings squeak. Everybody in the room smiled — this was not oppressive, embarrassing, anything like that.

It was just a chemistry affecting everyone there, composed of feelings like *Irie* and *Upful* — words that Marley helped plant in Western consciousness, giving us a specific name for a positive, joyful glow that our language lacked, a strong consciousness because it is rooted in full awareness of those elements of reality that could drive anyone crazy.

IT WAS fine the way Marley used to play his guitar in a crowded hotel room on the road; everybody would be singing along, even if you weren't a singer, the embracing music would draw out a voice you never knew you had.

It must have been difficult for Marley to stay as nice a man as he was. Not that he never stormed round a room, well vexed, raising his voice, we're not dealing with canonisation; but it's fact that he stuck close to the kind of angry visions of justice that his peers in the rock world forgot all about.

He remembered to bring back running shoes for barefoot Kingston youths when he came back from Miami. He made sure there were cheaper facilities for youths when he built his Tuff Gong studios (though I'm not sure whether that idea was ever put into practice).

He'd feel insulted as a host if you entered his house hungry and were too shy to ask for food.

He had a good bullshit barometer. He enjoyed winding people up. When he promoted the 'Natty Dread' album here in '75 I watched him change accents to a deeper and deeper patois, really twisting up interviewers that wouldn't understand.

He responded instantly to no-bullshit qualities. He was the kind of person who was happier to see women wearing seemly dresses, like your granny might, and when he first saw and heard about punks, for example, he thought they were pretty funny with all their coloured hair and safety pins. Were they clean? But when he started to hear about the punk ideology, his amusement swiftly turned to serious consideration and respect. He meant all that 'punky-reggae party' stuff. How he hated hypocrisy.

I LAST saw him on the Wailers tour last year. I didn't even ask to interview him, because he was looking so drawn, so tired, that I instinctively felt he needed all his energy. So I just remember sitting around with him and a bunch of other people backstage at Brighton, talking about looking after your throat to preserve your voice, and how honey's important.

Then, prompted by some comment, Bob said: "But of course, I'm not a great singer. There's a whole heap of singers coming out of Jamica that are better than I."

As you can imagine, many voices contradicted him. But he shook his head, simply insisted. Not a matter of false humility, just a critical consciousness of exactly what was going on.

His brilliance as a singer was different from the bell-voiced singers of love songs Jamaica can measure out by the yard.

Last time I interviewed Bob in July '79 we talked about death.

VG: "How come you're aware of the danger of being assassinated when you say there is no such thing as death?"

Marley: "Hold on, now. You think you can go out there and lay down in front of the car and let it run over you? If I go outside and see the big bus coming and put my head underneath it, what do you think will happen?"

VG: "So when you say you don't believe in death . . ."

Marley (firmly): "I don't believe in death, neither in flesh nor in spirit."

VG: "But I don't understand . . ."

Marley: "Yes, but you have to AVOID IT. Some people don't figure it's such a great thing. They don't know how long they can preserve it. Preservation is the gift of God, the gift of God is Life, the wages of sin is Death. When a man does wickedness he's gone up there and dead."

That's how I know that Marley is still alive.

Miami, Florida — 12.30 pm Monday

BULLETS COULDN'T KILL HIM

— Cancer did

SEVEN MONTHS AFTER he had been diagnosed as suffering from the disease, Bob Marley fought his last fight with cancer when he died at the Cedars Of Lebanon hospital in Miami early last Monday afternoon.

The death of the 36 year-old Jamaican folk hero occurred only four days after he had flown to Florida, following what several sources close to him believed to be the successful conclusion of a five-month course of intensive treatment at the Bavarian clinic of unorthodox cancer specialist Dr Josef Issels.

It was not to be, however: a spokesperson at the Cedars Of Lebanon hospital said on Monday that Bob had arrived in Miami last Thursday specifically to be admitted to the hospital.

"He was in extremely poor condition when he arrived here," commented Karen Buschbaum. "When he got here it was determined there was not much we could do for him except keep him as comfortable as possible."

She was not aware whether pain-killing drugs were administered, but said that that would be normal procedure. Though there were a number of cancer specialists involved in treating the reggae icon, she added, no chemo-therapy or surgery was undertaken.

Members of Marley's family were present with him at the time of his death, up to which time he retained full consciousness.

Marley had known he was suffering from cancer since the illness was diagnosed at the beginning of last October in New York City at Sloane-Kettering Hospital, a cancer treatment centre. Some days before, on September 20 and 21, he had played his last-ever live dates when The Wailers had supported The Commodores at Madison Square Garden in Manhattan. The Sloane-Kettering verdict on the state of his health resulted in the cancellation of a scheduled US tour with Stevie Wonder.

In fact, this was not the first time the musician had been stricken with the disease. In 1977, whilst living in exile in Miami following the shooting attempt on his life in Jamaica the previous year, Marley had a toe removed — again at the Cedars Of Lebanon hospital — after a growth had been found. Although widely assumed at the time to be non-cancerous — a smokescreen story was put out that the medical problem was the result of a football accident — the tumour *was* malignant.

Last autumn, as the cancer spread to Bob Marley's lungs, liver and brain, he based himself in New York and attended Sloane-Kettering as an out-patient for two months before flying to Germany at the beginning of December to engage in what now comes to be seen as a last ditch struggle against the illness.

Indeed, during his stay at Dr Issels' Lake Tegern private hospital there were supposedly considerable signs of improvement in Marley's health, with a claimed perceptible decrease in the size of the tumours that increasingly had been riddling his body.

Issels' controversial methods include the administering of the drug Interferon, in tandem with a purification of the body via strict dietary habits. This cleansing of Marley's system had necessitated the Rastafarian figurehead abandoning the usage of herb, the smoking of which he had for long been an advocate as an integral aspect of his intense religious beliefs. In addition, in order for the effective treatment of his brain tumour, Bob Marley had been obliged to shave off his dreadlocks, a presumably traumatic experience.

Of his death, Island Records owner and long-time Marley associate Chris Blackwell said on Monday night, "I can say nothing other than it's a terrible, awful loss. Bob's career was always much larger than music and there was much more to come."

The body of Bob Marley will be flown home to Jamaica for burial.

CHRIS SALEWICZ in London and RICHARD GRABEL in New York chronicle the events leading up to Monday's tragedy

In the Tuff Gong Studio 1980. Pic Adrian Boot.

■ Just two weeks ago the Jamaican government awarded Bob Marley the Order Of Merit — the country's third highest civilian award, entitling the musician to be known as The Honourable Bob Marley. In his absence the award was accepted from Prime Minister Edward Seaga by Ziggy, Bob's eldest son.

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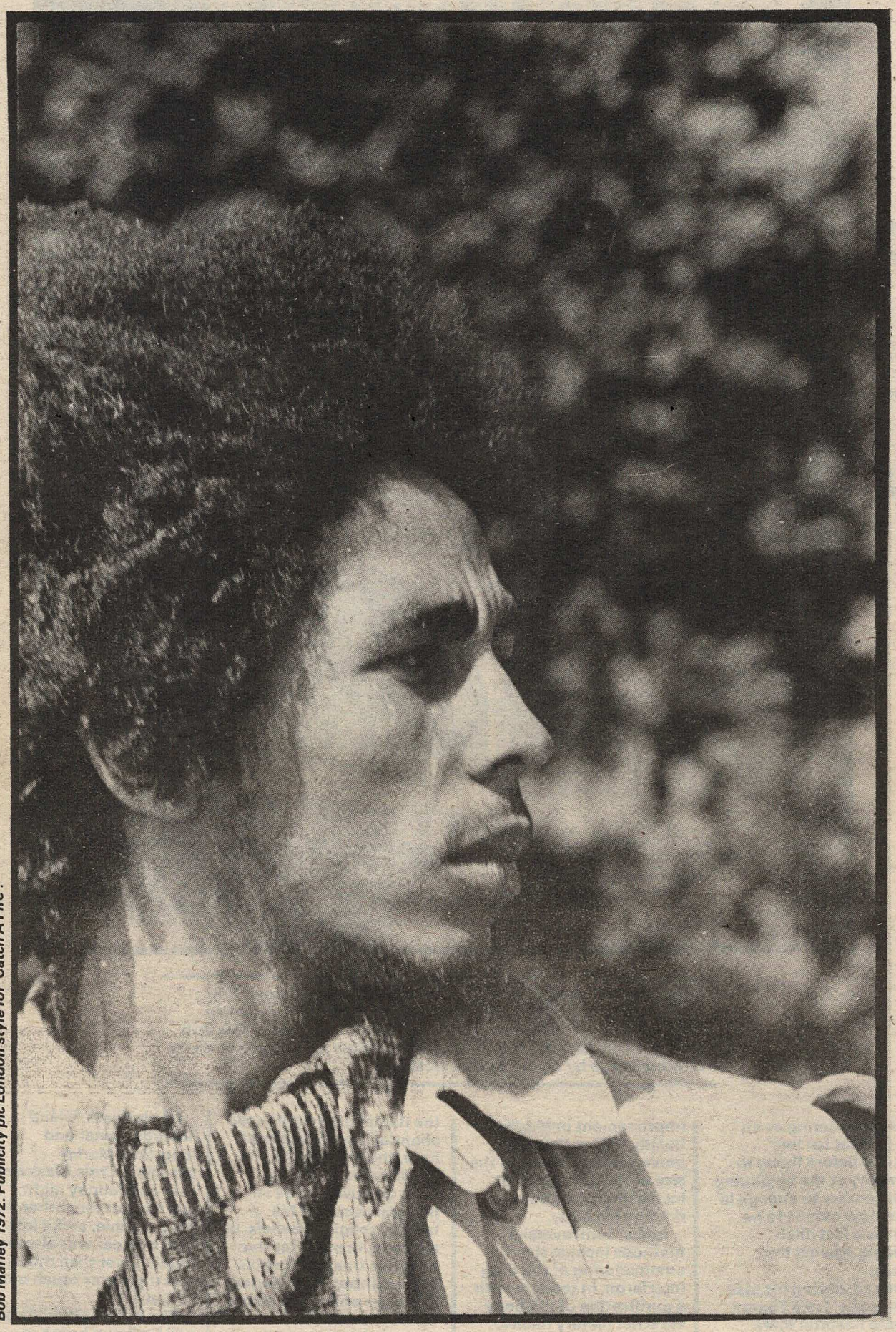
"I'm a rebel, soul rebel I'm a capturer, soul adventurer."



Bob Marley 1972. Publicity pic London style for 'Catch A Fire'.

A Man For All Reasoning

Obituary By Neil Spencer

THOUGH THE SHOCK is less than that accompanying the tragic slaughter of John Lennon last year, the sense of loss brought on by the untimely death of Bob Marley is scarcely less.

Word had been going around reggae circles for months that Bob was losing his fight against cancer, but the man's own resilience and confidence carried us onwards and upwards in hope. It is significant that, right to the end, Marley refused to think 'that negative way'. He was, above all else, a symbol of hope and optimism for millions of fellow humans around the world, who saw in the diminutive singer from Trenchtown some aspect of their own sufferings or torments, some resilience and militancy that they lacked or aspired to.

For, if Marley's appeal and his fame was less than that of his fellow spirit Lennon, then the nature of his success and his appeal were more remarkable than that of The Beatles, and certainly in the '70s, more immediate and more relevant to the times, to our sense of being placed in time.

While John took time out and off to discover a personal and domestic identity that fame had denied him, Marley moved progressively nearer the heart of the social and political activity of his time. In 1976 he became the first music star to be subjected to an assassination attempt — when gunmen burst into his Jamaican home and sprayed it with bullets, his offence apparently being to lend support to the campaign by Jamaican PM Michael Manley to win re-election.

He survived the attempt, just as he had survived the iniquities and injustices of social deprivation and racial and class stigma to become one of the truly visionary artists of modern times.

Though the relevance and validity of his religious convictions were frequently called into doubt by his detractors — glib, faint hearts and jaded cynics for the most part — Marley remained for many the simultaneous apotheosis of rebel pride and sunny outgoingness of warmth and militancy in unlikely fusion.

The paradox was quickly apparent to anyone who met, interviewed or worked in association with Bob Marley. A man of lively intelligence, insatiable curiosity, profuse humour, and unwavering faith and commitment, he was also endowed in great measure with the musical and performing talents to conquer the hearts of millions to whom his Rastafarian beliefs were indecipherable at best and plainly offensive at worst.

He was made to suffer in interviews for his adherence to Rasta dogma though few of his attackers possessed the underlying spirituality that animated his beliefs. The present writer remembers seeing Marley under attack in a German hotel from prosaic German radio interviewers pressing home questions about Haile Selassie's bank account.

"Why you no check the heart that beat instead of the bank account?" he answered, and it seemed then that whatever his failings Marley was more on the side of life than the grey rationalists who pursued him.

I think it was at the same meeting that I realised the enormity of the pressure bearing down on him — spokesman for Rasta, for reggae, for Jamaica, for black people everywhere, for *any* people concerned with the advancement to a compassionate world community ...

There was another paradox there, in the conflict between Bob's compassion and his belief that mankind would in some way receive the wrath of God's judgement for the unending wickedness of their ways, and his admonitions that *"If a fire, let it burn, If a blood, let it run,"* were no idle Sunday school chatter but intimations of the apocalypse that reverberated throughout his work.

Perhaps there was a conflict too between his identity as a black spokesman and the fact that his father was white; not that Marley was in any way racist, simply that his mixed blood made him check the absurdities of racism that much more profoundly within himself.

ROBERT NESTA MARLEY was born the son of an English army captain from Liverpool who had left Jamaica by the time his son was born to Cedella Booker in the parish of St. Ann's. Bob Marley never knew his white father but throughout his life he enjoyed a close relationship with his mother, who survives him.

There was always uncertainty about the exact date of his birth, and though April 6th is shown on his passport, Marley once informed this writer that the true date was in mid February.

He spent much of his childhood in the country, and retained a great love of nature and the outdoors, sometimes in later years talking of returning to the land and becoming a farmer.

His family were poor — Jamaican poor, which means very poor indeed. They moved to West Kingston and Marley spent his adolescence learning survival on the lawless streets of the Trenchtown ghetto, where he quickly teamed up with schoolmates Peter McIntosh and Neville 'Bunny' O Riley to form The Wailers, a vocal trio much in the style of the soul outfits to be heard on the Miami radio shows — the pure high falsetto harmonies of Curtis Mayfield's Impressions were a particular favourite and inspiration for the teenage group.

At first the Wailers were joined by two further schoolmates, Beverley Kelso and Junior Braithwaite, but these left soon after the group had cut its first single, 'Simmer Down' for producer and patriarch Coxsone Dodd in 1964.

Marley had already cut a solo single — 'One Cup Of Coffee' — two years earlier, when at the age of sixteen he had been introduced to producer Leslie Kong by up and coming singer Jimmy Cliff, but the record flopped.

The Wailers, however, were an instant success, and over the next three years cut a series of classic hit singles for Dodd, varying in approach between slow ballads in the American soul style — 'I'm Still Waiting', 'It Hurts To Be Alone' — and furious uptempo ska tunes like 'Love And Affection' and 'One Love'.

The record that sealed the trio's reputation as the toughest, most popular combo on the island was 'Rude Boy', a paean to the exploits of the freewheeling delinquent youth who hung out, bored and reckless, on the streets of the capital. The disc triggered a craze for 'Rudie' records which swept the charts, relating various episodes in the daredevil ways of the rudies and their endless confrontations with authority. The group also started to sing ribald sexual celebrations like 'Bend Down Low' and 'Put It On'.

Ever pioneers, The Wailers decided to start their own label, Wailin' Souls, but this venture soon foundered when Bunny was railroaded into prison on charges of possessing Jamaican's national drug, marijuana.

Tosh and Marley cooled their heels. Marley spent some time in America, working at a car factory in Delaware, where his mother had settled. He returned to Jamaica to sign a deal with soul singer Johnny Nash, resulting in a single, 'Reggae On Broadway', on CBS. Later Nash would have hits with Marley tunes, 'Stir It Up' and 'Guava Jelly', one of many artists to prosper from Marley's prodigious and songwriting talents.

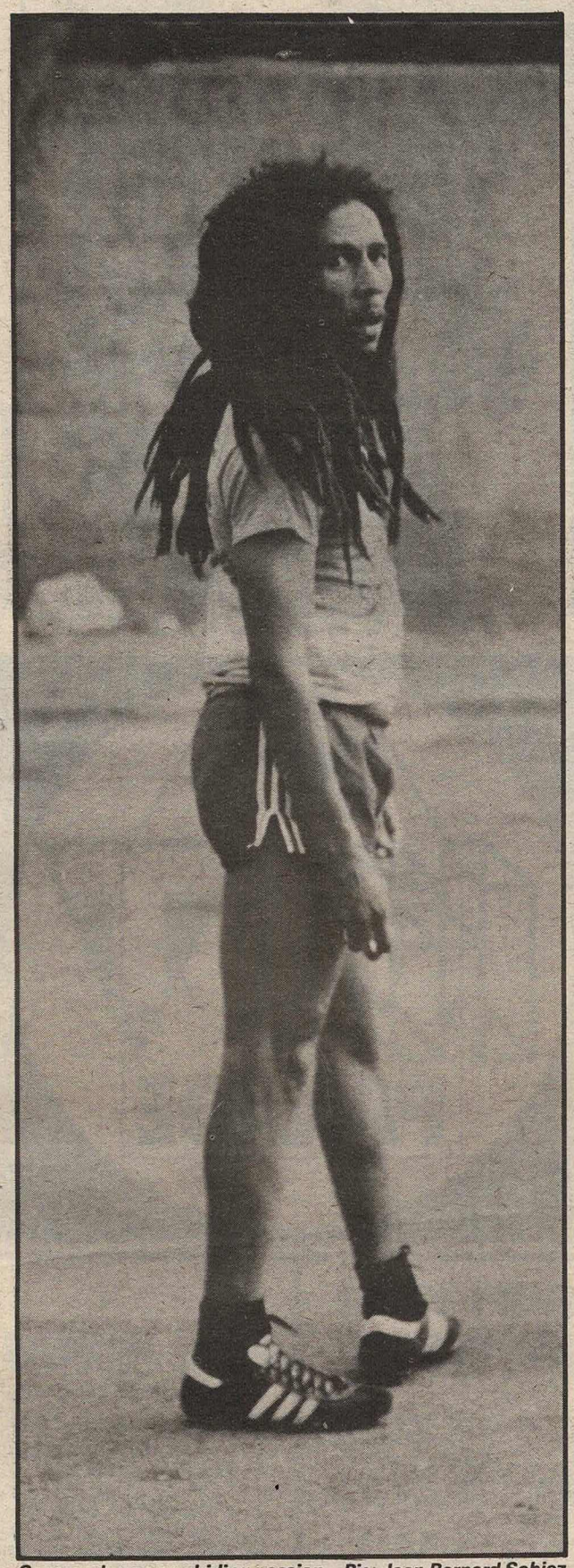
The turn of the decade found The Wailers re-united and on better form than ever, working with producer Lee Perry — the start of a long association between The Upsetter and Marley — on material they released on their own newly founded label Tuff Gong. With Perry pioneering new sounds and rhythms for the music, brilliantly assisted by the resident rhythm section of the Barrett brothers, and the group, particularly Marley, penning songs whose spirit and insight resound to the present day, the results were truly magical. Songs like 'Trench Town Rock', 'Duppy Conqueror', 'Small Axe', 'Mr Brown' and 'Soul Rebel' were Jamaican smashes and began to attract the attention of others less directly involved in the still tiny Jamaican music business.

Acutely sensing the potential of the group to reach a new audience untutored and ignorant of Jamaican roots music — 'reggae' was currently enjoying a boom as disposable chart music, the idea that it could have anything to communicate of the weight and import of rock or soul or jazz was alien — Island Records founding father Chris Blackwell signed the group and put them into a twenty-four track studio with unlimited time; the kind of procedure enjoyed by even the most mediocre of rock talents.

Press conference Germany, 1976. Pic Allan Barnard.

His last UK tour, 1980. Pic Anton Corbijn.

Rita Marley. Pic Adrian Boot.



Soccer, always an abiding passion. Pic: Jean Bernard Sohiez

With Blackwell's considerable entrepreneurial talents at the helm, and unlimited studio time (and session players) at their disposal for the first time in their career, the Wailers' dazzling innovatory 'Catch A Fire' LP inevitably made the group a cult within a rock community largely drained of the revolutionary fervour of the '60s.

Most, however, couldn't cope with the languid rhythmic intricacies of the music and its uncompromising spiritual and social message and even tours by the group failed to activate more than a minority of either the media (journalists Carl Gayle and Richard Williams were notable exceptions) or the public at large. 'Catch A Fire' served as the blueprint for all Marley's albums on Island over the next eight or so years. Peter Tosh and Bunny both left the group — not without acrimony — after the second album, 'Burnin', leaving hard core fans bemoaning the demise of the group and most others heralding the solo Marley on 'Natty Dread', the album that was to propel both him and Jamaican music as a whole into the limelight.

His tour of the UK the summer of its release was one of the most delirious and thrilling shows that many of us have ever witnessed, and people still talk in reverend gasps of the Lyceum show that constituted his 'Live' album of that year. His subsequent recordings — and indeed the live show itself, with the I Three replacing the harmonies supplied by Tosh and Bunny and a progressively greater instrumentation — have been largely refinements and variations of the formula he evolved in the mid '70s, its appeal spreading steadily further round the globe.

He's had massive Top Ten and disco hits — 'No Woman No Cry', 'Jamming', 'Would You Be Loved' — and singlehanded he has made the concepts of 'Dread' and 'Rasta' mean something to people who otherwise would scarcely have heard of Jamaica.

He inspired the island's music business to look outside its own tiny market, and if the cultural exchange has at times seemed lopsided (ie reggae lost out), then times are still early. He gave the popular press something to get excited about when they discovered that the Jamaican Miss World had a boyfriend who smoked a pound of marijuana a week, had dreadlocks on his shoulders, and nonchalantly talked of his nine children, the majority of them not by his legal wife Rita, who has been with him since the earliest days of The Wailers and whose support and concern have been increasingly apparent since the announcement of his illness.

Many of Bob's dreams in this life were realised in his lifetime. He travelled to Ethiopia; he saw Zimbabwe 'liberated' and the Zimbabwe government's invitation to play at the country's independence celebrations last year was for Marley one of the most important and moving events of his life and career.

Until cancer struck him down, he was in fact on the brink of another stage in his career. He planned to finally conquer America, aided by Stevie Wonder with whom he had struck up a friendship, and who had written the international best seller 'Master Blaster' about the wiry Jamaican hero.

Better would have come.

FOR MARLEY and for his fellow Rastafarians, there can be little comfort in the idea of the peace and tranquility of the grave. Marley did not believe in an after life . . . *"If you knew what life was worth, you would look for yours on earth,"* he sang in 'Get Up Stand Up', and he meant it.

I also recall having an intense conversation with the man and his friends on the occasion of the Jamaican Peace Concert in 1978. We were sat on the steps of his Hope Road headquarters, engaged in metaphysical ramblings. "When you're dead you're dead," chuckled Marley, over and over, and appreciative laughter came from his cohorts.

The corollary to that is; when you're alive, be alive fully: "Wake up and live", as Bob said. We could do worse than to follow his inspiration.

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UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	8	**STAND AND DELIVER**	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	2	1
2	1	**STARS ON 45**	Starsound (CBS)	3	1
3	2	**THEME FROM LLOYD GEORGE**	Ennio Morricone (BBC)	5	1
4	11	**YOU DRIVE ME CRAZY**	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	2	4
5	4	**GREY DAYS**	Madness (Stiff)	3	4
6	3	**MAKING YOUR MIND UP**	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	7	1
7	5	**GOOD THING GOING**	Sugar Minott (RCA)	7	3
8	6	**CAN YOU FEEL IT**	Jacksons (Epic)	6	4
9	9	**MUSCLE BOUND**	Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)	6	9
10	7	**ATTENTION TO ME**	Nolans (Epic)	6	7
11	30	**SWORDS OF A THOUSAND MEN**	Tenpole Tudor (Stiff)	2	11
12	13	**ONLY CRYING**	Keith Marshall (Arrival)	4	12
13	15	**CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF YOU**	Eddy Grant (Ice/Ensign)	3	13
14	14	**NIGHT GAMES**	Graham Bonnet (Vertigo)	6	4
15	20	**BERMUDA TRIANGLE**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	5	15
16	22	**STRAY CAT STRUT**	Stray Cats (Arista)	2	16
17	—	**CHEQUERED LOVE**	Kim Wilde (RAK)	1	17
18	—	**DON'T BREAK MY HEART AGAIN**	Whitesnake (Liberty)	1	18
19	26	**AI NO CORRIDA**	Quincy Jones (A&M)	3	19
20	—	**TREASON**	Teardrop Explodes (Mercury)	1	20
21	27	**KEEP ON LOVING YOU**	Reo Speedwagon (Epic)	2	21
22	19	**THIS OLE HOUSE**	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	10	1
23	—	**WHEN HE SHINES**	Sheena Easton (EMI)	1	23
24	—	**THE SOUND OF THE CROWD**	Human League (Virgin)	1	24
25	—	**THE ART OF PARTIES**	Japan (Virgin)	1	25
26	16	**IT'S A LOVE THING**	Whispers (Solar)	9	7
27	28	**IS VIC THERE?**	Department S (Demon)	2	27
28	—	**OSSIE'S DREAM**	Spurs F A (Shelf)	1	28
29	—	**KILLERS LIVE E.P.**	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	1	29
30	—	**BETTE DAVIS' EYES**	Kim Carnes (EMI)	1	30

Pic: Jill Furmanovsky.

Japan in at No. 25 with Singing In The Rain.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**KINGS OF THE WILD FRONTIER**	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	25	1
2	3	**LIVING ORNAMENTS BOX SET**	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	3	3
3	2	**HOTTER THAN JULY**	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	26	1
4	13	**JOURNEYS TO GLORY**	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	10	3
5	—	**THIS OLE HOUSE**	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	5	5
6	4	**JAZZ SINGER**	Neil Diamond (Capitol)	24	4
7	6	**CHART BUSTERS '81**	Various (K-Tel)	3	6
8	5	**FUTURE SHOCK**	Gillan (Virgin)	4	3
9	14	**GO FOR IT**	Stiff Little Fingers (Chrysalis)	3	9
10	11	**MAKIN' MOVIES**	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	18	3
11	—	**ROLL ON**	Various (Polystar)	1	11
12	20	**MANILOW MAGIC**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	39	3
13	8	**COME AN' GET IT**	Whitesnake (Liberty)	5	4
14	16	**SKY 3**	Sky (Ariola)	6	3
15	12	**FACE VALUE**	Phil Collins (Virgin)	10	2
16	19	**CHARIOTS OF FIRE**	Vangelis (Polydor)	2	16
17	7	**FAITH**	The Cure (Fiction)	4	7
18	10	**HIT AND RUN**	Girlschool (Bronze)	4	10
19	17	**TO EACH . .**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)	3	19
20	23	**THE DUDE**	Quincy Jones (A&M)	2	20
21	9	**THE FLOWERS OF ROMANCE**	Public Image Limited (Virgin)	5	3
22	—	**WHA'PPEN?**	The Beat (GoFeet)	1	22
23	27	**MAKING WAVES**	The Nolans (Epic)	10	12
24	—	**PUNKS NOT DEAD**	The Exploited (Secret)	1	24
25	24	**HI INFIDELITY**	Reo Speedwagon (Epic)	2	24
26	15	**VIENNA**	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	14	2
27	30	**PSYCHEDELIC JUNGLE**	The Cramps (A&M)	2	23
28	18	**DOUBLE FANTASY**	John Lennon & Yoko Ono (WEA/Geffen)	24	1
29	—	**POSITIVE TOUCH**	Undertones (EMI)	1	29
30	—	**THIS IS . .**	Ennio Morricone (EMI)	1	30
30	—	**BARRY**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	19	3

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1 **Why** Discharge (Clay)
2 **Slates** The Fall (Rough Trade)
3 **Dogs Of War** The Exploited (Secret)
4 **I Want To Be Free** Toyah (Safari)
5 **Candy Skin** Fire Engines (Pop Aural)
6 **Obsessed** 999 (Albion)
7 **Chance Meeting** Josef K (Postcard)
8 **Nagasaki Nightmare** Crass (Crass)
9 **Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag** Pigbag (Y)
10 **Rebel Without A Brain** Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
11 **Sing Me A Song EP** Marc Bolan (Rarn)
12 **All Systems Go** Poison Girls (Crass)
13 **Poor Old Soul** Orange Juice (Postcard)
14 **Tell Me Easter's On A Friday** Associates (Situation)
15 **Original Sin** Theatre Of Hate (SSSS)
16 **You're No Good** E.S.G. (Factory)
17 **Reality Asylum** Crass (Crass)
18 **24 Hours** The Chefs (Attrix)
19 **Bela Lugosi's Dead** Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
20 **Testcard EP** Young Marble Giants (RT)
21 **Law and Disorder EP** Disorder (Ace)
22 **I'll Keep On Holding** The Action (Edsel)
23 **Simply Thrilled Honey** Orange Juice (Postcard)
24 **Touch** Zeitgeist (Human)
25 **I Know What Boys Like** Waitresses (Z)
26 **Unexpected Guest** U.K. Decay (Fresh)
27 **It's Obvious** Au Pairs (Human)
28 **Army Life** The Exploited (Secret)
29 **Anti-Police** Demob (Round Ear)
30 **Children Of The Sun** The Misunderstood (Cherry Red)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1 **To Each** A Certain Ratio (Factory)
2 **Punk's Not Dead** Exploited (Secret)
3 **Mesh And Lace** Modern English (4AD)
4 **He Who Dares Wins** Theatre Of Hate (SSSS)
5 **Prayers On Fire** Birthday Party (4AD)
6 **Lubricate Your Living Room** Fire Engines (Accessory)
7 **Concrete** 999 (Albion)
8 **360 Degrees Of Simulated Stereo** Pere Ubu (Rough Trade)
9 **Closer** Joy Division (Factory)
10 **Toyah Toyah Toyah** Toyah (Safari)
11 **Dirk Wears White Sox** Adam/Ants (Do-It)
12 **Stations Of The Crass** Crass (Crass)
13 **Author, Author** Scars (Pre)
14 **Unknown Pleasures** Joy Division (Factory)
15 **Signing Off** UB40 (Graduate)
16 **Whatever Happens** Swell Maps (RT)
17 **Hex** Poison Girls (Crass)
18 **Dub Landing** Scientist (Greensleeves)
19 **In The Flat Field** Bauhaus (4AD)
20 **In Berlin** Blurt (Armageddon)
21 **Inflammable Material** Stiff Little Fingers (RT)
22 **New Age Steppers** New Age Steppers (On-U)
23 **Thirst** Clock DVA (Fetish)
24 **The Jukebox At Eric's** Various Artists (Erics)
25 **Live** Misty In Roots (People United)
26 **Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables** Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
27 **Feeding Of The 5,000** Crass (Crass)
28 **Sheep Farming In Barnet** Toyah (Safari)
29 **Solid Pleasure** Yello (Do-It)
30 **Bagpipe Music** Art Objects (Heartbeat)

REGGAE

1 **Gimme Gimme Your Love** Don McCarlos (Megus)
2 **Words Of Parables** Rod Taylor (Belvea)
3 **Entrance To Jah World** Norris Reid (Rocker)
4 **Way Down In Babylon** Little Roy (Selection Exclusive)
5 **To Be Poor Is A Crime** Still Cool (Jah Shaka)
6 **Gone West** Desi All Stars (Starlight)
7 **Talk To That Man** Joe Higgs (Solomonic)
8 **Jah Give Us Strength** Barrington Levy (Midnight Rock)
9 **Happiness Forgets** Errol Dunkley (Sons Of Megus)
10 **Leave Yah** Freddy McGregor (JB)

Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W1

FUNK

1 **It's A Love Thing** Whispers (Solar)
2 **Intuition** Linx (Chrysalis)
3 **Stars On 45** Starsound (CBS)
4 **Ai No Corrida** Quincy Jones (A&M)
5 **Can You Feel It** Jacksons (Epic)
6 **Can't Get Enough Of You** Eddy Grant (Ice/ Ensign)
7 **Good Thing Going** Sugar Minott (RCA)
8 **Can You Handle It** Sharon Redd (Epic)
9 **Take To The Top** Kool & The Gang (Mercury)
10 **Friends Again (Re-Mix)** Not James Player (Ultimate)

Rainbow Soul Roadshow 01-368-9852

INTERNATIONAL AUSTRALIA

1 (2) **9 To 5** Sheena Easton (EMI)
2 (1) **Antmusic** Adam & The Ants (CBS)
3 (7) **Jealous Guy** Roxy Music (Polydor)
4 (3) **Counting The Beat** Swingers (Mushroom)
5 (4) **The Wild Colonial Boy** Dr Hook (Mercury)
6 (8) **History Never Repeats** Split Enz (Mushroom)
7 (10) **In The Air Tonight** Phil Collins (Atlantic)
8 (6) **I Love A Rainy Day** Eddie Rabbitt (Elektra)
9 (5) **Rapture** Blondie (Chrysalis)
10 (11) **9 To 5** Dolly Parton (RCA)

Kent Music Report/Billboard

WEST GERMANY

1 (3) **Shaddup You Face** Joe Dolce (Ariola)
2 (2) **In The Air Tonight** Phil Collins (WEA)
3 (4) **Stars On 45** Starsound (Metronome)
4 (1) **Fade To Grey** Visage (Polydor)
5 (5) **Looking For Clues** Robert Palmer (Ariola)
6 (6) **Making Your Mind Up** Bucks Fizz (RCA)
7 (8) **Woman** John Lennon (WEA)
8 (7) **Hands Up** Ottowan (Polydor)
9 (10) **Stop The Cavalry** Jona Lewie (Teldec)
10 (13) **Kids In America** Kim Wilde (EMI)

Musikmarket/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Fernando** Abba (Epic)
2 **S-S-S-Single Bed** Fox (GTO)
3 **Save Your Kisses For Me** Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)
4 **Silver Star** Four Seasons (Warner Bros)
5 **Jungle Rock** Hank Mizell (Charly)
6 **Get Up And Boogie** Silver Convention (Magnet)
7 **Convoy GB** Lauri Lingo & The Dipsticks (State)
8 **Can't Help Falling In Love** Stylistics (Avco)
9 **Fool To Cry** Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)
10 **Life Is Too Short Girl** Sheer Elegance (Pye)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **Knock Three Times** Dawn (Bell)
2 **Brown Sugar** Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)
3 **Indiana Wants Me** R Dean Taylor (Tamla Motown)
4 **Double Barrel** Dave & Ansell Collins (Technique)
5 **Mozart 40th Symphony** Waldo de Los Rios (A&M)
6 **Jig-A-Jig** East Of Eden (Deram)
7 **It Don't Come Easy** Ringo Starr (Apple)
8 **Remember Me** Diana Ross (Tamla Motown)
9 **Malt And Barley Blues** McGuinness Flint (Capitol)
10 **My Brother Jake** Free (Island)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 **Pretty Flamingo** Manfred Mann (HMV)
2 **Sloop John B** Beach Boys (Capitol)
3 **Wild Thing** Troggs (Fontana)
4 **Daydream** Lovin' Spoonful (Pye Int.)
5 **Paint It Black** Rolling Stones (Decca)
6 **Shotgun Wedding** Roy C (Island)
7 **Strangers In The Night** Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
8 **You Don't Have To Say You Love Me** Dusty Springfield (Philips)
9 **Sorrow** Merseys (Fontana)
10 **Rainy Day Women** Bob Dylan (CBS)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **Runaway** Del Shannon (London)
2 **Blue Moon** Marcels (Pye Int.)
3 **You're Driving Me Crazy** Temperance Seven (Parlophone)
4 **More Than I Can Say** Bobby Vee (London)
5 **On The Rebound** Floyd Cramer (RCA)
6 **Frightened City** Shadows (Columbia)
7 **Don't Treat Me Like A Child** Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
8 **Wooden Heart** Elvis Presley (RCA)
9 **You'll Never Know** Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
10 **What'd I Say** Jerry Lee Lewis (London)

NEWS DEREK JOHNSON

THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

TOWNSHEND, ASWAD TOP AT CARNIVAL

THE CARNIVAL which will climax the People's March For Jobs (reported last week in *NME*) seems set to become a major event — possibly on the scale of the massive Anti Nazi League festivals of 1978 and '79.

The carnival will take place at Brockwell Park, South London, on the afternoon of Saturday May 30, at the end of the long anti-unemployment march that's currently wending its way from Liverpool.

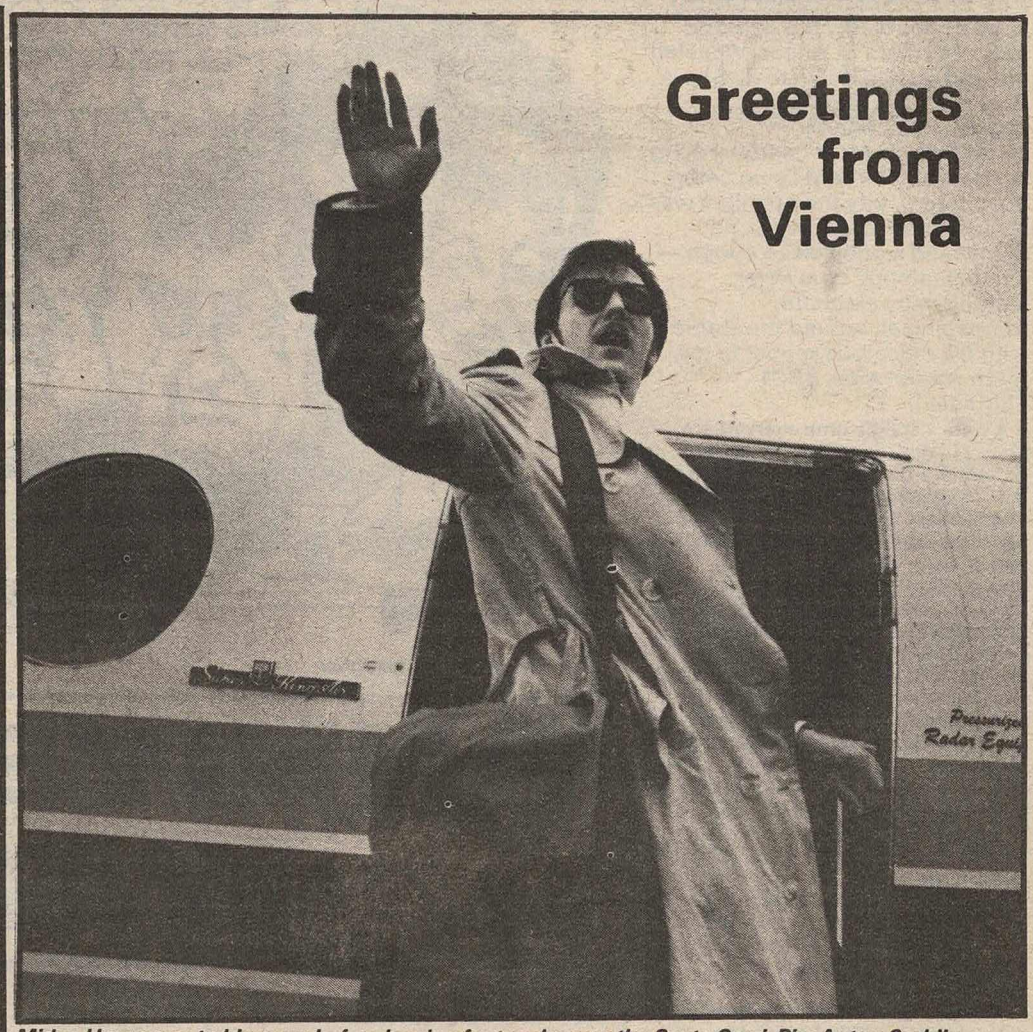
Acts confirmed to appear include Pete Townshend (who'll play with a special pick-up band for the occasion), The Members, Aswad, Tour De Force and, of course, The Quads, who are playing at each of the stop-over points on the march itself. Further big names are likely to be added.

The occasion is envisaged as a carnival in the fullest sense, with numerous stalls and sideshows, as well as children's entertainments. A second stage in the park will be given over to jazz; acts confirmed include George Melly with John Chilton's Feetwarmers, The John Bennett Band and The Crouch End Allstars.

● THE SPECIALS are to headline a Carnival Against Racism in Leeds on Saturday, July 4. The Au Pairs and Aswad are also confirmed, and negotiations are taking place with The Slits and Freeez, with John Cooper Clarke as the likely compere. The day starts with a march, for which the assembly point is Woodhouse Moor at 11am, and this proceeds to Potternewton Park where the concert takes place.

Brinsley (Forde) Dan of Aswad gets in carnival mood. Pic: J. B. Sohiez

Greetings from Vienna



Midge Ure waves to his mum before leaving for ten days on the Costa Carzi. Pic: Anton Corbijn

ULTRAVOX are to headline a major open-air concert at the Crystal Palace Concert Bowl in South London on Saturday, June 13. Unlike previous rock events at this venue, which went under the banner of "Garden Party", this latest presentation is titled "Summer In The City". Other acts on the bill are still to be finalised by promoters Kiltorch and IMCP, and will be announced next week.

This will be Ultravox's first concert since the huge success of 'Vienna' earlier this year. And to coincide, they have a new single issued by Chrysalis on May 29 — titled 'All Stood Still', it's a remixed version of a track on the 'Vienna' album.

Tickets for the Crystal Palace show are at present only available by post, priced £7.50 plus 30p booking fee — from "Ultravox", P.O. Box 281, London N15 5LW. It's postal orders only (no cheques accepted) and enclose s.a.e.

CHARTING NEW TERRITORY

THIS WEEK *NME* parades a brand new Hit Parade. With our new nationwide Top 30s of independently distributed singles and LPs, *NME* becomes the first rock paper to operate its own independent 'independent' charts, compiled by our Chart Department from a comprehensive panel of specialist shops.

And another first — the International Chart. Instead of printing the American lists every week, from now on we'll be presenting two international Top Tens. For those of you who want to keep an eye on the US charts, they'll still appear regularly — but so too will Japan, Australia, France, Argentina, and so on.

As you no doubt remember, *New Musical Express* was the first British pop paper to launch a best-selling records chart, way back in November 1952 — and *NME's* widely syndicated singles and albums listings remain the most reliable guide available to what's selling across the nation today.

Another dose of UB40

UB40 headline two open-air concerts at Football League grounds next month, as part of an extensive UK tour, which also includes a major hometown show at the 15,000-capacity Birmingham National Exhibition Centre. Their schedule opens soon after they return from their current American tour, and confirmed dates are:

St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (June 1), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (2), Poole Arts Centre (4), Norwich Football Club open-air (6), Scarborough Floral Hall (8), Newcastle City Hall (9), Glasgow Apollo (10), Edinburgh Playhouse (11), Walsall Football Club open-air (13), Manchester Apollo (15), Preston Guildhall (16), Bradford St George's Hall (17), Nottingham University (18), London Victoria Apollo (19) and Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (20). Further dates, including additional London concerts, are at present being finalised and will be announced shortly.

Ticket prices are a standard £3.50, with a reduction of £1 on presentation of a UB40 dole card — except at the two soccer grounds, where admission is £4.50, with 75p off on presentation of a UB40 card.

The tour ties in with the release of their second album 'Present Arms' on May 29. It's on their own newly formed Dep International label, distributed by Spartan.

Jam imminent

THE JAM are being lined up for a two-week UK tour, starting towards the end of June and running into July. It's going to be a fun outing by the band and, as their agent put it, "not your archetypal annual major tour". It will concentrate on seaside resorts and experimental venues, and has been deliberately planned by the band as a light-hearted interlude, after returning from their current hectic schedule in Japan.

Full tour details are promised for next week.

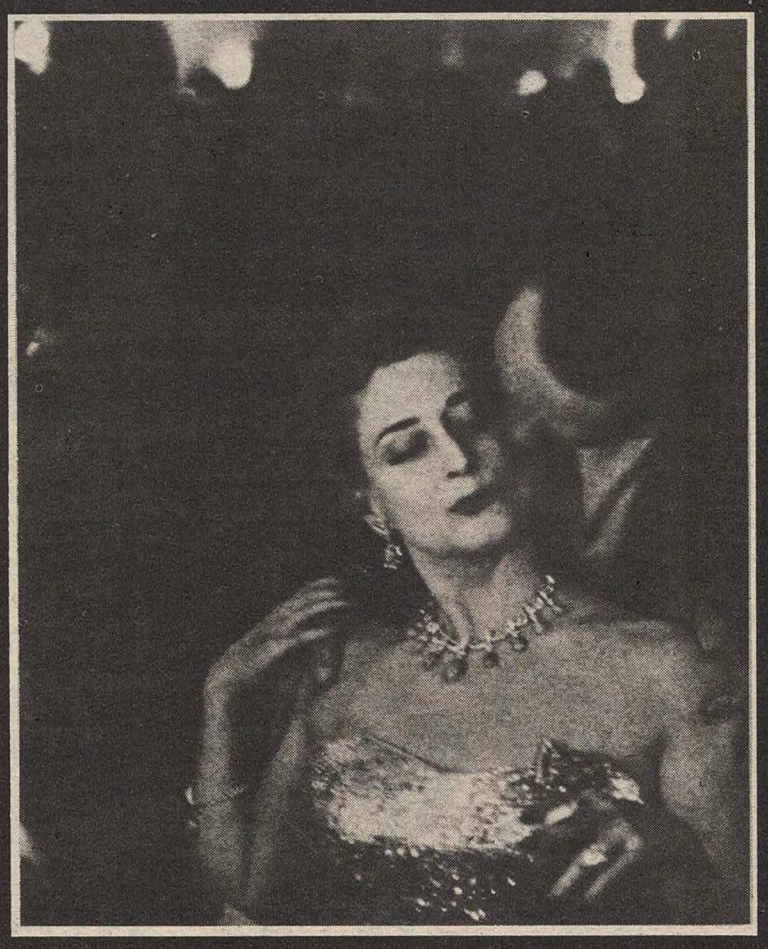
Virgin

The Cuban Heels
New Single

Sweet Charity
And
Pay As You Go

Ali MacKenzie Laurie Cuffe John Milarky Nick Clark

Appearing with Rats D.C. at the Lyceum London on 14 May.



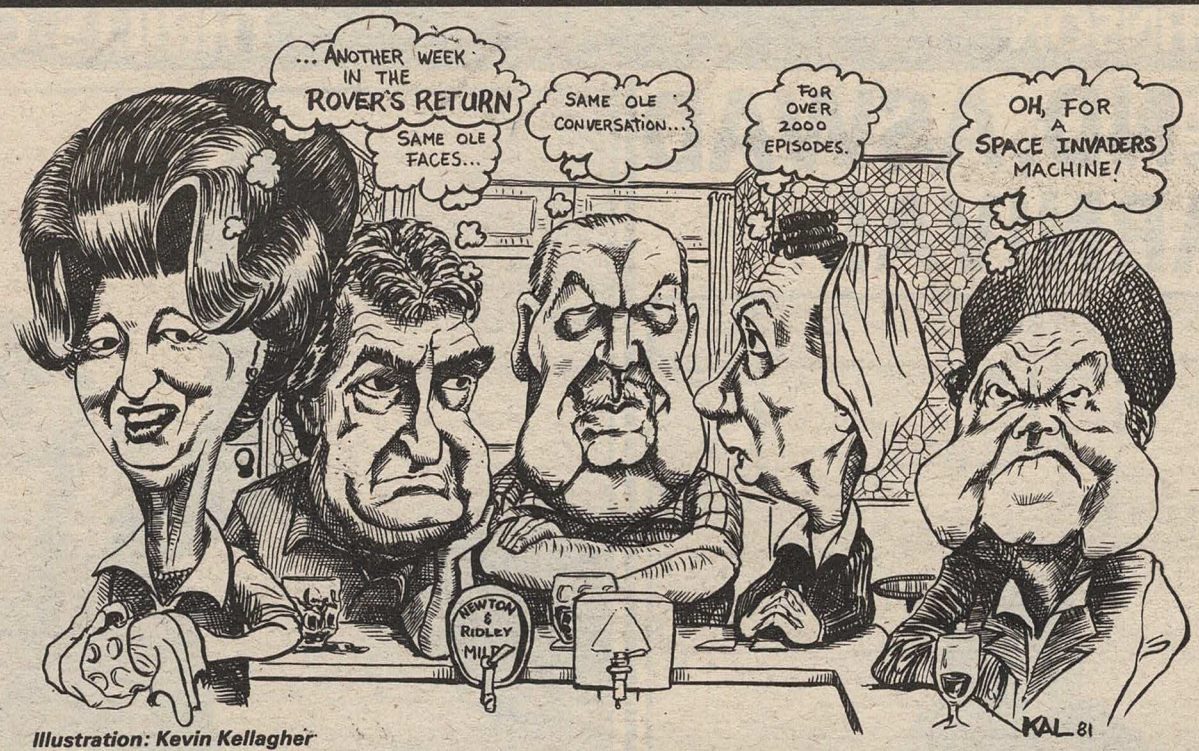

... ANOTHER WEEK IN THE ROVER'S RETURN
SAME OLE FACES...
SAME OLE CONVERSATION...
FOR OVER 2000 EPISODES.
OH, FOR A SPACE INVADERS MACHINE!
NEWTON & RIDLEY MILD
KAL 81

Illustration: Kevin Kellagher

ANNIVERSARY WARPS

RAY LOWRY gets all nostalgic over the '60s — Coronation Street, Vietnam, rock music . . .

BAD SIGHTS of the week (ha ha) were undoubtedly the geriatric teds of Lytham St Annes, wheeled out and dusted down to disfigure Granada's ***On The Road*** quarter-of-a-century shindiggings. Most heartwarming sights were Bernard Levin being assaulted — pity the assailant was such an ineffectual twerp, he didn't land a good clean punch — and the famous *Blue Peter* shitting baby elephant, rampaging all around the studio with his ridiculous keeper in tow (both ***Nationwide,*** BBC1 Thursday).

It was nostalgia time everywhere you switched, this week: up here in Potatoland Granada TV celebrated the first 25 years with that piece of film of The Beatles against the *Daily Echo* backdrop and a less familiar, "arty" film of them miming 'Twist And Shout'. Plus The Animals, Gene Vincent, Jerry Lee Lewis, Dusty Springfield looking truly lovely in '63 or '64, Little Richard, Mick Jagger ("I should think we can last another year" two years into the Stones' career), Sister Rosetta Thorpe swinging a great axe on the *Blues And Gospel Train* (1963), The Beatles again, being charming and funny with Ken Dodd, plus The Beatles, and finally The Beatles again — this time filmed in a Cavern looking more than ever like a Circle Line tubestation converted for air-raid shelter use (you remember the war? It was in all the papers). Did I mention ***Coronation Street*** every night, as well? And that was only Sunday.

Monday's (am) viewing started with the rivetingly watchable Marlon Brando bursting out of his shirts and lurching into everything on the set of ***A Streetcar Named Desire*** (BBC 2). He didn't have to act much; just pour liquor on himself and chew on things when not entering or leaving, while the rest of the cast dashed themselves to pieces all around him. Cue Oscars and *NME* demolition job.

Monday, the People's March for Jobs (Real Life — all channels) came through my town so I joined in that and missed a lot of TV.

Tuesday, I plugged in to find ***Crystal Gayle In Concert*** (BBC 2) and looking as though she'd lowered her legs and pelvic area into a bath of molten lurex minutes before taking the stage. Singing? Was she singing? Hell, I didn't notice any DETAILS. She was caressing a rampant microphone and twisting her shoulders in and out of a yard and some of newly ironed and tar-macadammed hair, was all the impression I received. Really, ladies dressed in that fashion shouldn't be allowed into an old reviewer's living room. It's hard to be non-sexist about something as sexual as that kind of performance and I don't really see a way around this one until we all agree to sit around discussing serious matters clad in large, shapeless cardboard boxes.

This would preclude entirely the possibility of further ***Benny Hill Shows*** (Wednesday ITV) where the decencies extend only as far as covering the nipples and genital orifice, where the word aerosol is automatically misconstrued to mean arsehole and at which I always find myself laughing like a drain and wondering why so many people seem to hate this programme.

Switching back to Tuesday: the funniest thing on ***Boom, Boom, Out Go The Lights*** (BBC 2) was Kevin Rowland impersonating the pinheaded one out of the ghastly Mael brothers. Extra humour was provided by the bun and religious tract purveyor style stage outfit. I'm afraid that the famous "passion" always comes across to me as barely controlled hysteria — or histrionics — particularly on that shout of "Jimmy" to the trombone player.

The same evening, 86-year-old Anne Notintouch presented ***The Old Grey Withered Tits*** (BBC 2). Jim Capaldi had fought his way out of the Brazilian charts to be with us and looked as though molten liquorice had been poured over his legs by the resident fascist junta. One of his backing grocers waved a frozen sausage and a pair of lacquered black puddings by way of a muted protest at the repression of the Brazilian working class. Jim looked around seventy or so and sang *"Let the thunder cry"*. Next he picked up an acoustic guitar while the sausageist stared intently at a lone cymbal which he tapped impatiently as though trying to tune it to Radio Three.

Later, a piece of Leni Riefenstahl film showing men with staring eyes experiencing disturbing visions while falling off mountains moved Anne to comment "I doubt she ever thought her film would end up shown on a rock show in the '80s but . . . there you go," and me to switch over to ITV, where ELLIOT NESS! — AND ***THE UNWATCHABLES!*** — WERE SHOOTING THREE FINGER JACK WHITE!! — GUS MENKEN!! — AND JOE UNPRONOUNCEABLE!! — WITH GUNS THAT SPRAYED MOLTEN IRON FILINGS!! — ME!! — I WENT TO BED!!!

In ***Coronation Street*** (every night, every time you switched on) the 1981 Elsie Tanner is emerging battered but intact from her mid-life crisis — sacked by Sedgwick, but nasty, nosey basically DECENT Hilda Ogden has come good with a touching gift — and looking about ten years younger than she does in the vintage episodes (memo to Pat Phoenix: lot of people were glad to see you at the Liverpool Labour Party organised demo — show up for more). These are typical pre-war fare. Everyone over 16 is middle-aged, the friendly bobby is a benevolent, 90-year-old retired headmaster type but working class, there's a token squaddie on leave in every household and people sleep fully dressed with their ties knotted. Frankly, the old Coronocos are bloody boring. The most exciting thing glimpsed before Thursday's more recent disaster epicette was Dennis Tanner with a greaser haircut.

Talking of which, the Rev(olting?) Ian Paisley ***(Newsnight*** BBC 2) has given up the grease. An old bullshitter in a china shop hangs up his rock and role shoes. The Rev opined that "Killers should be killed." I think that if you tried to apply such a belief in any kind of practical way everyone on the

■ *Continues page 11*

Old Uncle Dick Burgess and all . . . Spands in NY. Pic: Joe Stevens

SPANDAUS INVADE AMERICA!

Robin Hadley and his Merrie Men take Sherwood Forest futurism to a very small but extremely chic club in New York. RICHARD GRABEL joins the sweating hordes of journalists, all posing. Er sorry, all posing questions.

THE DOWNTOWN restaurant on the edge of SoHo had been transformed into a scene from a costume drama, some kind of cross between Elizabethan period piece and space opera.

Exotic-looking girls in hats as high and pointed as the Pope's. Exotic-looking boys draped in more colours than the rainbow. The circus is in town! Three rings, more action than you can keep your eye on. It's Spandau Ballet plus entourage in New York. Being seen, making a scene.

They needn't have done as much as they did. They would have got the attention anyway. But hand it to them — they have an uncanny sense for making the right moves.

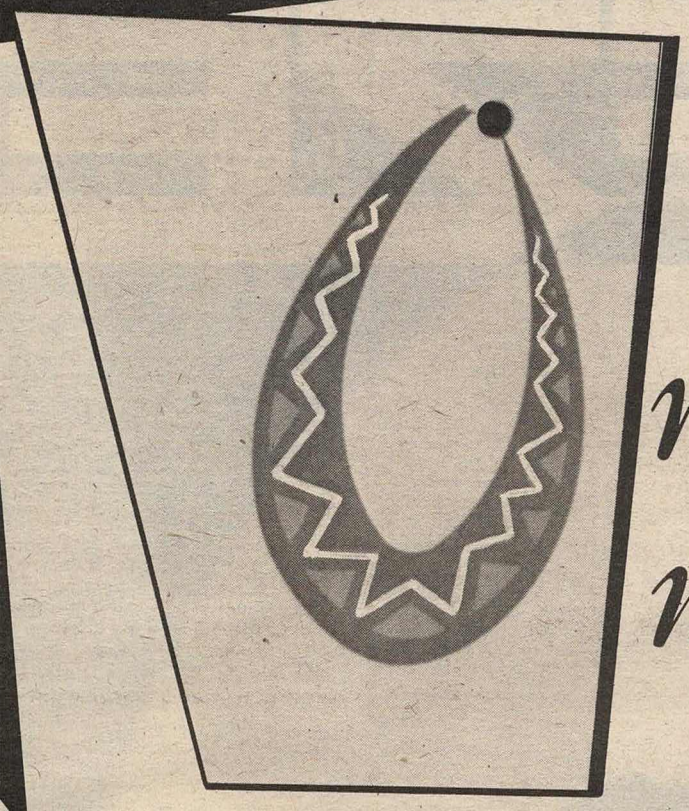
Spandau arrived with fashion designers, models, writers, all kinds of adjuncts and camp followers in tow. First coup — they got Chrysalis UK to foot most of the air ticket bills. And when American Chrysalis organised an "opportunity to mix and talk" with the band for the local press, Spandau and company were ready to give them a show.

It was fairly easy to tell the visiting Brits from the natives, but among the visitors there was no way to determine who was a musician, who a manager, who a model or designer, short of asking. . Manager Steve Dagger wandered around chatting up everyone, showing off magnificent velvet trousers. Writer Robert Elms buttonholed journalists to

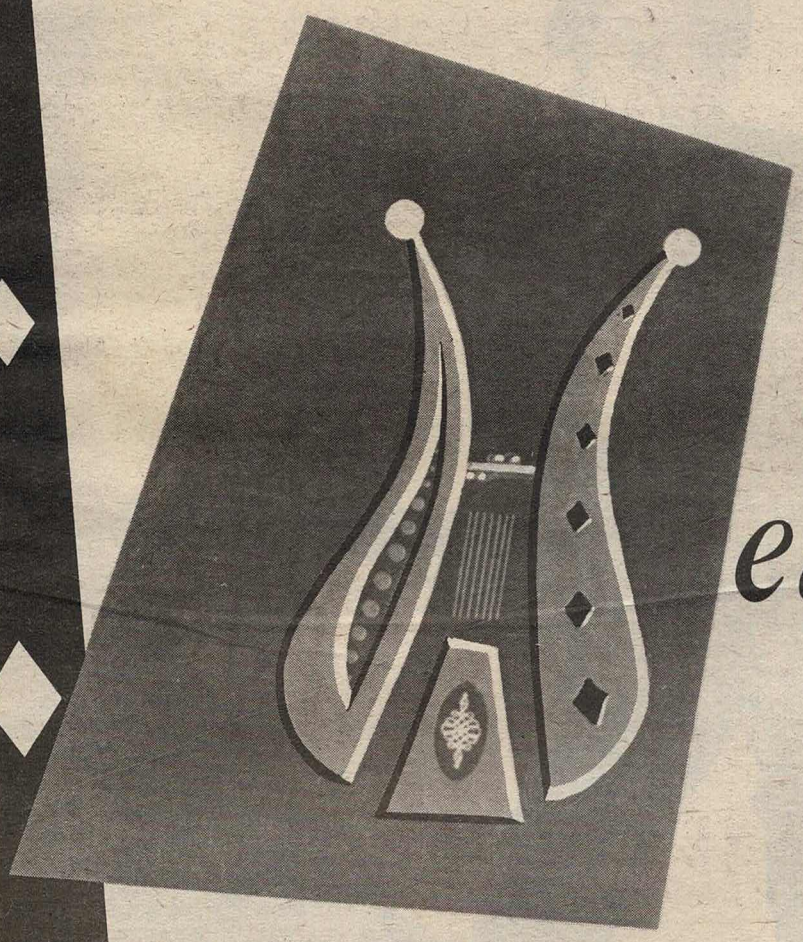
■ *Continues page 13*

NOT ONLY ROCK & ROLL — LOWRY

OF COURSE, ONE HAS NO OBJECTION TO PEOPLE DRESSING IN WHATEVER WAY THEY CHOOSE - SO LONG AS THEY DON'T FRIGHTEN THE HORSES..
BEAU MONDAY CLUB
BUT, LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE, THE ORIGINS OF STYLE ARE NECESSARILY LINKED TO ANY NUMBER OF SOCIAL, POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC FACTORS AND INFLUENCES..
BOY NEW BEFORE THE WAR
AND THE LAST TIME THERE WAS AN ENORMOUS WORLD RECESSION PEOPLE WERE SOLD ESCAPISM JUST LIKE NOW..
PIRATE CLOTHES.. ROYAL WEDDINGS..
YOUR TROUBLES IN DREAMS
THIRTIES SEASON
GOOD TIMES ARE ROUND THE CORNER
BUSBY BERKELEY SEASON
GONE WITH THE WIND
WRAP
BUDDY, CAN YOU SPARE 10P
UNTIL HITLER TRIED TO SOLVE GERMANYS PROBLEMS AT EVERYONE ELSES EXPENSE..
WE BELIEVE IN THE SUPERIORITY OF THE ARYAN RACE
TV SHOW BOUNCE
SUPERIORITY OF THE SOVIET SOCIALIST SYSTEM
SUPERIORITY OF PARLIAMENTARY DEMOCRACY
OLD NEWS
NEW NEWS
WE BELIEVE IN THE INNATE SUPERIORITY OF THE WHITE CAUCASIAN RACE
OF COURSE, I'M NOT SAYING THAT THINGS ARE EXACTLY LIKE THAT NOW..
IT'S ALL THE FAULT OF THE BLACKS! READ ABOUT THE WORLD-WIDE JEWISH CONSPIRACY!!
JUST EXTREMELY BLOODY SIMILAR, REALLY!!
NEW THE POSITIVE LOOK.
NF
POLAND LATEST
TOTALITARIAN LOOK
THE KKK LOOK
THE FASCIST LOOK



riginal-mirrors
new album



eart-twango

aw-beat

LP6359 046 · MC7150 046

marketed by phonogram

SQUEEZE

Tour:
MAY

FRI	8	**MANCHESTER** UNIVERSITY
SAT	9	**SOUTHAMPTON** UNIVERSITY
MON	11	**EXETER** UNIVERSITY
TUES	12	**HANLEY** ODEON
WED	13	**YORK** UNIVERSITY
THURS	14	**DONCASTER** GAUMONT
FRI	15	**OXFORD** POLYTECHNIC
*SAT	16	**NOTTINGHAM** ROCK CITY
SUN	17	**CHELMSFORD** ODEON
MON	18	**PORTSMOUTH** GUILDHALL
TUES	19	**LEICESTER** UNIVERSITY
SAT	23	**GUILDFORD** SURREY UNIVERSITY
THURS	28	**DUNSTABLE** CIVIC HALL
FRI	29	**LONDON** THE RAINBOW

JUNE

*MON	22	**SLOUGH** THE FULCRUM CENTRE

With Special Guests:
JOHN OTWAY and **WILD WILLY BARRETT** except*

EASTSIDE STORY..

NEW ALBUM

Includes the hit single **Is That Love**

Produced by Roger Bechirian and Elvis Costello

A&M RECORDS

D. VISIONS

■ *From page 8*

planet would end up deceased.

I'm getting sick of all this! I don't usually watch a lot of TV, and I'm tired of staring at a bloody screen. John Pilger gave us exactly that with ***Heroes*** (ITV, Wednesday). The Vietnam War veterans came home to a country that wanted to, and was encouraged to, sweep the whole shitty business out of its collective consciousness and forget that it ever happened.

You can't forget you've been in hell, and, according to the programme, as many soldiers as were killed in battle may still die as a result of their exposure to the defoliant Agent Orange which we saw being sprayed all over the jungle in enormous quantities from low-flying jets, so they certainly can't forget it. Nor will any of the deformed children they father.

A few shots of wounded soldiers being collected from the battlefields and dragged into butchers shop operating theates to a soundtrack of awful groans and sighs inspired by the imminence of death, I won't forget. I never forgot jerky old footage of poor dead Tommies struggling so pitifully through barbed wire into the teeth of machine-gun fire circa 1917 or so, either, but I still hear otherwise sane people talk of the fascination of violence and war. There's still plenty of raw material for the politicians and military to pound into blood and shit.

The point was made that 80% of the soldiers in Vietnam volunteered to go there, and does anyone believe that the current generation of bomb-fodder has been allowed to learn any better? The cowboy President is doing it one more time in El Salvador.

Pilger called American foreign policy the Politics of Vengeance. Let's see if Clive James can find something to niggle about with that one.

With any luck ***Top Of The Pops*** will soon forget about music and turn into a video show-cum-school panto with occasional muzak accompaniment. Old rockists can then agitate for a popular music programme. If the Americans haven't invaded.

Bohemian Rhapsodies

NEW YORK has always been a foreign country within the rest of its nation, but there's no doubt that it's the *merchandising* capital of the States — stuffed with a hundred times the number of fashion folk, visual artists, tastemakers, marketing men, trendsetters, and vogue-getters to be found in, say, Seattle.

So it's no surprise that the 'New York No Wave' mutated into such a massive bonanza of raw material for the city's phenomena-grabbers, spilling over both ways into the 'mainstream' and into what flatters itself that it's a New Underground.

A whole new group of film-makers have let rip with the super-8mm camera (and later, the sound-sync super-8) upon the 'No Wave', especially in its most readily theatrical form: personalities. The movie makers are similar in at least two respects to the visual artists and film buffs showcased in the Big Apple's current 'New York New Wave' art show at PS 1 (a school building in Queens). Both are stuffed with stars of the everyone's-fifteen-minutes sort, and both are plugged by Warhol's *Interview*, despite reservations from critics who may not also be mates.

A few examples of New York No Wave celluloid have just made their way over to Limey shores via the Edinburgh Film Festival and the ICA's new Cinematheque. They're not the original examples of the genre, nor are they the pick of the pack. But they do give you a glimpse of the post-Warhol pretensions which can arise in Big Apple art, as well as some 3-D visions of the people whose exploits you've endured through *NME's* pages (Adele Bertei, Walter Lure, John Lurie, Judy Nylon, Marcia Resnick, Lydia Lunch, etc). Like many film-makers of limited means, the NYNW movie makers utilise 'friends' as stars.

Former sculptor Scott B and his art school cohort Beth B (the surnames were assumed two years ago in order to dub their company B-Movies) will be touring the UK with three of their super-8 programmes this week via rented car. Tonight they will be at Chapter Arts Centre in Cardiff; on May 15, at Bristol Arts Centre; May 17 at Cinema City, Norwich; May 18, The New Cinema, Nottingham; May 20, Birmingham Arts Lab; and on May 21, the Metro Cinema in Derby.

... or just silly stuff in Super-8?

CYNTHIA ROSE goes underground USA with New York's No Wave movie imports

At each site, audiences will see one of three B-Movie programmes. The first is a set of shorts: *G-Man, Black Box*, and *Letters to Dad*. *G-Man* (the Bs' debut film) is a rambling melodrama; *Black Box* a half-hour about the kidnapping and torture of the comely fellow who in real life scored the film's soundtrack (he's tortured by Lydia Lunch and the action may cause some to toss their cookies while others snore). *Letters to Dad* features figures like Pat Place and Arto Lindsay reading the missives Jim Jones commissioned from his unfortunate followers, in front of blank, Bergman-like backdrops.

The other two B-Movie options are features. *The Offenders* is 90 minutes of soap-opera sadism originated in ten-minute episodes from Max's Kansas City, where it was shown as a serial. It's enacted by numerous New York rock figures 'n' liggers. *The Trap Door* attempts "bleak comedy" with "a few sexually avid women thrown in for good measure". A note here: the Bs give title credits for things like "makeup", which slightly belies the casual, hit-or-miss attitudes traditionally associated with bona fide 'undergrounds'.

Meanwhile in London, until the end of May the ICA Cinematheque is running Eric Mitchell's feature *Underground USA*: written, produced, directed by and starring Eric Mitchell as a would-be existentialist drifter whose driftings are architected as self-consciously as a Mudd Clubber's evening wear. Mitchell is an acting vet of the earliest NYNW film fare (cf Amos Poe's *The Foreigner*, which also introduced one D. Harry to the silver screen), but his own film is a plain old mainstream mess, without even the low-rent potential for social commentary mustered by John Waters' slapstick. The soundtrack, however, does feature Walter Steding's classic B-side 'Hound Dog' — over the closing credits.

It is interesting to note that Mitchell's 'underground' artefact has actually made a fair amount of *money*, thanks to a five-month run as a late show at New York's St Mark's Cinema. After you, Andy!

The ICA Cinematheque is at Nash House, The Mall, London SW1. Tel. 930-3647.

BEAT ROOTS

THE STAFF and contributors of *NME* are firm believers in the theory that young persons with an interest in the contemporary popular music idiom should be encouraged to learn everything — be it ever so useless — about their favourite performers. This enticing brace of photographs will therefore prove immensely valuable to all admirers of The Beat.

In the one, we see venerable chanteur Prince Buster dancing with A Girl. Not, mark ye, just *any* Girl but the very one whose posture and sartorials inspired cartoonist Hunt Emerson to create the Beat Girl logo. In t'other, we find the vital information sought by all those consumed by a burning curiosity to discover exactly what tyro toaster Ranking Roger looked like at the age of not a lot.

Both nicked from The Beat Club Newsletter, 45p + P&P from Marylyn Hebrides, PO Box 320, Birmingham B29 7PR.

COMP RESULTS

RESIDENTS REVEALED!

Zhang Chunqiao

Wang Hongwen

Yao Wenyuan

Jiang Qing

The real identity of The Residents — winning entry from Grant Bennie of Glasgow.

NEVER MIND whether or not you put your shirt on the winner of this year's Cup Final — what we're concerned about right now is if your suggestion as to the (possible) identity of that enigmatic San Franciscan foursome The Residents scored you one of *NME's* 22 exclusive custom-designed bloodshot eyeball footballs!

When it came to selecting the outright winner — the person to take delivery of The Residents' famous get-up of top hat, white tie and tails *and a life-size eyeball head* — it just had to be 16-year-old Grant Bennie from Glasgow. Not only that, Grant will also receive a complete collection of all Charisma Records' PRE label releases to date, a Residents T-shirt, 'Commercial Album' and an eyeball football to kick around. Look out for Grant, we're certain you'll recognise him!

The second prize goes to Pip Rhodes from Wakefield. And if you see someone in your neighbourhood booting a bloodshot eyeball football, then it could be anyone of the following 20 runners-up: Richard Norris (St Albans); D R Baker (London W2); Paul Welsby (Manchester); Dennis Adams (Ilkeston); Jack Alexander (Edinburgh); Andrew Rawling (Chard); Eamonn Fitzmaurice (Twickenham); Charlie Korsman (Tyne & Wear); Martin Mulhall (Cobham); Simon Wallis (Hastings); Maurice Fraser (Edinburgh); Peter Inker (Cardiff); Steve Solomon (Coventry); P Baxendale (Liverpool); Sal Taylor (Manchester); Peter Woodhead (Wolverhampton); Al Gos (Mansfield); Paul Honeyford (Manchester); Kevin Moore (Chippenham); Robert Lloyd (Birmingham).

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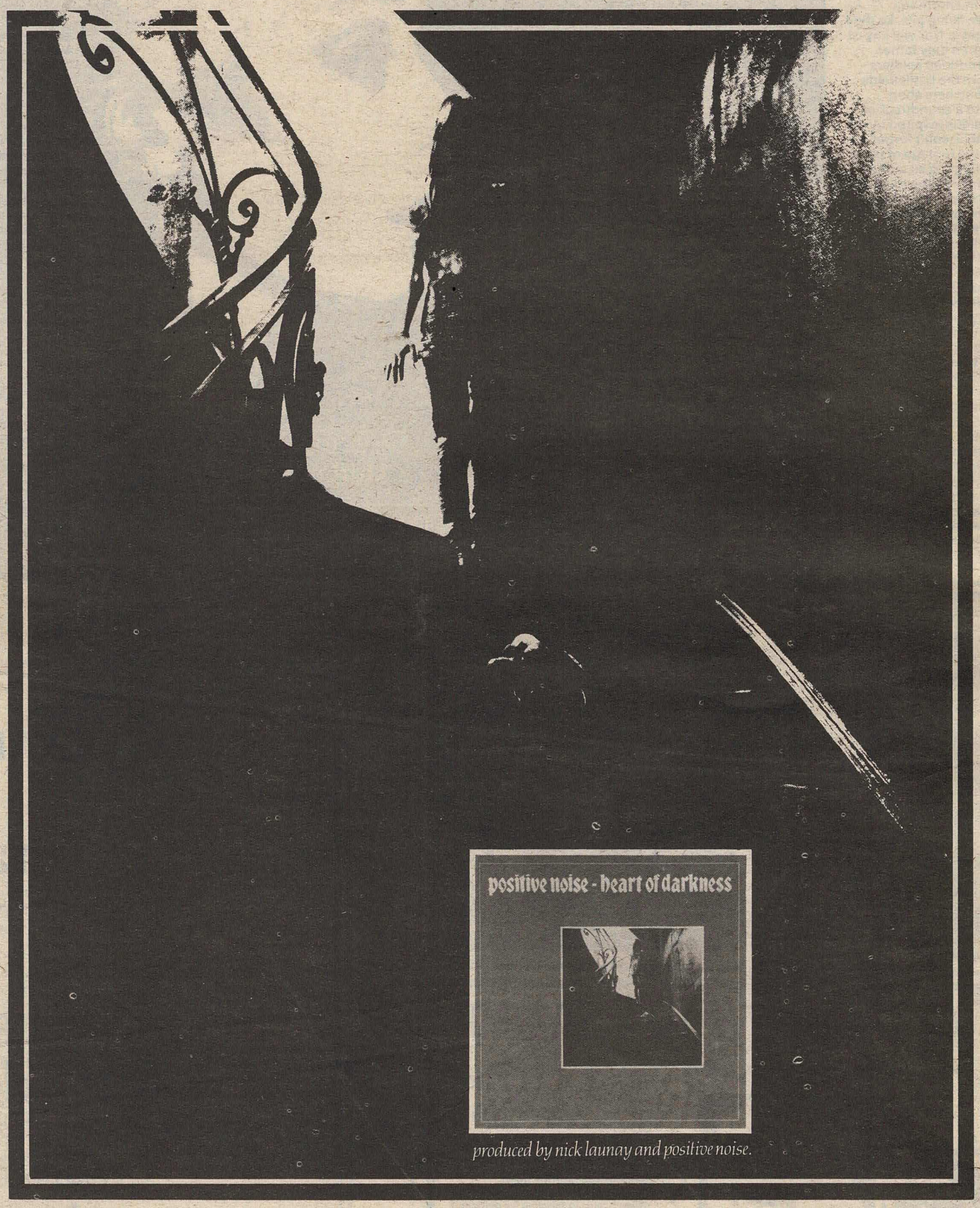

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STATIK

SPANDAUS

■ *From page 8*

explain the party line. Chris Sullivan, "club organiser", sat in corners looking dour. Designers John Baker and Melissa Kaplan of Axiom were there, and haircutter Ollie, and loads of models.

The local photographers went crazy, shooting anyone who looked dressed up, not knowing who was what. Anyone walking in with the right clothes would have gotten the flash and shutter treatment.

Spandau had scored their first point.

SPANDAU'S VISIT was bound to stir up critical controversy. Thanks to this get-together, this was immediately elevated to a public debate. One editor was heard muttering about the band's "anti-atavistic tendencies". Others were making jibes about Bowie and "what does Bryan Ferry think of all this?"

I come across Spandau singer Tony Hadley talking with the editors of *New York Rocker*. They are asking him if he knew that the club they'd be playing was usually a gay disco.

"Not on our night it won't be," Hadley says, adding that he hoped a lot of "birds" would come along to the gig. No worry.

Hadley wanders off and Spandau guitarist Gary Kemp and chronicler Robert Elms sit down. One of the editors asks Elms whether he doesn't think this whole scene is a very temporary thing. "I certainly hope so," comes his answer.

Kemp gets his back up when said editor suggests that Spandau could just as well be clothes horses, showroom dummies.

"All that punk ever said to working class kids was 'You're dirty, scruffy, with no hope, and you're supposed to stay that way'. We came along and we say to them, 'You don't have to stay a scruffy nobody. You can be your own heroes'."

A long discussion follows on whether the Spandau parade and the new club scene really offer a chance for kids to develop a new sense of self-worth, as Kemp claims, or actually lack the depth that could lead to an involvement with something beyond the look, as the *Rocker* man argues. Kemp is getting worked up. I'm sitting between them, and I feel like ducking.

IT TURNED OUT that this was one of many heated discussions going on in the room. It's rare for a band to be able to take on a crowd of journalists at once and have anyone make any sense out of it. But the Spandau people handled it well. Beyond the usual introductions and how-are-you's there were real exchanges of views. Probably no one changed anybody else's mind, but at least everyone got heard.

● REACHOUT INTERNATIONAL Records Inc, the New York independent cassette tapes company mentioned last week in *Thrills* ("N.Y. GETS IT TAPED"), can be contacted at: 611 Broadway, Room 214, New York, New York 10012.

Spandau's choice of place for the gig, in their established tradition, was also clever. Their appearance marked the beginning of a Wednesday night series at the Underground disco, organised by partners Jim Fouratt and Rudolf. Fouratt has a reputation for running a good club — he's been responsible at various times for Danceteria, Hurrah and the Peppermint Lounge. The series is called 'Modern Classix' and is modelled on the idea of Hell, Le Kilt, etc.

The opening would have been an event even without Spandau. With Spandau it was a Big Event. And Spandau were able to hold onto their ideal of playing someplace not normally known as a band venue.

On the night, the door scene is the usual pandemonium, with long lines to get in. Inside, the Underground is disorienting at first. It's designed without any obvious centre or focus. It encourages a lot of aimless wandering. Perfect, really, for a crowd out to look at itself. And it is mobbed.

First, Axiom stage a fashion show. Runways are set up, and male and female models prance back and forth in clothes that only a model could wear.

An hour of records. Mostly electro-pop — Spandau, Orchestral Manoeuvres, Suburban Lawns. Bow Wow Wow's 'Work' comes on and blows away the competition.

Spandau emerge in a bit of discreet dry ice smoke, clothed to the hilt — Robin Hood and his Merry Men go futurist.

They sound great. Much more funky and alive than on their album. They open with 'The Freeze', run through the regular song and then launch into a kind of dub version, all drums, bongos and bass, fast and furious. A new number moves away from disco steadiness into a more syncopated funk. For three or four songs they maintain high excitement.

But by mid-set things start to lag. Spandau are only as good as their melodies, and when the material lets down, so do they. Technically faultless, they keep those beats-per-minute going. But after a while they start to sound like technicians. Form triumphs over feeling.

They're not helped by their status as visiting curiosities, either. Most people are standing and watching, and they're not entirely wrong. It's not that any of the band are very rivetting performers, but Spandau do make a spectacle of themselves. They seem designed to be stared at.

Give them credit for their sense of occasion. They made their trip here more than a run-of-the-mill English band debut. Their performance didn't shake anyone up, but it wasn't a let-down either.

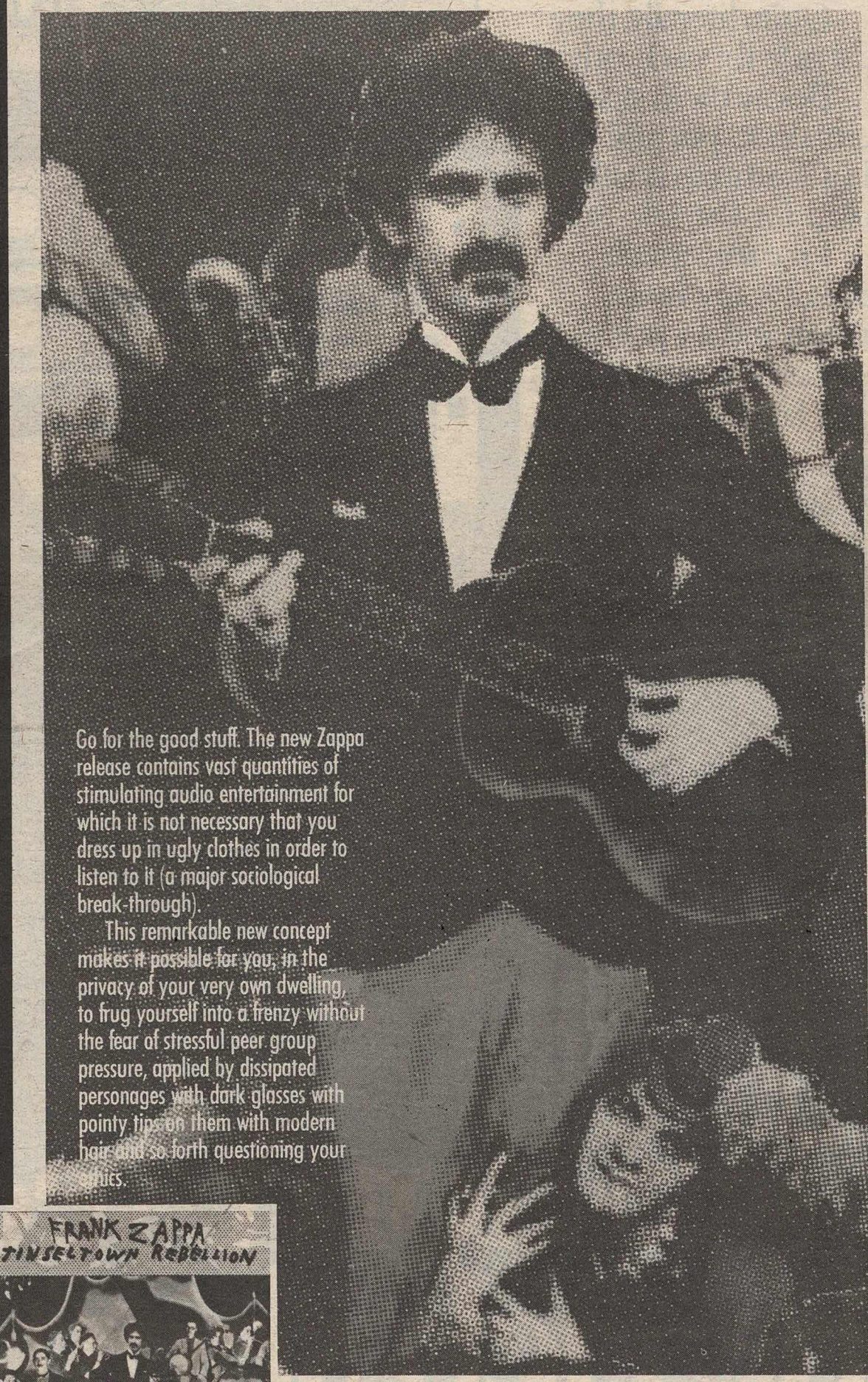
Spandau are smart, they know to whom they have to make their pitch. They'll never go over in the Mid-West rock and roll country, they're "too disco" — Kemp readily admitted he knew as much. But in New York, where a lot of people don't mind playing Hallowe'en every night, having them around made for a good party.

Ray Lowry

"He points out the hopeless, futile, boring nature of life in 1980s by singing hopeless, futile, boring songs."

Tired of pretending...

that you really enjoy listening to the 'Fashionable Types of Music' advertised elsewhere in this publication?



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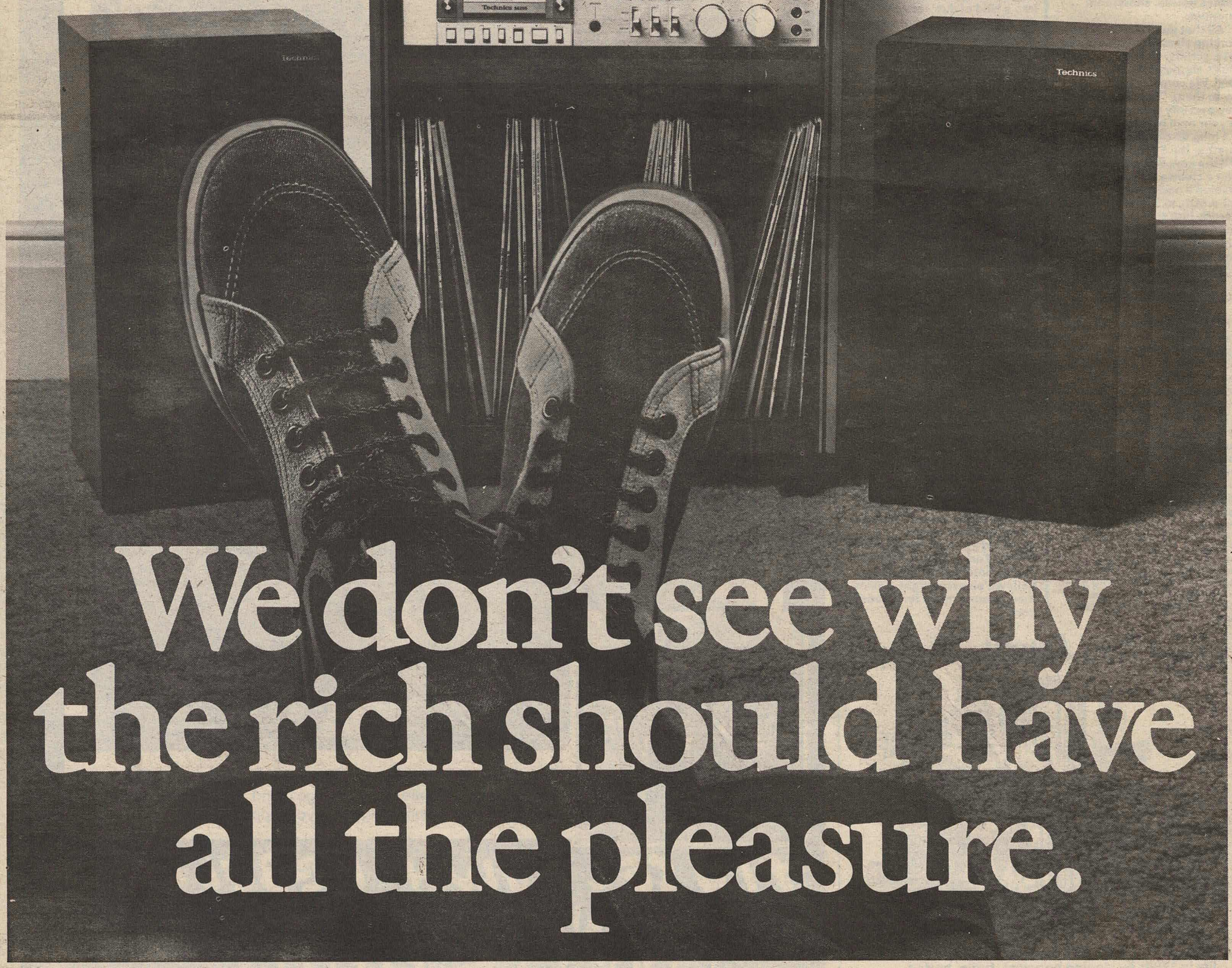


We don't see why the rich should have all the pleasure.

PRINT

Volume
ed. by B. George and Martha De Foe (One Ten Records, £4.50)

THIS is an amazingly thorough reference work documenting the explosion of independently-produced music over the past few years. The best way to describe it is to quote the front cover blurb: "A complete guide to new wave/punk records, small labels, distributors, record stores, fanzines, radio stations, clubs". These categories are covered for the US and UK, Canada and Europe, so the scope is fairly international.

Lists upon lists don't usually make for fascinating reading. But here the immensity of it all is the message. *Volume* is documentary proof of how much has been accomplished by the "new wave/punk" movement (or whatever it is).

According to the cover the discography lists 10,000 records; I'd say that's a conservative estimate. The lists, attractively decorated with some odd graphics, are interspersed with pages reproducing rows of picture sleeves. Singles, albums and cuts on compilations are listed for groups ranging from the well-known to the impossibly obscure. I'd prefer chronoligcal listings of records to the alphabetical arrangement used, but otherwise (and despite the odd minor mistake) this is an impressive effort. One serious shortcoming: no reggae, in fact no independent black music of any type.

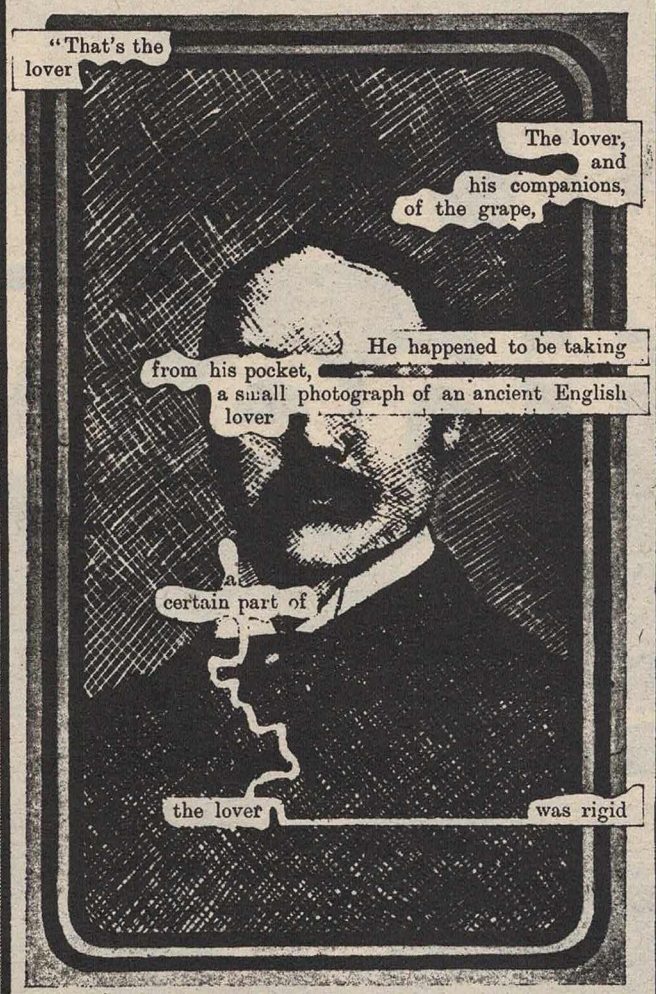
Who canuse all this information? For anyone working in the independent black music of any type.

Who can use all this information? For anyone working in the independent end of the music business, it should be indispensable as a means of making contacts and gathering information, finding out who else is "out there".

The whole thing may seem a bit like the *Whole Earth Catalogue:* a similar "access to tools" rationale does apply to *Volume.* But *Volume* serves a more specific need for a more specific audience, and it doesn't preach or theorize. In ten years' time it will still be a reference, not a relic.

Volume is a one-of-a-kind reference work, a labour of love and a formidable task that we should be thankful somebody decided to take on.

Richard Grabel


"That's the lover
The lover, and his companions, of the grape,
He happened to be taking
from his pocket,
a small photograph of an ancient English lover
a certain part of
the lover
was rigid

God, is this something to do with Eno?

A Humument
by Tom Phillips (Thames & Hudson £12·00)

SUBTITLED 'A Treated Victorian Novel', *A Humument* represents an idea of devastating simplicity undertaken with rigorous — and slightly roguish — sensitivity, by an artist whose talents stretch beyond the confines of a single form.

Primarily a visual artist, Tom Phillips has here attempted what can perhaps best be thought of as a work of literary archaeology: the alteration and illustration of a quite probably irredeemably dull book of the last century, and the quarrying therefrom of poetic strains of thought and narrative not present (or maybe hidden) in the original work.

For this needle-in-a-haystack task, he chose the first coherent book he could find for threepence (that's old pence, about 1¼p in today's toy money). This turned out to be a secondhand copy of one W.H. Mallock's *A Human Document,* a popular Victorian novel originally published in 1892. This apparently unpleasant (snobbish, racist) volume Phillips describes as being, for his purposes, "a feast . . . its vocabulary is rich and lush and its range of reference and allusion large".

From this book, he's picked out and linked phrases and words which tell an alternative story, blocking out the rest of the text with colourful visual treatments which either illustrate the words, bringing out undertones of mood or meaning, or merely provide a setting or framework for the visual display of the remaining lines of text. The contraction of the original title is a good indication of his method, the neologism 'Humument' possessing resonances particularly appropriate to the work: exhume, human, humus, humorous, document, parchment, monument . . . Phillips may claim, in his accompanying notes, that "It is the solution for this artist of the problem of wishing to write poetry while not in the real sense of the word being a poet", but there's undoubtedly a very active poetic sensibility at work here and in lines like "now the night-zones of dim steel turn tomorrow on".

Phillips' technique is rather like a volitional extension of the old Dada/Burroughs cut-up chestnut, an *objet trouve* with an added element of choice and determination; there's also something of the calligrams of Apollinaire in there too, the positional relationship of words often just as important as relationships of meaning. The book's already provided an opera, 'Irma' (a version of which, performed by Gavin Bryars, was released on Eno's Obscure label a few years ago), and, according to the author, includes "music scores, parodies, notes on aesthetics, autobiography, concrete texts . . ."

And more besides: *A Humument* is part poetry, part visual arts, part archaeology, part philosophy, and part psychoanalytical novel, in that Phillips has unearthed a great many erotic nuances only unconsciously present in Mallock's original. It's a highly effective deconstruction job, a painstaking structural dismemberment of an archaic text. And a lot of fun, too. (And a lot of old-fashioned dough, too. — Recession Ed.)

Andy Gill

Much Ado About Nothing
by Jet Black (Stranglers Information Service £1.00)

DOES anybody really care what happened to The Stranglers when they got dumped in a French jail? For those who do, this whingeing, moaning little volume, well out of order on the price front, presents their side of the story. And pretty dull it is, too.

Displaying an almost complete inability to project imaginatively, Black stumps along in a leaden semi-documentary style peppered with blunt "can't keep a good man down" macho, which, were it not so downright tedious, might possess an unintentional comic edge.

Black himself comes out of the affair as a dull, prosaic gent, all hurt pride and offended sensibilities, apparently surprised at the way the French police treat him and his pals. Given their past reputation — which, whether based on truth or not, they've undoubtedly taken pains to promote — this is a bit hard to take, like one of Rumpole's habitual criminal clients protesting his innocence: "Honest, guv, I can't imagine why the filth should want to set me up . . ." Sympathy, I'm afraid, is not my strong suit in this particular game, especially considering the unpleasantries committed by The Stranglers.

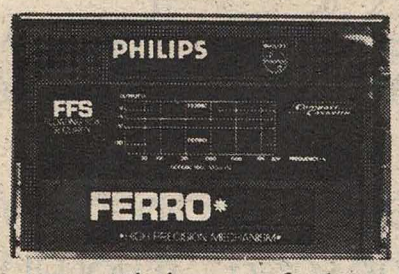
The band, I'd imagine, would claim that *Much Ado* isn't intended as a crybaby plea for sympathy, but as a searing first-person expose of the dastardly methods utilised by the police. In which case, if there actually are one or two of you out there not entirely convinced of the questionable nature of police methods, I'm sure you'll be able to find a few cheaper ways of finding out for yourselves . . .

Much Ado About Nothing is available for £1.00 plus 25p p & p from SIS at New Hibernia House, Winchester Walk, London SE1 9AG.

Andy Gill

As a point of information, the optimum bias setting for SX is approximately 138% of that for EX-II. The average ferric tape in the group required 97.3% of the reference bias, and the average ferrichrome required 109%; the average chrome equivalent required 105% of the chrome-bias standard. We also measured midband (333 Hz) harmonic distortion at typical operating levels: DIN 0 and −10 dB. Note that the meter calibrations on typical home decks generally read about +2 or +3 and −7 or −8, respectively, for these two levels. As a group, the ferrics have the greatest recording capability at 4 kHz – the average is 2¼ dB below DIN 0. The average chrome or chrome equivalent comes in at a little more than 5 dB below DIN 0, the average ferrichrome at about 7½ dB below. At 15 kHz, the ferrics have the greatest recording capability (about −12½ dB). The chrome group averages. The average A-weighted noise level is lowest for the ferrichrome (−57½ dB), a figure almost matched by the average in the chrome-bias group. The average ferric-tape noise level is −51½ dB. The lower noise level and higher midrange headroom of the ferrichromes produce the best mid[illegible] [illegible] (58¾ dB) [illegible] noise level resulting from the 120 micro-second equalization curve used with the ferrics puts them in last place on the whole (just over 53 dB). The dotted curves for maximum high-frequency output represent again 3% third-order

Isn't it about time someone edited the jargon you read about tapes?



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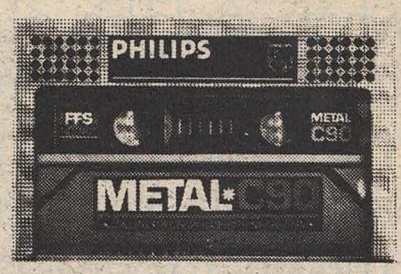

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YAMAHA

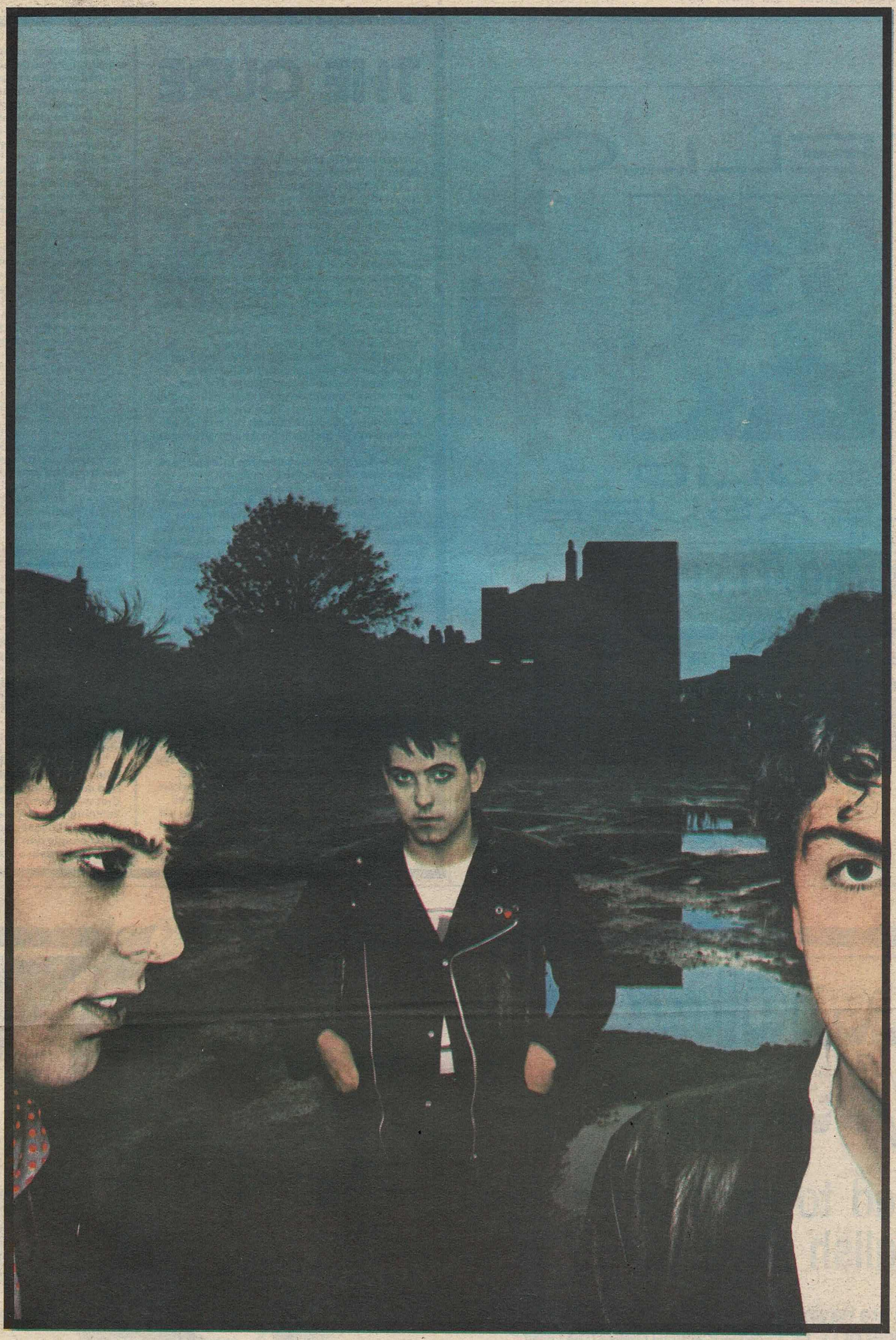

PHOTO ANTON CORBIJN. TINT YVETTE ANNA

BROOD – DON'T SULK

FROM PUNK TO POMP? THE CURE PONDER THE PITFALLS OF FLOYD'S SOUND SYSTEM. CHRIS BOHN LISTENS FOR THE FLAWS

IT'S A perfect day for brooding along with The Cure, a muggy limbo neither too hot nor too cold, the sky's overcast but not grey enough for rain and anyway the three Cures and this *NME* quack are already sheltered inside the group's shoddy white tour bus.

Parked next to the dank canal behind Chelmsford Odeon, the bus is dwarfed by the giant purple and yellow articulated truck that hauls the PA equipment they've hired — so drummer Lol Tolhurst blithely reveals — from Pink Floyd.

"We're using possibly the best PA in England," states Robert Smith, their quietly confident guitarist, for reasons that will become apparent in a moment. Bearing in mind the first time we met — three years ago in a Surrey hotel lounge where The Cure were playing with a skeleton set up that would make the buskin' Shakin' Pyramids appear over-dressed — we're both aware of the change in the trio's material circumstances. Smith obviously more so, thanks to the stream of malicious comparisons some have drawn between their moody new music and the bloated Pig Floaters from whom they've hired a PA.

These comparisons invariably come from those who nurtured The Cure as a trio of lovable whackos who composed skimpy oddball nuggets like 'Killing An Arab' — a wonderful three minute resume of Albert Camus' *The Outsider* — 'Plastic Passion', 'Boys Don't Cry' and 'Fire In Cairo'. Just out of school and good-looking too, they were every jaded cynic's dream combo: witty, bright and trashy enough to epitomise the over-lauded garageband ethic.

But none of their singles hit and after 18 months of trying it looked like The Cure were destined for obscure cult status. So when they disappeared everybody assumed them to be a spent force. Wrongly it turned out,as The Cure returned with a hit LP'17 Seconds' and single 'A Forest', which on the

OVER

YELLO

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BUY OR DIE

THE CURE

CONTINUES

surface were far less commercial than their debut LP 'Three Imaginary Boys'.

'17 Seconds' was more an extended 12" single than an LP; it was one melancholic mood sustained through a series of songs by a specific drum sound. The vitality and likeable mistakes of the first LP had been replaced by something equally, though less noticeably youthful: broken love. The mood, it seems, continues through to their latest LP 'Faith' — even sadder and gloomier, it concerns itself with ageing, loss of innocence and death.

Their fans argue that The Cure have matured, their critics that they've "progressed". Predictably for this trio, they provide easier and cheaper fuel for their detractors than their champions. The new mood music demands greater precision, there is less margin for error. Thus the expensive PA, acutely conscious though the trio are how the leap in size and quality of hardware would be taken.

Let's return to the back of the bus and seek some kind of assurance from Smith.

"We're careful to avoid (sounding empty)," he cautiously says, "though it wouldn't seem that way from the pomp rock style trucks.

"After we hired the PA we had a day at Shepperton to see how it would look all set up. It was really absurd seeing it all, ten times bigger than the equip we usually use. But then we got to thinking we've always gone on tour with equipment breaking down. And at the moment it's reliability we want."

Earlier, noticing my eyes latching onto the giant articulated truck, drummer Tolhurst gleefully anticipated a headline: "From punk to pomp," he joked. I laughed. When were The Cure ever punks?

THE CURE belong to that comprehensively educated amorphous mass that has replaced the traditional middle class and now stretches to include the swelling ranks of young unemployed, the children of shop floor workers, office workers, executives, teachers and middle grade civil servants. It's massive and still on the rise, yet it's one that pop groups — The Kinks and Fad Gadget excepted — are most reluctant to align themselves with.

Despite its size and scope few have successfully explored it, finding it much easier to reinforce the stereotypes using ready-to-wear language of *Sun* headlines. The Cure, however, simply sidestep the dogmas they feel no affinity with and touch instead upon the habits and emotions of this anonymous majority. Though they make no attempt to disguise their roots, they never get maudlin or soppy about them. They maintain a sufficient detachment to write accurately enough to involve them, going by the size and make-up of their audience. Evidently their schoolboy readings of Camus have stood them in good stead.

Does Smith still feel as, er, alienated as the murderer in 'Killing An Arab'?

No, he replies but — "since we don't live in London we haven't got drawn into that whole rock and roll myth. So for us it is still normal and that's the whole point. It's just like normality with a detached view, because it's not like we're trapped there. We travel a lot and when we return we're almost like observers in our own home, which is what gives our songs that air of detachment. It's not like we're saying, 'Oh we're alienated', or things like that, because we just don't feel like that."

Detached though they feel — living in suburban Crawley, Surrey — there's a dreamy quality about their music that falls short of the troubling introspection of Joy Division copyists, therefore dispelling another popular convention: that of the troubled, starving artist. Smith exudes a positive air that is implied by choosing 'Faith' as the title of their new LP.

"Yeah, I'm confident — to the degree of nausea sometimes," Smith smiles. "It's just second nature to me. Confidence is usually frowned upon, but I don't know why. It's like the stereotype of the cowering Kafkaesque figure, forever nervous. I mean, you can feel those emotions, but still feel confident that you'll win through. If you think you're not going to, then why bother?"

Smithy doesn't deny that he's had it easier than some. When he left school he chose to stay unemployed for eight months before the release of 'Killing An Arab' and was fortunate that, unlike many of his contemporaries, his parents didn't pressurise him into a complex about it by insisting he worked or left home.

"It came to the point where I'd rather have killed myself than get a job," he asserts. "I told social security to give the jobs to those that want them, that I'd rather stay at home listening to music, but they'd tell me I had to work and I'd just ask, Why? Which is the point most people don't get to."

He does realise that such a decision isn't so

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LOL, SIMON AND ROBERT REACT TO THE FEATURE

easy for others, but he can't see the point of wallowing in misery, when unemployment should be — as Bow Wow Wow and others are discovering — far more enjoyable than working in dull jobs, providing you can stretch those social security cheques to cover your needs.

Smith jokes, "I brewed home made lager so I wouldn't have to spend a lot of money drinking, which is a good hint for all you out of work people."

THE CURE aura of comfort shouldn't be mistaken for complacency. It often is and often causes resentment. Because The Cure have never fitted into any tribe or attempted to follow any fad, critics find them difficult to pin down. Their clothes don't help, being an odd mixture of nothing and everything that has gone down in the past few years.

Today, Robert Smith is wearing a leather jacket that makes his arms hang like Yogi Bear's and baggy trousers while his hair's pushed back into a never-witnessed-before porcupine spray. Lol Tolhurst's outrageously voluminous trousers and mismatched, smart jacket enhance his reputation as Cure fall guy and comic.

"The Cure confident?" asks Smith. "Lol's not confident, but then he uses the wrong brand of toothpaste."

Bassist Simon Gallup's cowboy punk clothing is offset by cutely made-up doe eyes.

The audience that turn up to Chelmsford are similarly difficult to categorise. Hardcore punks mingle with peacocks attracted to the synthetic strands of their music and the High Street teens whose concept of fashion stretches to the latest lines at Marks And Spencers. It's a cross section that The Cure cherish, one arrived at without overt wooing or compromise. There's no Cure-look for them to emulate and indeed few new tunes in the current repertoire that they can go home humming.

The combination of The Cure's own cosy backgrounds and a non-aligned, apparently uncommitted audience upsets some, whose sneers have not only been stupidly dismissive, but downright condescending.

"Somebody who did a review of us at London's Dominion said all the audience looked like Noel Edmonds," recalls Smith. "He's supposedly the stereotype of the people who go and see The Cure. It's just not true but anyway it's only fashion that made him say that. It's really frustrating trying to get through that initial wariness of people saying, Oh what do they look like and where do they come from? It's irrelevant. I don't know the backgrounds of any of the groups I like. Their songs affect me and that's enough."

CURE CONCERTS leave very little to chance. As soon as people enter the auditorium they're taken in hand by taped music guaranteed to create the right ambience. The music ranges from Jimi Hendrix to gregorian chants — spot the importance of the latter to the likes of the gloomy 'The Funeral Party'.

More pointedly The Cure have dispensed with support groups in order to diminish the odds of the mood being shattered by inapposite outfits. They've replaced it with *Carnage Visors,* a short animated film made by Simon Gallup's brother Ric.

It's not very good, just a series of evolving shapes for people to look at, while Smith's austere soundtrack further imposes the correct conditions for The Cure's entrance. Isn't all this talk of pre-conditioning disturbing? Not really, as it's basically motivated by the urge to provide a coherent evening's entertainment.

"At least we've got some say over what kind of mood the audience are in so we can start off from the same point every night and go off on a tangent from there," explains Smith. "On previous tours we would go on into a pre-conditioned environment, but one created by the support band, not us."

The Cure's delicately forceful music deserves that early break, meaning new songs aren't lost early on while winning over the audience. Songs like 'Primary', which might pinpoint The Cure's coming of age, are far removed from the naivety of their earlier songs. As likeable as those favourites are, they don't really fit into The Cure's current set, but unfortunately they're interspersed with newer songs, somehow shattering the moods the group have so conscientiously established. Why do they do them?

"I think it's nice remembering things," says Smith. "Having old songs is like having old photographs, you can look back on how you used to feel. I can remember what we felt the first time we played them, and that helps prevent me from getting out of control."

And self-control, even discipline, is very important to The Cure, especially their music. Their playing is excellent, their skills always subordinated to the simple demands of the songs. A pop sensibility and that pervasive beat renders all comparisons with the pomp of previous generations absurd. A bit precious perhaps? Only if viewed from the suffocatingly narrow confines of nouveau punk.

"The preciousness doesn't worry me," says Smith, puffing his chest out aggressively and pulling his fists back ready for action.

"WHO'S BEING PRECIOUS NOW, PAL?' he snarls.

You really shouldn't allow yourselves to be threatened by The Cure.

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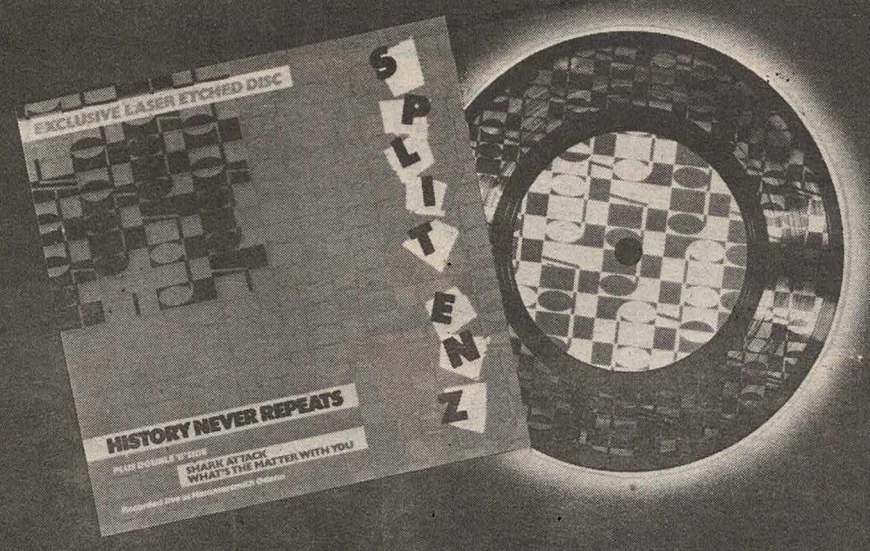

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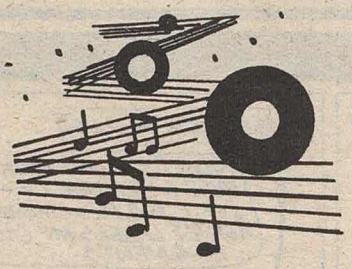

Your Saturday scene teen beat reporter ADRIAN THRILLS

SINGLE "ON THE DAY"

UB40: Don't Slow Down/Don't Let It Pass You By (Dep International). And don't stop the music! With a winter of discontent and frustrating litigation now behind them, the Moseley minstrels return with a new independent label, a bold new beat and their first single for six months.

Free from the grip of Graduate Records after a long-winded courtroom battle, UB40 have wasted no time in launching their own Dep label and re-activating their jazzed-up jazz-dub reggaematic swagger.

Hatched around Brian Travers' lilting saxophone spiral, 'Don't Slow Down' is the side obviously destined for radio play and *Top Of The Pops* with its soulful vocal and catchy chorus.

'Don't Let It Pass You By' is nowhere near as immediate, marking the group's heaviest excursion yet into dub. But it is the recording debut of the new horn section formed around trombonist Norman Hassan and trumpeter Astro, whose bold brass peppers the shuffling dubwise rhythm. Astro pops up again in his more familiar role of toaster, his earthy talkover a perfect foil to Ali Campbell's fine and mellow lead vocal: *"This ya music make you rock/This ya music make you swing/This ya music make you sway/This ya music make you bop!"* Say so, Astro!

Now get on those dancing shoes and catch this crucial beat. A masterly sound.

POSITIVE NOISE: Charm/And Yet Again (Statik). And those blazing horns just keep on coming! With one of the year's most stylish debut singles already under their belts in the startling 'Give Me Passion', Ediburgh's Positive Noise have hitched up with saxman Gary Barnacle and his trombone-toting dad 'Big' Bill Barnacle to produce an even more remarkable follow-up.

'Charm' is all steaming brass and crackling crescendos, singer Ross Middleton displaying the sort of vocal power and passion that had PiL's Keith Levene *volunteering* to contribute on guitar on the forthcoming Positive Noise LP after chancing upon the Scotsmen in the studio.

'And Yet Again' is slicker and more streamlined. With Steve Hillage's surprisingly sympathetic production giving the tune an almost timeless quality and Barnacle's sax recalling the rasping swoops of Clarence Clemons, 'And Yet Again' is simply the best thing Pos Noise have ever done: *"Unfold the curtain . . . and yet again/Love, make me upset and . . . and yet again"*.

And again and again. There is nothing 'weird' or inaccessible about this music and nothing that would stop it from making the charts given a decent sniff of the playlists. And that will do!

SNUKY TAT: He's The Groove (Ze). *"He's the groove/He's the man!/He's the Pope in the Vatican!"*

Another curious mystery dance from the ever-wry Ze cast. The anonymous Snuky first cropped up on one of the small independent American east coast soul labels before being snapped up for wider distribution by Ze's Michael Zilkha a few months ago.

Like The Waitresses and Reasons singles, 'He's The Groove' is firmly in the self-deflating Ze tradition of the humorous one-off offbeat burst. Snuky delivers his utterly sacriligious ode to the man in the Vatican against a farting synthi-funk backbeat, urging us all to get down, sing hallelujah and do the Genuflect! Who was that masked man? He must be a Trappist.

POLECATS: Rockabilly Guy (Mercury). The Polecats play a little safe by dragging in Dave Edmunds, fresh from his successes with The Stray Cats, to produce their second Mercury single. But such is their own enthusiasm and vigour that they still come up with one of the liveliest records of the week.

It is not the first time The Polecats have tried their luck with the gabbling 'Rockabilly Guy' as a single. It originally came out last year on the independent Nervous label, long before the Poles were attracting the interest of the major moguls. The re-recorded version, however, has far more beefy clout than last year's original model.

The unpretentious Polecats might not be the most inventive group around, but their single bubbles with life and energy. After all, John, they're only dancing. Hep-hep-hooray!

RICHARD STRANGE: International Language (Virgin). Richard Strange's Cabaret Futura might be dying slowly on its feet, but the man himself shows no sign of going away. With Positive Noise's Ross Middleton helping out in the backing chorus, Strange has re-arranged the most moving track on his patchy Ze LP for this, his first Virgin single. Vivid and voyeuristic, 'International Language' is a sob story of tears and heartache, retold over a velvet carpet of shag-pile synthesiser and searing sax.

SIMPLE MINDS: The American (Virgin). Apart from the mighty 'I Travel', Simple Minds have always sold themselves short in the singles marketplace. They have never really mastered that elusive fusion of melody and punchline that go into making the classic single and 'The American' is no exception.

Their first single since quitting Arista for Virgin, it opens promisingly enough with a guitar flourish that recalls Magazine's epic 'Song From Under The Floorboards'. But the song soon develops into a typically harsh, teutonic treatise built around some jerky synthesisers. Plenty of punch but no real tune. We'll just have to keep that debut single on ice a little longer.

HEAVEN 17: I'm Your Money (Virgin). This is getting boring. A vapid and disposable synthesiser workout from the British Electric Foundation offshoot, lacking even the redeeming lyrical virtues of the over-rated 'Fascist Groove Thang'. The flip is slightly better. A cover of Pete Shelley's 'Are Everything' — a weak latter-day Buzzcocks single — it at least gives some indication of singer Glenn Gregory's vocal capabilities. But play it next to The Polecats and it looks positively anaemic.

SHARON REDD: Love Is Gonna Get Ya (Epic). After the mute and magnificent 'Can You Handle It', this comes as a serious disappointment. Sloppy and sentimental where 'Handle It' was musically taut and lyrically tough, it still bristles with far more soul power than the cold-hearted synth-bores above.

TOYAH: I Want To Be Free (Safari). It is hard to take such a dedicated career girl as Toyah seriously as a pop star, but she insists on it so here we go again. 'Four From Toyah' was a fine EP and one which deserved its success, but this is pure sixth-form trite.

While 'It's A Mystery' was a Keith Hale composition, 'I Want To Be Free' comes from the pretentious pen of the chanteuse herself. And it shows. Given the same sort of histrionic, overblown arrangement as the hit, this song is in the lyrical class of The Drones: *"I don't want to go to school/Don't want to be nobody's fool/I want to be me."* I don't begrudge Toyah her success. I just resent the sort of faeces that success is encouraging her to fling at us.

THE DISTRACTIONS: And Then There's. . . (That). The Distractions, one of the lost greats of the new pop, had a far from happy time during their sojourn at Island. Now they return on their own independent That label with the sort of classy dewy-eyed soft-focus pop that made them special in the first place. Despite the loss of songwriter Steve Perrin, the style remains the same — heartfelt and heartbroken. Check it out and cheer them up.

39 LYON STREET: Kites (RSO). Produced by The Associates, this beguiling cover of Simon Dupree And The Big Sound's '60s hit 'Kites' is a spasmodically interesting sidestep. Rich in mystery and menace, the song has always been an obvious candidate for this sort of post-psychedelic update. Not so appetising is the messy Associates flip, a tortured metallic plod that even the superb voice of Billy Mackenzie fails to save.

ESSENTIAL BOP: Croaked (Monopause). Bristol's Bop were one of the three groups picked to hit, click and pop by Paul 'Power' Morley in the Christmas *NME* and the single is full of south-western promise. An eerie organ motif gives an air of barren desperation to an otherwise-straightforward popsong. Steve Bush's mannered vocal is yet further evidence of the remarkably wide stylistic influence of Howard Devoto.

VIRNA LINDT: Attention Stockholm (Compact). Chilling John Barry type thriller stuff from an undercover Swedish underworld agent now belived to be at large in London. Virna sings and plays the electric piano, ripping off Roxy Music's 'Out Of The Blue' something criminal in the process, timing her arrival to coincide perfectly with the forthcoming Gerry Anderson revival.

DELMONTES: Don't Cry Your Tears (Rational)
VISITORS: Compatibility (Rational). Oh no! Not another brace of psuedo-psychedelic Edinburgh bands? If that sort of initial reaction is a little wide of the mark, The Delmontes' penchant for original punk pyrotechnics leaves no doubt that their roots are undeniably in amateurish late '60s Americana. The sluggish 'Don't Cry Your Tears' is not without a certain charm, much of it in Julie Hepburn's teasing vocal, but it is nothing special.

The Visitors are more up to date with their influences, 'Compatibility' sounding like early Gang Of Four in places. But "at the end of the day" they are even less inspired or soulful.

TC MATIC: O La La La (Parsley)
PSUEDOCODE: Far Away From My Own Land (Sandwich). Though Les Disques Du Crepuscule remain the most stylish and consistent catalysts, there is a

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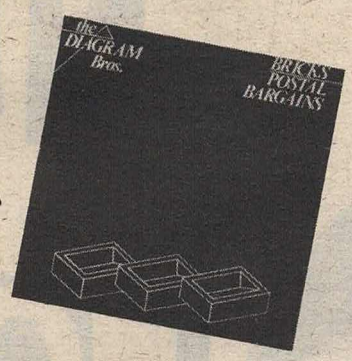


SINGLES

SINGLES

● From previous page

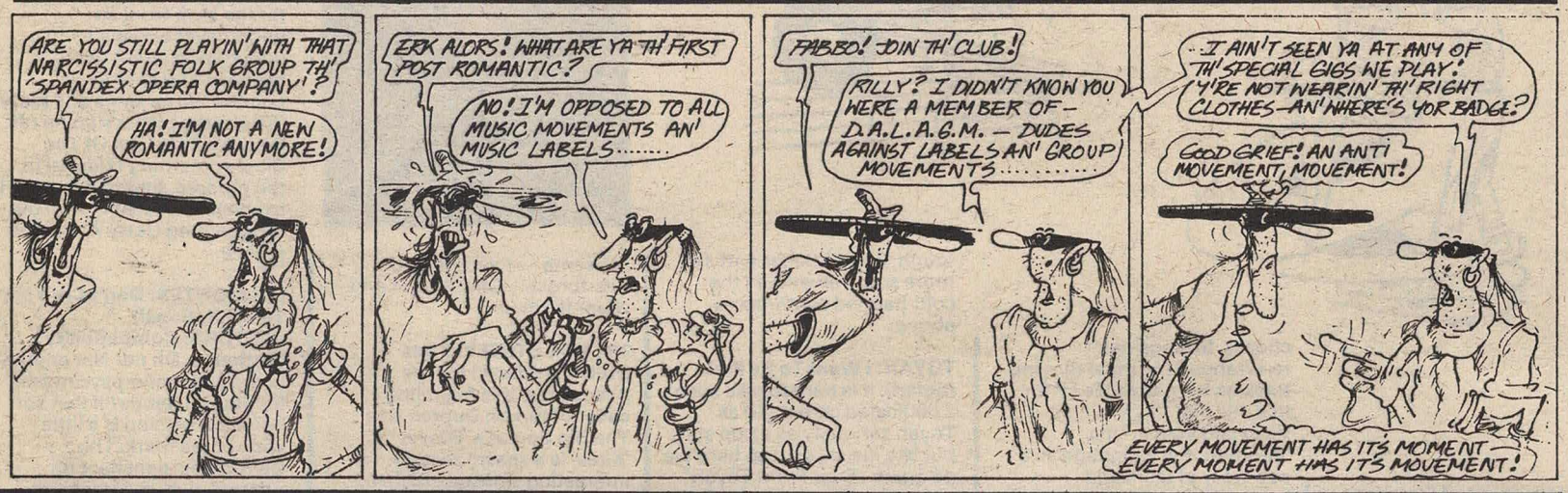
lot more new musical activity of note in Belgium with Jo Lemaire And Flouze leading the way.

These two singles are a further example of the post-punk proliferation of talent. Both are so erratic and half-baked, however, that even my contact in Brussels declines to fully recommend them. TC Matic rely on robust, angular guitar while Psuedocode opt for a more mellow electronic approach. The promise, if nothing else, is there.

CUBAN HEELS: Sweet Charity (Virgin). Virgin seem to have sucked all the lifeblood out of Cuba Libra since they signed Ali Mackenzie's Glasgow label lock, stock and rockabilly at the beginning of the year. The Shakin' Pyramids have still to live up to the promise of a brilliant debut single, while the Cuban Heels — who produced the magnificent 'Walk On Water' last year — seem to be in an even worse state. 'Sweet Charity' is the third single to be produced by Steve Hillage this week, following Positive Noise and Simple Minds. It is also the worst, a dose of leaden lumpenrock. They should have stayed independent.

THE LONE GROOVER

BENYON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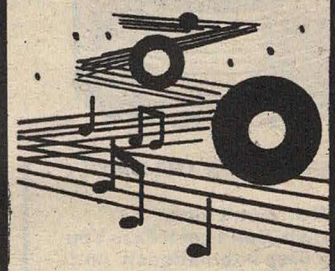
I AIN'T SEEN YA AT ANY OF TH' SPECIAL GIGS WE PLAY. Y'RE NOT WEARIN' TH' RIGHT CLOTHES — AN' WHERE'S YOR BADGE?
GOOD GRIEF! AN ANTI MOVEMENT, MOVEMENT!
EVERY MOVEMENT HAS ITS MOMENT EVERY MOMENT HAS ITS MOVEMENT!

DIAGRAM BROTHERS: Bricks (New Hormones). The latest release from the revitalised New Hormones, 'Bricks' is an irritatingly whacky song about, you guessed it, bricks: *"Bricks, lay them down in a straight line/Bricks, build them into a wall/Bricks, very useful objects/They're not expensive at all."* The joke falls embarrassingly flat on the usually-reliable Diagram Brothers. Anyway, mortar-realism was last week's thang.



THE CHORDS: One More Minute (Poldor). To finish with, A True Story. There I was, standing in the queue for Cup Final replay tickets at an unearthly hour on a wet Sunday morning when who should approach but mouthy Chords drummer Buddy Ascot. . .

"Who's doing the singles this week then?"

"Me!"

"What do you think of ours, 'One More Minute'?"

"Rubbish!"

I couldn't lie. Not even at the risk of hurting a fellow Tottenham supporter. But all is not yet lost, Bud. We're going to win the replay by two clear goals and Ossie will be "in the moon". Come on, all singles columns have to have a happy ending.

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MONDAY **18 BRISTOL**, LOCARNO
TUESDAY **19 CARDIFF**, TOP RANK
WEDNESDAY **20 LIVERPOOL**, ROTTERS
THURSDAY **21 NEWCASTLE**, MAYFAIR
SATURDAY **23 GLASGOW**, TECHNICAL COLLEGE
SUNDAY **24 ST. ANDREWS**, UNIVERSITY
MONDAY **25 EDINBURGH**, TIFFANYS
TUESDAY **26 LEEDS**, TIFFANYS
THURSDAY **28 RUGBY**, BENN MEMORIAL HALL
FRIDAY **29 HUDDERSFIELD**, POLYTECHNIC
SATURDAY **30 BIRMINGHAM**, ODEON

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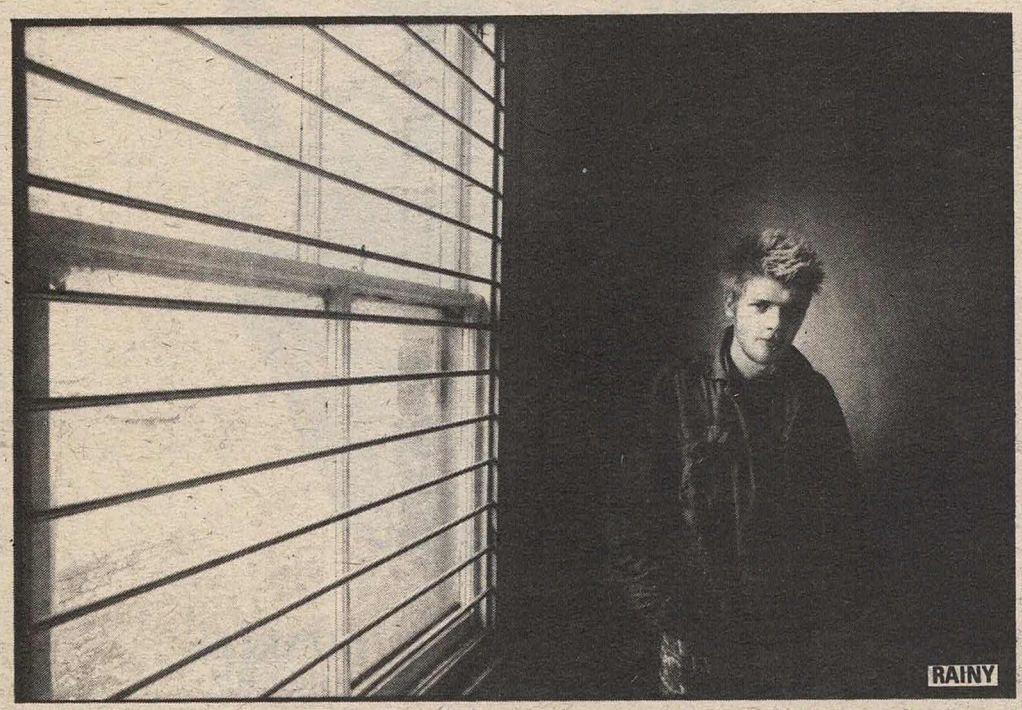
RAINY

BONES

WHERE CAL SHOULD HAVE BEEN

BAMBI

So says Cal of Discharge, Stoke-on-Trent's very own four-man punk apocalypse, He does too. . .

BY PAUL DU NOYER

PIX KEVIN CUMMINS

DISCHARGE isn't a pretty name, and that fits: Discharge don't make pretty music. They're loud and crude and fast and basic, and they don't sing about pretty subjects either. Their songs spit rebellion and contempt, dedicated to anarchism and anti-anything you got — "the system" in general and nuclear war in particular. They're horrible!

In fact, everything about Discharge is guaranteed to repel — unless, that is, you're one of the thousands of punks whose support has turned Discharge into hardcore heroes, a runaway underground success story. Like Crass (the most obvious comparison), the group has overtaken many more mainstream outfits on the most basic commercial criterion — selling records — and yet they remain unknown to the rock audience as a whole.

It's no wonder that one reviewer was moved to describe 'Why', the new Discharge 12" that's topping the alternative charts, as "perfect and appalling". They've taken the raw, frill-free punk formula to its ultimate stage. And while I can't say I enjoy the noise of it, the sheer force — pure and fierce — of their bitter, blistering kamikaze attack ... well, that's an awesome thing to behold. And then there's the lyrics: bursting with a rage that might be naive — even amusing to the outsider — but which is unmistakably passionate in its sincerity.

The four Discharges — Cal on vocals, Rainy on bass, Bones the guitarist and new drummer Bambi, a baby-faced lad from Wigan — operate from their independent home-town base, Mike Stone's Clay label in Stoke-on-Trent. With minimal publicity, and live work curtailed by a violent reputation that puts promoters off, the group have already found success with their trio of EPs: 'Realities Of War', 'Fight Back' and 'Decontrol'. (Those titles almost say it all...)

On the day that I arrive in Stoke, the boys can be found lounging round in Mike Stone's record shop. But to my disappointment, and camera man Kevin Cummins' dismay, we discover that singer Cal has suddenly decided not to co-operate: he won't pose for pictures because he "doesn't want to be a pop star", and he won't do an interview because of recent mistreatment at the hands of *Sounds*. "Once bitten twice shy" he says — an unfair generalisation, I'd say, since *Sounds'* antics are nothing to do with me. Nor would I have travelled 150 miles to meet him without a genuine interest in what he has to say.

Instead, I'm given a type-written sheet that sets out his answers to the few questions he's prepared to discuss. It's the sort of set-up favoured by superstars and Soviet politicians, but I'll have to make the best of it. The other three, though, are only too willing to talk, and their conversation makes an intriguing contrast with the frontman's terse catechism. Here's all Cal has to say to you, anyway ...

When did the band first form and who influenced you? "The band formed in 1977 influenced by The Sex Pistols."

Do you intend signing to a major record company? "We do not intend signing to a major record company as it would be betraying our beliefs."

Who writes all the lyrics? "I Cal write all the lyrics."

What do you think of the music press? "I personally have a total disregard for the music press, due to the fact that when Rainy and I did an interview with *Sounds*, things were printed that were not actually said. I quote: 'Cal said "I hate the NF and the CND, religion, all of them." ' What I actually said about the CND was that I thought they were doing a great deal of good, in that they put people into the light as to what is really happening concerning nuclear power and the realities of war."

Do you wish to add anything to this interview? "The voice of common sense has to be heard, for man is an endangered species. Throughout the world, peace and anti-war movements are blossoming as never before. We each have a contribution to make."

RAINY, BONES and Bambi, meanwhile, wait for me in a room upstairs, unconcerned with Cal's anxieties about interviews and pictures.

" 'E thinks 'e's a pop star," they shrug and smile,. "Thinks 'e's Graham Bonnet."

It's said to cheer me up, rather than to insult Cal — though it goes to show how much his stance is not understood, even by the people he works with. Cal, I think, is a very intense and idealistic young man: but he's isolated in a way that the mutually-supporting members of, say, Crass, are not. He therefore falls back on stubbornness to protect himself. I'm not unsympathetic to his predicament, but I hope he'll come to see that his position — as singer in a very influential group — brings with it other responsibilities.

The rest of Discharge see themselves as straightforward punk musicians, with few interests beyond bashing out a noise for kids to get drunk and have a good time to. For their part, they *are* dismissive of issues like CND.

Rainy: "It's hip, as well, the anti-war thing. Like, you get a majority that follow Crass, they don't know what the fuckin' 'ell they're on about. They just think it's hip to wear a Ban The Bomb badge, y'know what I mean. Well, we get that as well, y'see . . . Now it sells. It doesn't mean a shit to me, I don't give a fuck about anti-war. Me, I'm just in it for the fuckin' noise and music, that's all."

Bones: "Cal's into everything like that."

Bambi: "The first time you hear a song you don't sit there and listen to the lyrics. You listen to the music."

Bones: "It's good to jump about to, have a good time to."

Rainy: "It's for kids to bang their heads to. I mean, who wants to go watch a band and just stand there?"

Bones: "Get five pints down yer and have a good laugh."

I mention that they say the same things as heavy metal bands. And it's true that they admire Motorhead more than the rival punk acts that spring to mind. But Rainy, who claims his real passion is for early psychedelia like The Doors, adds this: "If you compare us to half these bands going around ... we're a lot heavier than Saxon, stuff like that. Bands like that are just pathetic."

NOT ONLY are Discharge numbers violently energetic, they're also invariably short. I know groups whose names take longer to say than a typical Discharge song lasts. This, they explain, was one reason for doing 'Why' as a 12" extended EP: "The numbers are that short, the time it takes to do them, if we had an album of them we'd have to do about 40 numbers."

Bones: "If we did long songs it'd just get boring. It's best if you go for the short sharp shock treatment."

Rainy: " 'Bout a year ago we were gigging with 12 numbers. We used to play that fast, we used to be done in ten minutes."

Bones: "So we 'ad to do 'em all again!"

But don't they all sound the same (everyone's first reaction)?

Bones: "S'pose some of 'em sound the same, yeah. It's only because, like, it's just all fast. You can tell the difference between the tunes if you listen to them."

Rainy: "What we do, we try and make it so it isn't singalongable, kind of thing. So you can't remember it, or hum it. Rejects and that, you hear a record and then you know it, don't you. You start humming it as you walk down the street. When you hear one of ours you can't walk down the street and hum that!"

This is true. But why is it such a good thing?

They grin, knowingly: "You hear it once, and it knocks you back!"

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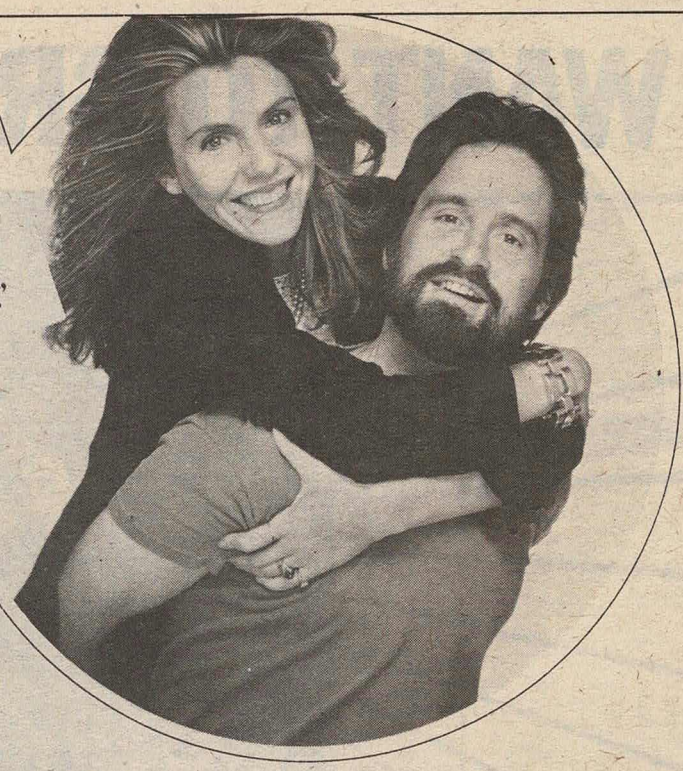

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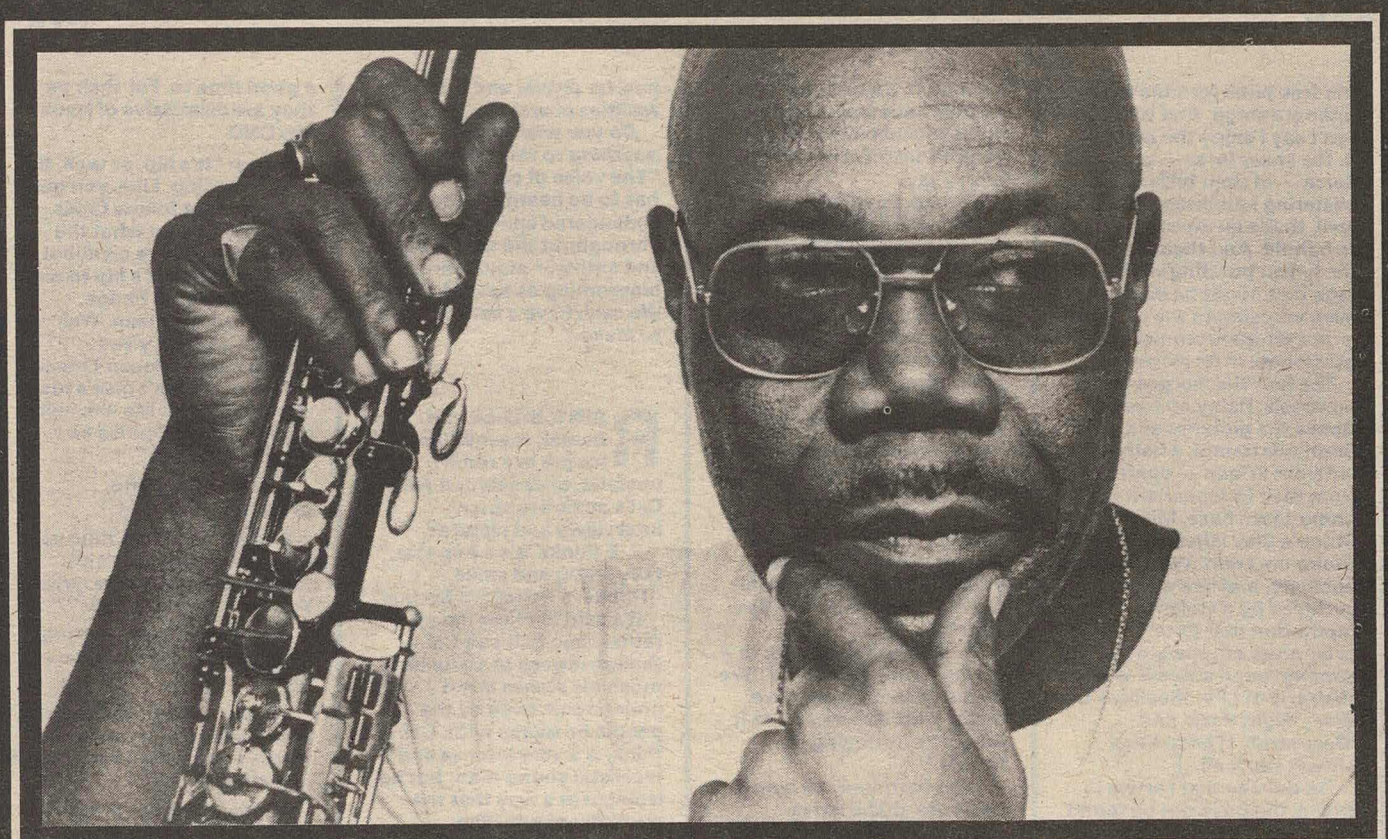

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ISLAND

Whiners and lunkheads

Head Over Heels

Directed by Joan Micklin Silver
Starring John Heard, Mary Beth Hurt and Gloria Grahame *(United Artists)*

It's My Turn

Directed by Claudia Weill
Starring Jill Clayburgh and Michael Douglas *(Columbia)*

AS THE massive '60s youth market in America inexorably advanced into middle age, it was inevitable that some movie directors would follow them, chronicling their growing pains and newly discovered needs. The renaissance began with Alan J Pakula's mild, mannered comedy *Starting Over* and Paul Mazursky's *An Unmarried Woman* and it's continued earnestly — to the point of dullness — by *It's My Turn*.

All three share the same star in Jill Clayburgh — fast becoming the new Hollywood's favourite modern - woman - on - the - rebound — who in this one plays university professor Kate.

Once again she's afraid of atrophying in a secure, live-in relationship, but this time her father's wedding gives her the chance to escape Chicago suburbia to visit New York. At a dinner party she meets the son of her future step mother and falls in love with him. Lord knows why — he's a surly, unpleasant ex-baseball player portrayed by the insensible Michael Douglas.

Naturally, they argue, naturally she suffers pangs of guilt about the man she left behind, but Kate is far too self-centred, her problems self-induced, to make us care one way or another about her.

Claudia Weill's previous and better *Girlfriends* was similarly obsessively "me", but it wasn't half so whiney. The tone of *It's My Turn* is as meek and pleading as the title.

***Head Over Heels* is marginally more engaging, though more obviously generational, like Silver's earlier *Between The Lines*, which focused on the problems of a Boston underground paper. *Heels*' 'hero' is Charles, a brooding failure who didn't even make it to Woodstock and is now a civil servant.**

Apart from the thwarted hopes of his youth, he's also got a broken love affair to contend with. But rather than come to terms with it he dwells on its rosier moments — brought to us in flashback — and hasn't yet given up on winning Mary Beth Hurt back from the ex-jock lunkhead she's married to.

Not much of a choice for the poor girl, as the terminally blank John Heard (playing Charles) isn't really a viable alternative. Only when *Head Over Heels* deserts its determinedly naturalistic style to throw in a few absurd jokes and situations does it transcend the doziness of its characters to really entertain.

There's no reason why middle-aged, middle-class soap comedies should be boring — they used to be the staple of the old Hollywood studios — but the present self-conscious crop suffer from too much time on the analyst's couch.

Chris Bohn

Melvin And Howard

Directed by Jonathan Demme
Starring Paul Le Mat, Mary Steenburgen and Jason Robards *(CIC)*

THE mythical public face of Howard Hughes was that of an eccentric young tycoon who descended into the most private of worlds — the ultimate paranoid cocooned in a web of codeine addiction and dehumanising material wealth — who bought out the American Dream, ended up hating life and investing everything in personal entropy.

Melvin And Howard opens on a stretch of desert off the Interstate highway just outside Las Vegas. Howard Hughes (Jason Robards) looks like a dusty old wino and sits up straight on a souped-up motorbike, screaming at the top of his voice and scrambling over a water hole. Jonathan Demme makes the water hole look like a mirage, somehow symbolically telling in its isolation — and as the details of the film unfold, this trick of light directorial touch seems all too slyly pertinent.

Hughes crashes and is helped home to his Vegas suite by one

Wajda ya know, it's Zbigniev Cybulski.

THE POLISH JAMES DEAN

East of Gdansk

WHAT with the James Dean myth well and truly debunked elsewhere in this issue, why not hang your adoration on the legend of the superior Zbigniev Cybulski instead?

What? Never heard of him — the man they dubbed the Polish James Dean? He rather unfairly earned the monicker on the twin strengths of his superficial similarity of looks and a like troubled role in his most popular film *Ashes And Diamonds* (Andrej Wajda, '58).

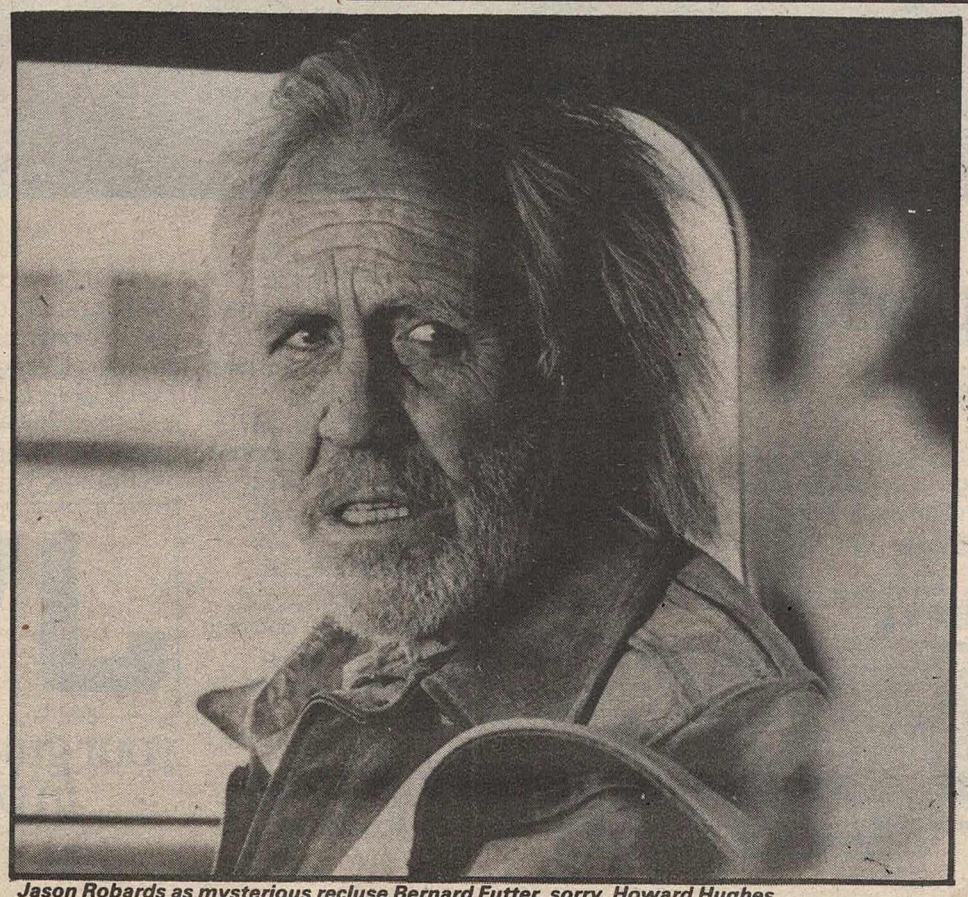
But unlike Dean's pampered suburban neuroses, Cybulski's were morally meatier. As Maciek, a loyalist hitman ordered to bump off a small town Communist official during the last days of the war, he's tormented by thoughts of the ensuing peace that is rendering his wartime role fast obsolete; in addition the enemy is no longer German, but Polish countrymen and what's more his falling in love with a barmaid disturbs his cold killer efficiency. And if that's not enough to turn a man to the Method, he's also well aware of the consequences of betraying the cause he no longer feels any affinity with.

Yet Cybulski never resorted to sub-Brando mugging; his cool converted inner turmoil into a laconic, quizzical detachment from both his own position and the unsettled society he's immersed in.

Maciek died, but Cybulski survived to expand on his youth following by appearing in some 40 varied films, the most notable of which saw him playing a paunchy, middle aged officer in the Russian doll intrigue of *The Saragossa Manuscript*.

He died mysteriously at the age of 39 when he fell under the moving late night train he was trying to board. His death left Poland — and indeed the Eastern bloc — without a cult hero. Its effect was shattering on many — not the least on director Wajda whose movies helped launch him into international fame. Wajda's largely biographical *Everything For Sale* ('68) helped embalm the Cybulski legend.

Chris Bohn



Jason Robards as mysterious recluse Bernard Futter, sorry, Howard Hughes.

Melvin Dummar (Paul Le Mat), a local labourer and archetypal easy goin' guy — not before Dummar has persuaded the grumpy old man to sing a song he's just written and Hughes has cadged some money off his good samaritan. Neither ever meets again; Dummar has no idea who he's helped; Hughes admits his 'true' identity with a grin but not surprisingly Melvin gives this claim short shrift.

Years later — Salt Lake City, 1976 — Dummar is named in the first (there were to be 36 more) last will and testament of Howard Hughes, to the tune of 160 million dollars. This is considerably more than — in all honesty — his song was worth. But when legal wrangles have robbed him of his windfall and legal fees have made him poorer than when he started, it's the fact that Hughes sang Melvin Dummar's 'Santa's Souped Up Sleigh' that tickles him pink.

It's an almost too cutesy-pie full-circle American fable — and it's also impossible to say whether *Melvin And Howard* is, as they say, a 'true story' or even based on one. 'The Mormon Will' — as the one naming Dummar came to be known — was refuted and counter refuted. Even the staff at the higher end of the hierarchy in Hughes' vast empire knew next to nothing about the billionaire's addled mind; few had actually met him since sometime in the mid-'50s.

Melvin And Howard leans toward the will being Hughes' Biblical payback rather than his last psychotic joke — but Demme is more concerned with character and characteristics that conspiracy theory. Melvin Dummar is the lighter side of the bloated dream which enveloped Hughes. His story, at least, is verifiably true. The rainbows he chases after have credit card bills at their end; Dummar overspends any money he gets on the consumer icon of the day or moment.

It's here that the film thrives — the gentle, even affectionate poke at the dafter outcrops of capital's culture: the grotesque TV quiz and talent shows, five-minute marriages — or divorces — in midget neon cathedrals, pathetic humour in the topless bar.

Melvin And Howard is packed with the prosaic absurdities of middle America — often as hallucinatory as the first glimpse of Hughes in the desert — and rests as a quiet little film about a quiet little man who just happened to bump up against a hurricane.

Ian Penman

The Idolmaker

Directed by Taylor Hackford
Starring Ray Sharkey, Tovah Feldshuh, Peter Gallagher and Paul Land *(United Artists)*

WHAT can a poor, prematurely balding boy with a lot of songwriting ability do, when it's the late '50s/early '60s and he's too ugly to be a teenage heart throb and too sensitive to play in a rock 'n' roll band? Why, like Ray Vaccari, the hero of *The Idolmaker*, he goes in for puppetteering. He whisks fellows off the streets and teaches them to sing his songs; they become big stars, and he gets to live through them vicariously as their authoritarian manager and father-figure.

Like most films about rock music *The Idolmaker* takes one grain of truth (managers manipulate, artists are manipulated) and makes a conspiratorial mountain out of it. The same simplistic point is made obviously, over and over again, as Vaccari(ously?) pushes his boys from Bronx clubs to extravaganzas in Memphis with full orchestras and gospel choirs.

Even though Ray Sharkey plays the manager with a certain amount of cynicism and hard-headedness, debut director Taylor Hackford never really investigates what it is that makes the moguls of rock tick, and any conclusions which he does reach are pretty soft: Sharkey/Vaccari is really a nice boy who loves his mother, hates his father and who wants to become a drippy singer-songwriter a decade before his time.

It goes without saying that the film abounds with anachronisms, and the music specially written for it by Jeff 'Sugar, Sugar' Barry has no feel for the period in question and sounds more like '70s MOR than late '50s ballads and r'n'r.

Although one of the premises of the plot is spot-on (that post-Presley there was a move to clean up the scene with the deodorised likes of Bobbies Vee and Rydell; fictitious stars Tommy Dee and Caesare (Gary Glitter, Adam Ant, John Travolta and Lionel Blair rolled up incongruously into two) are just not credible as the performers who are meant to have wowed a generation.

Still, it's vaguely funny, instant camp if you want to go along and feel superior as their Svengali ticks them — his "pistoleros"! — off for misdemeanours like heavy petting with jailbait in the backs of cars. When the star maker told his charges they were "gonna stop traffic", he certainly didn't mean that kind of thing...

Paul Tickell

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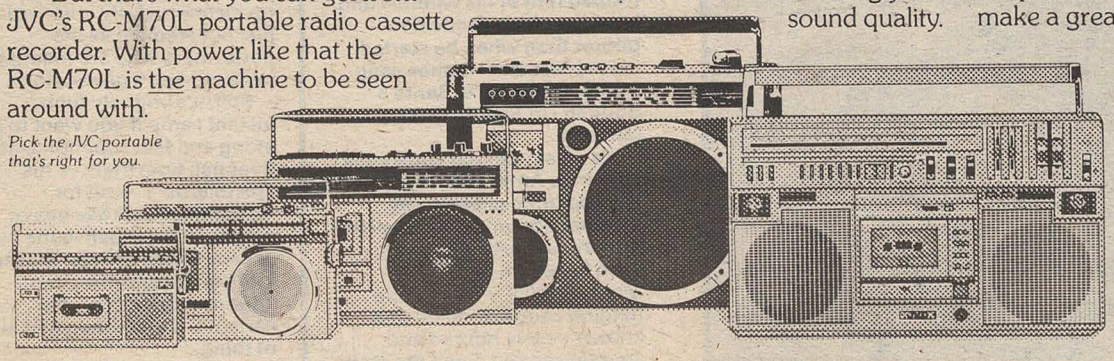

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ATTRACTIVE—MOI? SEXY—MOI?

BLAND—LISSEN

ACROSS THE big wide states of America, Teddy Pendergrass is a platinum-selling, multi-million dollar macho fantasy and he is the latest male black sex symbol to reach a multi-racial audience.

On this side of the Atlantic, however, he has meant almost nothing — until now. With a wide-eyed blend of dismay and disbelief, he confides that his total UK sales amount to a mere 2,000 records.

But his three sell-out London concerts two weeks ago may have changed all that. Suddenly everyone is talking about Teddy, and suddenly everyone is rushing out to buy 'Ready For Teddy', a special promotional compilation. Acclaim greets him wherever he turns, and on the last night of his residency at the Victoria Apollo, there was a guest appearance by none other than Stevie Wonder.

Teddy Pendergrass seems to have won the heart of a new market with as little difficulty as he wins the heart of a new woman.

Whether or not his music bears out the success of his image is another question. Since his departure from the immortal Harold Melvin And The Blue Notes (who split in 1976), it seems that the shrewd marketing of his image by Philly has had unfortunate consequences for the power and quality of his music.

"A record company has to follow the potential on an artist, and try to tailor material for that artist," Pendergrass admits with devout realism. "I'm not trying to satisfy one person's desire; I'm trying to satisfy millions of people — and that's not easy."

Pendergrass undoubtedly has one of the three or four truly great voices in American soul; but it is disillusioning to hear that same voice which occasionally reduced one to tears now talk in mind-numbing platitudes about success and capitalism.

But Pendergrass comes from the ghettoes of North Philadelphia. He's worked his way up from nowhere so why shouldn't he boast? Why shouldn't he be proud of buying the house he's admired from its gates since he was a kid?

TEDDY HAS certainly paid his dues. Reared on gospel and the strictest religious principles (he was ordained at the age of 12), he took up drums at 13 and survived the '60s playing the endless round of clubs and bars — not only in and around the City of Brotherly Love but throughout the Southern states. He served as a drummer with at least five different bands (none of which he is able to recall); but the last of these was The Cadillacs (not *the* Cadillacs) who became the backing band for Harold Melvin And The Blue Notes. For too long this outfit had been on the Southern supper-club circuit, occasionally putting their repertoire on vinyl — like 'This Time Will Be Different' on TK, forgotten and unlamented. Pendergrass found himself in the spotlight more by luck than design: somebody had overheard him singing to himself in the dressing room, and following a reshuffle in the group he was their first choice as lead vocalist.

Soon afterwards his extraordinary voice attracted the notice of Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff, who had already made a significant contribution to the rejuvenation of the Philly sound during the difficult years following the collapse of companies such as Cameo-Parkway in the mid-'60s. The Blue Notes signed with Gamble and Huff's newly-established Philadelphia International Records in 1972, and although their debut 'I Miss You' never made the desired crossover to the pop market, it was enormous on the soul chart and and remains one of the real classics of '70s soul.

Pendergrass' voice brought fame and fortune to both the group and the company for the next three years, with a string of hits to rival even those of The Temptations — 'The Love I Lost', 'If You Don't Know Me By Now', 'Satisfaction Guaranteed', the astonishing 'Bad Luck' and 'Wake Up Everybody'.

Of his initiation into studio life, Pendergrass has little to say except that Gamble and Huff taught him how to sing in front of a microphone.

"Of course we all benefited from watching Gamble and Huff. We're talking about 20 years' experience in the studio — but then everybody has their own unique style, everybody branches out. It blows your brain, but it's fun."

By 1976, however, it was clear Pendergrass was overshadowing both Lloyd Parkes — the man whose falsetto provided a vital complement to Pendergrass' harsh baritone — and Harold Melvin himself. A split resulted in two sets of Blue Notes going on the road at the same time and legal complications soon set in. Pendergrass was left with the obvious alternative of a solo career.

A year of silence followed, but much of this was spent at Philly working out the kind of image that might make him a success. When he finally released his first solo album, Pendergrass quickly caught the attention of a predominantly female audience. 'Life Is A Song Worth Singing' went double platinum, and the big man found himself established as nothing short of a phenomenon.

Quick to exploit this stroke of luck for all it was worth, Pendergrass even staged "for women only" concerts hoping to consolidate his "pantie-wetting" following.

IN INTERVIEW, Pendergrass doesn't bother with living up to his macho image; he is casual, offhand and unconcerned by any arguments that poise any threat to his achievement. When I query the transparent narcissism of playing stud to a near-ecstatic assembly of women, he comes on convincingly modest.

"I did those concerts to create controversy. Controversy breeds success. Of course it's not saying I'm-so-pretty. I don't think I am. I'm good at what I do, that's all."

But didn't it give him a kick to be onstage in front of just women?

"It wasn't all just women. We didn't say men couldn't come. We just said, preferably, let's make this a ladies' night out. Anyway, it sure gained a lot of attention. It happened two years ago, and it's still being questioned, so it worked. Actually, it just put us in another gear. It was an experience; it was interesting to see that something like that could be pulled off. It's innovation . . . it's technology!"

Business first — narcissism back in the hotel room. What I'm driving at — though it's difficult to put *this* to him — is that his status as a "symbol" has enabled him to get away with music that is slight and not remotely sensual. If you *did* rush out to purchase 'Ready For Teddy', it should be obvious that, apart from the sublime 'Love TKO', the material Pendergrass has been given since he left Harold Melvin does considerably less than justice to the power of his voice.

But doesn't he feel being labelled and hyped as a sex symbol is a constriction on his talents? Or does he try not to think about it?

"Try not to think about it?! *I think about it constantly!* But I didn't *try* to be a sex symbol. I mean, what is a sex symbol? What does it look like? I've always had female followers, and to this day I cannot tell you why. But if that's the way the ladies feel, they have no argument from me. As a matter of fact, I'm quite honoured. I just wish there was another label we could use.

"I'm sure a lot of guys hate my guts. And they shouldn't, because as far as I'm concerned they're my friends. If the ladies get all worked up, their guys get the benefits — I'm still going back to the hotel by myself. Hell, I should be the angry one!"

Doesn't he think, though, that his image as superstud relegates the music to second place?

"Well, maybe some people should open their ears, as well as their eyes . . . but perhaps this country is so conservative that lyrics like 'Turn Off The Lights' or 'Close The Door' might be a bit . . . er. . . er . . ."

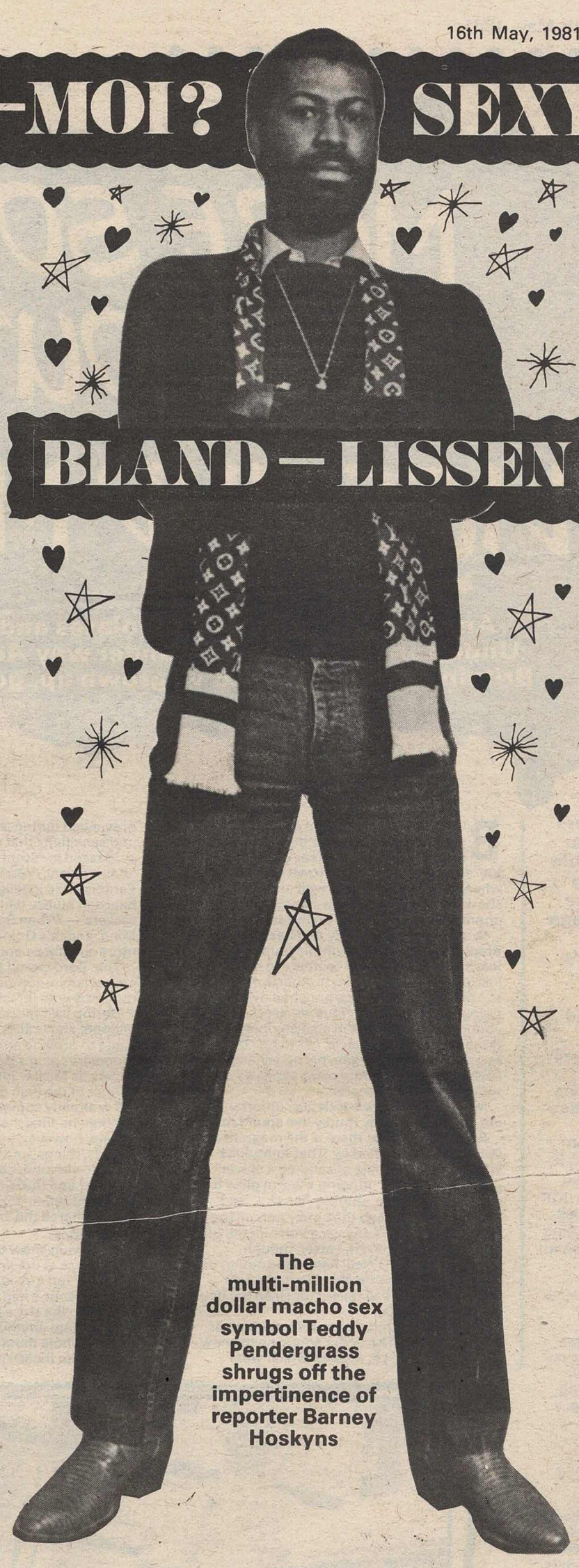
No, I don't think it's that, I interject. It's just that you're not seen in this country; people just don't know about you.

"Well, that's why I'm here! Because I'm trying to take the music to the people. And still I'm bringing the same man that left the US. I'm not gonna change. I can't change. The only thing that changes from offstage to onstage is the few things you do that are necessary because it's your business, it's your profession.

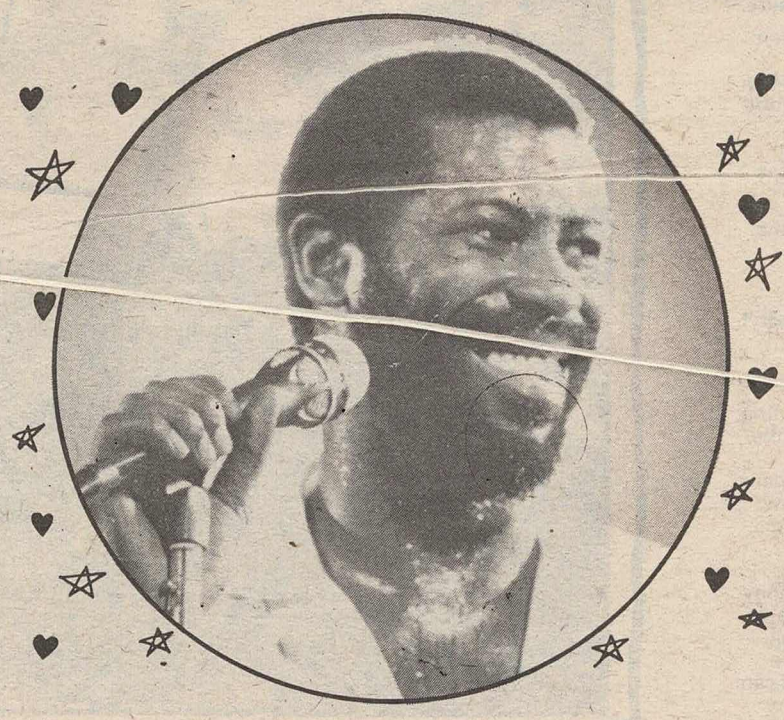
"However, the one way I didn't want to come to England — or any part of Europe — was on my knees. We were very favourable to your punk rock, and maybe about the time so much attention was being put on that, there should have been some more attention put on the real situation of life, which is reality.

"To me, if a person doesn't want to understand my music, he doesn't want to understand reality. That's where I deal from. On the top of the table, in reality and everyday life."

Such disingenuous figures of speech seem to be an inherent part of a superstar's life. They try to smother the interviewer's tactful attempts at provocation with a blanket of verbose, secondhand claptrap.



The multi-million dollar macho sex symbol Teddy Pendergrass shrugs off the impertinence of reporter Barney Hoskyns



THURSDAY IS the first of Teddy Pendergrass' three nights at the Apollo Victoria. Stephanie Mills has given us an enthusiastic if rather Vegas-y warm-up, and is to return for the awful duet 'Feel Your Fire'. The sound is shaky — as it often is with soul acts at the Apollo — but the strength of her voice and her great personal charm carry it off.

After the break, Pendergrass allows the band an extended build-up to his walk-on, knowing full well that when he does appear the girls will be out of their minds. Despite being overweight and without any phsyical grace, the audience erupts on seeing him.

Pendergrass has no trouble turning the show into the slickest variation on Las Vegas supper-cabaret imaginable. Isolated moments of greatness there are, and his timing is admittedly still impeccable, but his whole performance is sadly short on the passion he is capable of projecting. Nor is he as coool or seductive as one might have expected. As Richard Williams put it in the *Times*, he is a Leon Spinks to Marvin Gaye's Ali. Out of the two heavyweight champs, Gaye is easily the more beautiful. Perhaps it is the Teddy bear in Pendergrass that women crave.

Does Teddy Pendergrass take the idea of his success seriously?

"Well, if I don't, other people will seriously take *it*. Yeah, very seriously. I know some people to whom money is just paper — well, more power to them, coz I don't feel that way about it. I don't call in to my accountants every day and ask what's the balance . . . but I do make regular checks, you're damn right!"

And he still doesn't feel he's compromised musically? Why no more songs like 'Bad Luck'?

"It's not the best thing in your career to stay with the same thing all the time, over and over. True, people enjoyed those records, but as you get older, your music must grow. If I were to sing the same thing that I sang ten years ago, I wouldn't be sitting here today.

"If I'd stayed just singing stuff like 'Bad Luck', I'd probably have a little cult following of people who'd just say, Yeah, right, and it would be protest against something all the time. And I probably would have to worry about paying my rent. I mean, there are problems everywhere. Next thing you know, I'll be doing tours of problem countries! And anyway, *love* is a problem, because people seem to spend most of their time hating."

Pendergrass tells me it's time to finish the interview. Politely ushered out of his suite, the last glimpse I have is of him preparing to jog in Hyde Park. He will run with bodyguards and he will look out of place. Perhaps it won't even take his mind off some investment he's got lined up in America.

But at least he will be as big and strong as ever when he returns to the hotel.

MORE SONGS ABOUT MARRIAGE AND MORTGAGES

And less songs about chocolates and girls. As the new Undertoning season gets under way *Adrian Thrills* travels Britain with a band who've grown up, got wed and left home

THE UNDERTONES gangly bass player Mickey Bradley fixes a broad grin in my direction from the corner of a draughty dressing room. The group are about to take the Middlesbrough Town Hall stage on night four of their lengthy 'Positive Touch' tour and Mickey's mood is characteristically mischievous at a time when everyone around him is tense and apprehensive.

"Hey, Adrian! Can you make your way out into the stalls now? We need someone to help make up the numbers out there — it's looking a bit desperate tonight!"

Mickey is playing the dressing room joker but his clowning cleverly masks a deep-rooted sense of doubt. The town hall — a large baroque building with iron girders and garishly-painted gargoyles protruding from the chandeliered ceiling — has a capacity of well over a thousand, but tonight it is barely half full.

His concern is obvious and understandable. The three previous nights in Glasgow, Edinburgh and Newcastle were similarly under-subscribed. A year ago all four dates would have been sell-outs. It appears that the great British pop fan — a notoriously fickle and fad-conscious animal — is abandoning the once-popular pastime of Undertoning, a state of affairs certain to leave the easily-distressed Derrymen anxious and insecure.

Mickey might try to hide it with his jesting, but the group *are* worried by this lack of support. Brothers John and Damian 'Dee' O'Neill will even admit as much. Billy Doherty even gets upset when John Peel plays *only* four tracks from their new album. Only hero Feargal Sharkey remains brassy and cocksure.

"I'm not troubled by it in the least! Damian is getting depressed about the audience already, which is stupid. Just plain stupid! I'm relieved that at least we've still got a real good hardcore following to rely on. The extra people that might have come to see us last year have all moved on to Madness or Adam And The Ants.

"But I expected that. It's fair enough by me. The whole thing goes round and round in circles. Our turn will come round again, hopefully in two or three weeks time when we've got a single in the chart again. It doesn't bother me."

Feargal's cheery optimism is not really misplaced. Changing tastes might have something to do with the current Undertoning season's falling gates, but it's only part of the story. The crippling unemployment in Cleveland and the industrial North East means a lot of people can't afford to go to the show, while The Undertones' own low profile over the past nine months hasn't helped them.

In switching from Sire to EMI, they have been out of the public eye for longer than they would have wished. Their latest single, the snappy 'It's Going To Happen!', is their first release since 'Wednesday Week' was in the charts nine months ago. Not many groups can afford to disappear for that long — and now The Undertones are paying for that absence.

BUT LET'S dim the lights and cancel all other engagements so that we catch up with Feargal and the fear-ridden foursome up there on the town hall stage where their set is already well underway. The show is a spirited one, passionate and unpretentious if a shade on the safe side.

Drummer Billy Doherty and bassman Bradley lay the solid rhythmic foundations, leaving the two O'Neill brothers to add the instrumental icing. Elder brother John etches out the lead guitar lines, hunched over his orange Gretsch in studious concentration. The younger Dee, his neck in a plaster brace to protect a strained muscle, alternates between second guitar and organ, his newly-acquired keyboards giving some older songs a welcome new dimension.

Many of their new subtleties, unfortunately, are lost in a typically murky live sound mix.

Finally, of course, there is the magnificent voice of Feargal Sharkey. That tremulous warble is still capable of sending a shiver down a spine and bringing a warm glow to any dancing heart. Sharkey has soul, and plenty of it, although the punky pop of The Undertones hasn't always given him the ideal opportunity to show it. Lately, though, tunesmith John O'Neill has been coming up with the sort of songs that Feargal's lush larynx has been calling out for since the days of 'Teenage Kicks'.

And some of that recent songwriting has been stunning. The better songs on the new 'Positive Touch' LP, most of which were previewed during the set, reveal a maturity and sensitivity that only Elvis Costello has surpassed in recent years. Tender ballads like 'Julie Ocean', 'You're Welcome' and 'Forever Paradise' are ideally suited to Sharkey's heartfelt bluesy whine while even some of the rockers — 'When Saturday Comes', 'Crisis Of Mine' and 'It's Going To Happen!' — have more substance and soul than in the past.

The 'Boro crowd are more than appreciative, compensating for their lack of numbers with infectious enthusiasm.

During 'Wednesday Week' a burly skinhead in boots and braces ambles uninvited onto the stage to provide an entertaining moonstomping sideshow. Judging by the cheers as Mickey introduces him as "the winner of the Irish dancing competition", the lad is already something of a local celebrity.

When he tries the same trick again later in the set, however, joined this time by a few friends, things start to turn nasty. The poor kid is dealt with unnecessarily heavily by a bouncer and thrown off the stage with a couple of rather sore reminders of the night he briefly shared the limelight with The Undertones.

The group show their distress and annoyance at the time, but it is not until later that their full fury is vented, largely at the bouncer concerned. It is the first time I have ever seen the shy and placid John O'Neill explode into anything approaching anger.

"The whole thing was disgusting! It was great when those kids got up on the stage, back to the old days for a change. But those bouncers just kicked his head in! There wasn't even that many of them on the stage, so what does it matter for one song? It was just a bit of a crack . . ."

The incident sadly soured what the group felt had been the best date of the tour so far. A shame.

THE 'POSITIVE Touch' tour is the most extensive The Undertones have ever undertaken. It began last month and continues right through until the end of June, ambitiously taking in 39 dates. Considering their original attitude to going "on the road" — they loathed every minute of it — it is ironic to see them hurtling headlong towards megatour madness at a time when the likes of The Specials are openly favouring a return to local scenes and more intimate one-off dates.

But The Undertones have changed their views a lot since the days when a trip anywhere outside the boundaries of Derry would leave them thoroughly depressed and homesick. Three of them — Feargal, John and Billy — have married their childhood sweethearts in the past year and both Feargal's bride Ellen and John's wife Caroline are with the group on the current tour, helping to relieve a little of the homesickness.

The lean and wiry Sharkey, prostrate in a tattered armchair in the dressing room, seems to have grown used to the routine of touring, a rigorous existence he once hated.

Pix Pennie Smith

Undertoning. Far left: Billy, John and Dee look for the 5p Adrian Thrills dropped. Left: Dee takes a stroll. Below: Billy, Mickey and Feargal take a drag.

"I think it's just a matter of attitude to the whole thing. We've completely changed the way we look at it. I suppose that by the time we get around to the thirtieth date of this tour, we'll all be pissed off again, but we can accept that touring is simply something that we *have* to do."

Surely you don't *have* to do anything.

"Well, no, but it does make sense when you realise that the next instalment of the mortgage has got to be paid next month!"

John once described Feargal Sharkey as the businessman in The Undertones and it is not hard to see why. A gritty realist to John's unabashed romantic, Feargal's three years in the music business have left him hard and pragmatic.

New responsibilities have also been brought on by marriage. Feargal has even cut back on his two biggest bachelor vices, restricting his chain smoking to protect his vocal chords and even giving up his beloved chocolate — remember 'Mars Bars'? — to spare his rotting teeth.

"Getting married has definitely relieved some of the old tension of touring," he grins.

"But there is still that whole physical thing of travelling around the country and that does leave you fed up and tired. There's no point in denying that.

"But I do get a lot of personal satisfaction from hard work. Maybe it is personal sadism but I do get a lot of satisfaction in coming off stage feeling totally knackered. So it's good to be back to work. The fact that we're not getting so many people at the moment doesn't worry me in the least. The people that have come to see us on this tour so far are the ones that I respect most. They are the diehard Undertone fans, the people that will always come to see us and always buy Undertone records, the people we'll never shit on."

THE PAST nine months have been a sometimes harrowing time for The Undertones. Unhappy with the efforts of their former label Sire, particularly on the continent and in the States where they claim their records were virtually unobtainable at the end of last year, the group wrangled their way out of the contract on a legal technicality. They had hoped to start the New Year by releasing their seventh single — then scheduled to be 'Good Looking Girlfriend' — but negotiations for a new deal proved so long-winded that a new 45 — 'It's Going To Happen!' — did not emerge until the end of April.

Frustrated by the impasse of negotiations with both RCA and EMI, The Undertones were anxious to get on with recording.

Says Feargal: "We just wanted to get on with our job, but nothing was happening. We were starting to get really edgy, getting on each other's nerves. We were fed up of sitting around with no records out."

Eventually, with a final deal still not then clinched, the group elected to go into the studios themselves and recorded the tracks for a third LP in Holland with producer Roger Bechirian. That record, 'Positive Touch' is finally out on the group's own Ardeck label, via EMI.

As Feargal explains, it aims to maintain the spirit of progression taken up on a couple of tracks on last year's 'Hypnotised' set on Sire.

"When we started, people used always to compare us with The Ramones. At the time, we thought that was great and there were definite similarities. No two ways about it.

"With The Ramones, I remember getting really excited, say, when they were releasing their second LP. I was going down to the shops every weekend to see if it was in yet. But, by the time I'd had five LPs of the same old toot, it was enough. I think we are all really scared of falling into that trap so we have tried to vary things a bit.

"I'm sure we could have easily recorded another LP of 'My Perfect Cousin' soundalikes, which would have probably sold so many copies and kept us alive for another year. But we didn't want just that, we wanted to do something a bit more different."

Although there are tracks on the LP in the traditional Undertones mode — 'Boy Wonder', 'Life's Too Easy' and the rejected single 'Good Looking Girlfriend' — much of the music does represent a departure from the norm (you remember Norm, there was a song about him on 'Hypnotised'). It is a brave gamble. But where will it leave the group if it fails to come off commercially? Feargal is typically frank.

"I'd never want to go on fooling myself when it gets to the stage where people really aren't that interested anymore. I don't want to end up living in the hope that maybe the next single will be a hit if we are just conning ourselves.

"I wouldn't want to wind up doing cabaret in 20 years' time. If it ever gets to that stage, then we should just admit to ourselves that our usefulness is up.

"If The Undertones split up next year then that would be it for me. I'd just forget about singing. There are too many characters crawling around living on their past reputations, or trying to anyway. *That's pathetic!* The Undertones is now something a lot more serious to us than it was at the start. It's part of us all now. If I were to join another group it just wouldn't be the same.

"I'm not really that interested in most of the other music around at the moment anyway. I don't really keep in touch the way the others do. I'm pretty sick of the whole bloody thing. At the moment, everybody's trying to be too smart, too intellectual about everything. It just bores the shit out of me. Everything is so intense that I just stay away from it all. It's just a load of ole toot!"

What a generalisation!

"Okay, it's not *all* like that. But the vast majority of it is. I mean, I haven't bought a record for donkey's years! I think that the last one was probably 'Over You' by Roxy Music last summer. Basically, I just want to get on with what I'm doing in The Undertones and worry about that."

Maturity, it seems, is turning Feargal Sharkey into a right wee reactionary, certainly as far as music is concerned. It is hard, however, to find his brazen honesty offensive. Surely no-one could take things that seriously.

"The vast majority of people are only interested in the records that get into the top five. Sometimes I think that the whole music scene is very narrow-minded. When it boils down to it, it doesn't matter what your manager says or what the press says. If, say, two million people go out and buy a record then that makes it a good record, whatever other people say about it. It doesn't matter what some private little clique in London think about it, it's the rest of the people that count.

"If you get a coalminer in the village down the road humming a song on his way to the shift, then that makes it a good record."

So will he be whistling 'It's Going To Happen!' on his way to the coalface?

"Hopefully, aye! If he does, then that's enough for me. *That* will make it a good record!"

THE UNDERTONES all grew up in the Rosemount area of Derry, on the Roman Catholic side of the river that divides Northern Ireland's second city in two. It would have been easy for them to exploit these roots for their own ends, easy to beg sympathy by playing on their "grief-stricken" background. But The Undertones have always done their utmost to avoid anything as remotely manipulative.

None of the tracks on either of their first two LPs 'The Undertones' or 'Hypnotised' was directly about Ulster, although Julie Burchill once put the point that 'Here Comes The Summer' probably said more about growing up in the province than an album's worth of Stiff Little Fingers' riot stories.

The group themselves have always been evasive on the Irish question, unwilling to get drawn into the public debate over an issue on which they all hold strong private views. This time around, however, *they* themselves bring the subject up.

The show over, the O'Neill clan sup out the early hours of Tuesday morning in their hotel bar. John and brother Dee represent a more thoughtful, sensitive side of The Undertones than the impish Feargal, and the talk tonight is of the lyrics on the new 'Positive Touch' LP. Unusually for the group, some of those words have been inspired by events in Northern Ireland.

The haunting 'You're Welcome' is the true tale of a sad girl awaiting her boyfriend's release from Long Kesh, the stark, discordant guitars an echo of alleged white noise torture behind the prison doors. One of Dee's songwriting contributions 'Sigh And Explode' is about the uncertainty and fear forever lurking below the surface.

Another song, John's 'Crisis Of Mine', was written at the time of the first H-Block hunger strikes last December.

Says John: "At the time I wrote it, there was a lot of support for the hunger strikers in Derry. A lot of people were saying to me that we should say something about the situation, as people in the public eye.

"Personally, *I* think that they should have political status. It is a political war. It's not a terrorist war or a mindless murder campaign. It is not the same as somebody in New York or London going out and shooting someone for the sake of it. It is definitely a political struggle.

"I *hate* violence of any kind, but the violence in Ulster has been created by the British government as much as it has been created by the IRA or whoever. The British government are just as much to blame for it. The people in the H-Blocks are the victims of that. They do deserve some status above the people in, say, Wormwood Scrubs.

"But it is hard for us as a group to say anything about it 'cause we're in a delicate situation where we might alienate certain people in our audience by saying we support

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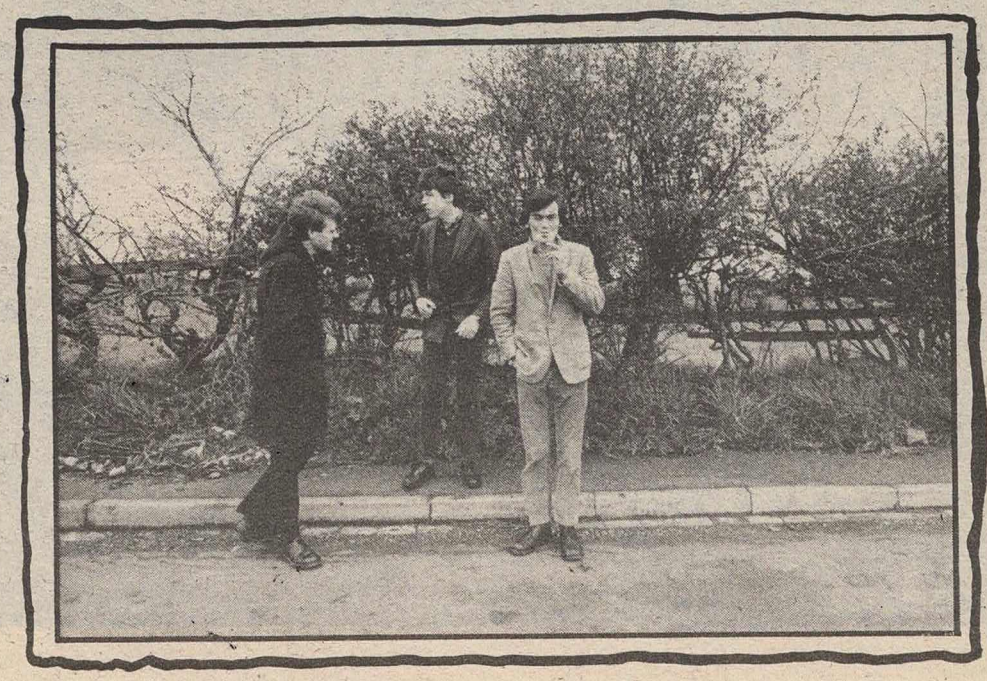
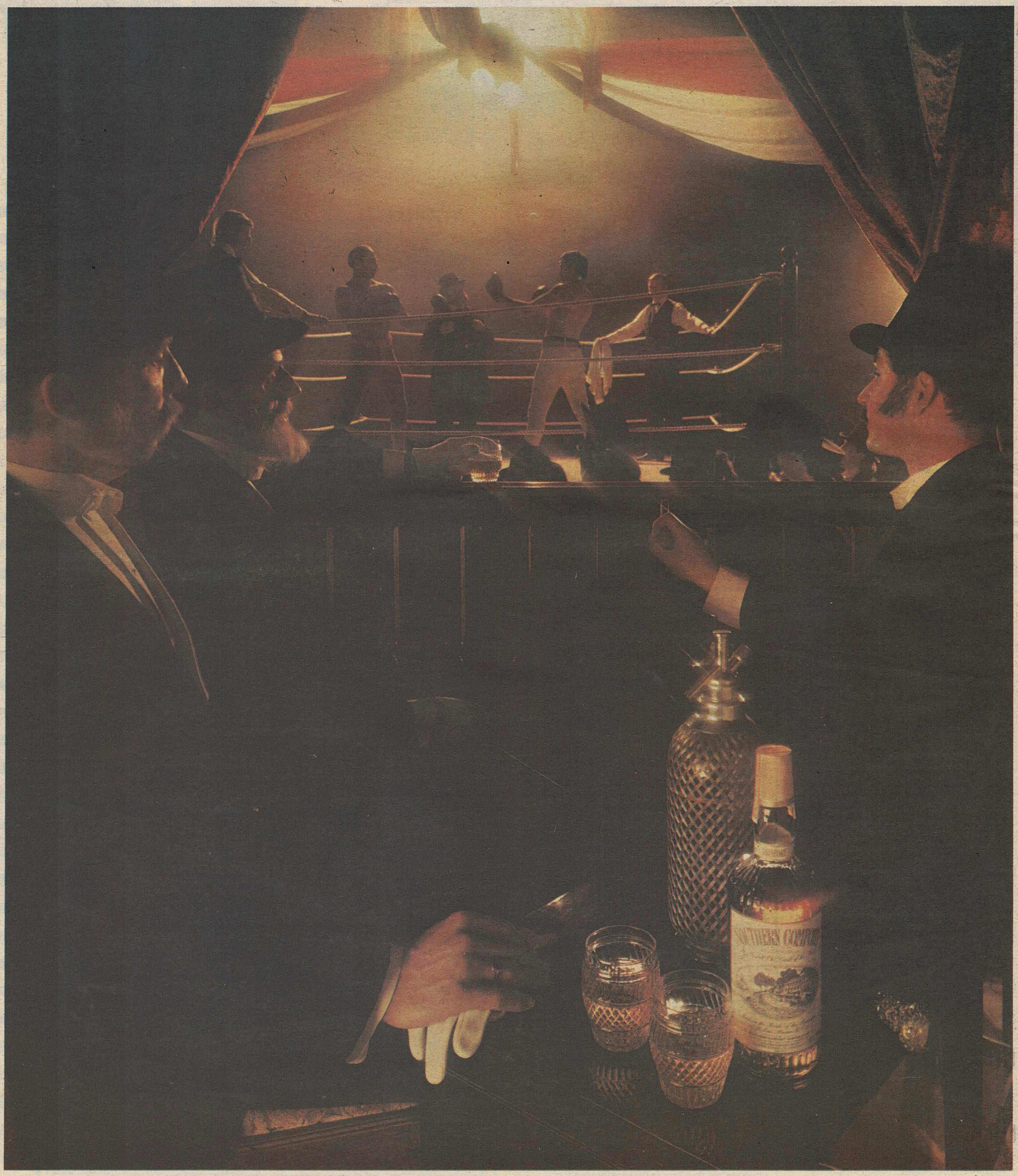


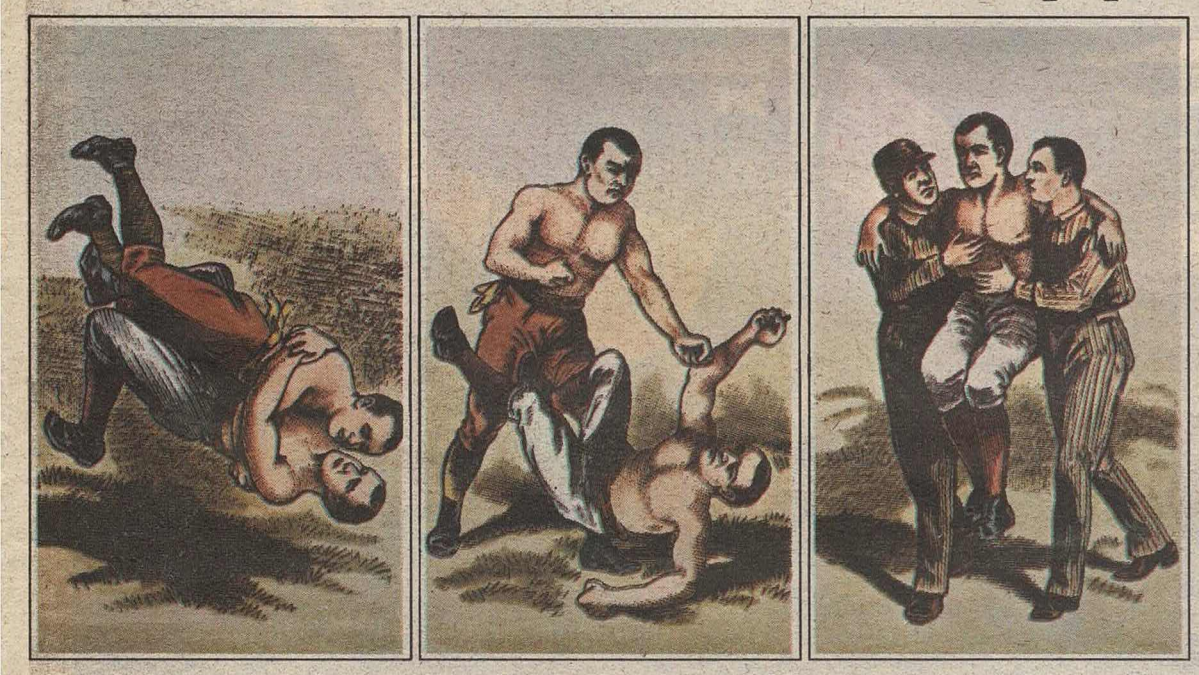
Before Southern Comfort. much the same. Rough and



,drinking and boxing were dangerous.

In the early days boxing or prize fighting as it was known, was a rough and hazardous occupation.

Especially when a bare-knuckle contest, fought in the open and ankle-deep in mud, could last as long as fifty or sixty rounds.



The biggest dangers occurred when boxers and spectators sought a glass or two of refreshment to revive their flagging spirits.

Because the taste of most of the liquor around at that time started out like a strangle-hold on the throat and ended up like a head-butt to the stomach.

It was not until a certain New Orleans gentleman invented a drink called Southern Comfort that things started to look up for boxers and spectators alike.

The recipe he devised ran to more than 100 pages.

Southern Comfort was the essence of smoothness.

It had a rich amber glow and a flavour of quite indescribable subtlety.

Could it have been mere coincidence that as Southern Comfort's popularity grew in New Orleans, boxing took on a more sophisticated and civilised stance?

In 1892, at the Pelican Club, New Orleans saw the first fight for a world championship in which gloves were used under Marquis of Queensbury rules.

For the next few decades boxing became the favourite sport of gentlemen. And Southern Comfort their favourite drink.

The new rules didn't guarantee that your favourite boxer wouldn't be laid out by a blow to the solar plexus.

But you could be sure that a glass of Southern Comfort, blended with ice and soda, wouldn't do the same to you.

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LPs

Pop go the Squeezals

SQUEEZE
East Side Story (A&M)

"THE BETTER, better, better it gets . . ." Squeeze, like their contemporary and partner in linguistic crime, Elvis Costello, know all the ways to steal into your heart. Both of them are getting considerably better in time. The hiccups of popular acceptance that have beset F-Beat's mentor should prove no hindrance to the mass acceptance of this 'East Side Story' — I don't know the cat that's cool enough to resist their class.

'East Side Story' is a new pop album excellence. It succeeds on all the levels that a great pop record is bound to realise and it dictates its own pace. Glenn Tilbrook and Chris Difford write out of and for real life, they tell stories about believable people in extraordinary circumstances where the jokes are always multi-edged and aren't always funny.

For anyone who knows what that life is, who has lived on a council estate, or stood in a theatre queue, written a love letter or had their dreams squashed, then gone out to drown their sorrows, they will recognise what Squeeze have on offer.

'East Side Story' is also a catalogue of London life, it's proud and it's pretty and it's ugly and dangerous. Squeeze fit their material tight because they sound like they enjoy that life regardless of its disappointments. Frequent listenings to these 14 new and utterly compelling songs leave me with the feeling that this is fresh music that will fit the rigours of the mainstream. Commercial entertainment with hit and humanity is not such a rare commodity that we can afford to sneer at a group for lacking a modern image. Yes, Squeeze challenge your intellect and amuse it too, despite their age and the sorry state of the cover! Who could believe it! I don't think any of them will ever see 18 again. You can and will learn from experience.

Tilbrook and Difford's London life has its highs and lows. The production sound (Elvis Costello and Roger Bechirian) and the depth of the musical ideas are shades better than their predecessors, I think; less commercial because Costello pushes the sound towards the risks that other bands cannot reach but mostly because Squeeze seem to have found a niche associated with Lennon and McCartney at their prime.

Rather than pinpoint the echoes and the nods which exist for any pop writers to use it's more fruitful to see Squeeze as a group, expanding on those influences, and therefore improving them.

You must hear the single, 'Is That Love', a fitting counterpart to the Undertones' fab hit. This is the radio sound we were promised and rarely seem to get — the song takes a leisurely and humorous inspection of the bittersweet condition known as living with somebody. It packs more punches than Sugar Ray, you're bound to get knocked out by one of the hooks.

The lead-in track, 'In Quintessence' produced by Dave Edmunds, is in many ways the weakest song on the album. About a character who doesn't make it, the lyric flounders slightly as a result.

'Someone Else's Heart' though is deadly accurate. Dealing with the perils of being too nosey and possessive, the song winds up in a kind of genuine tragic guilt. Squeeze are adept at this kind of thing; the ironic quality of Difford's writing has obviously endeared him to Costello.

'Tempted' boasts a host of developed white soul tricks. Paul Carrack, formerly of Ace and Roxy Music, enjoys a new lease of keyboards life throughout the record and takes the lead vocal here. His tone is uncannily close to the Stevie Winwood of Spencer Davis days and the arrangement will delight Motown aficionadoes. Elvis provides the Tempts chorale. This is the next smash.

One of the many delights of 'East Side Story' is the sheer brilliance of the singing, a talent that threatened to go out of style. 'Piccadilly' is a whole night out, a show, a curry, kiss and tell. Avoid her mother. It's hilarious. Squeeze people can be naive and make fools of themselves but they're treated with respect. They live in the songs and you'll recognise them immediately.

As with the greatest pop music, one of the pleasures of this story is its variety and its refusal to be cowed by spontaneous chance. It may be Elvis who is responsible for the uncanny twists but he couldn't have done it without the bare stuff. So events take a time warped turn on 'There's No Tomorrow' and 'Heaven' (think of 'Because' and 'Ghost Train'). These are totally bizarre excursions into unknown territory. 'Heaven' is all Greek to me but I think it's rather near the knuckle.

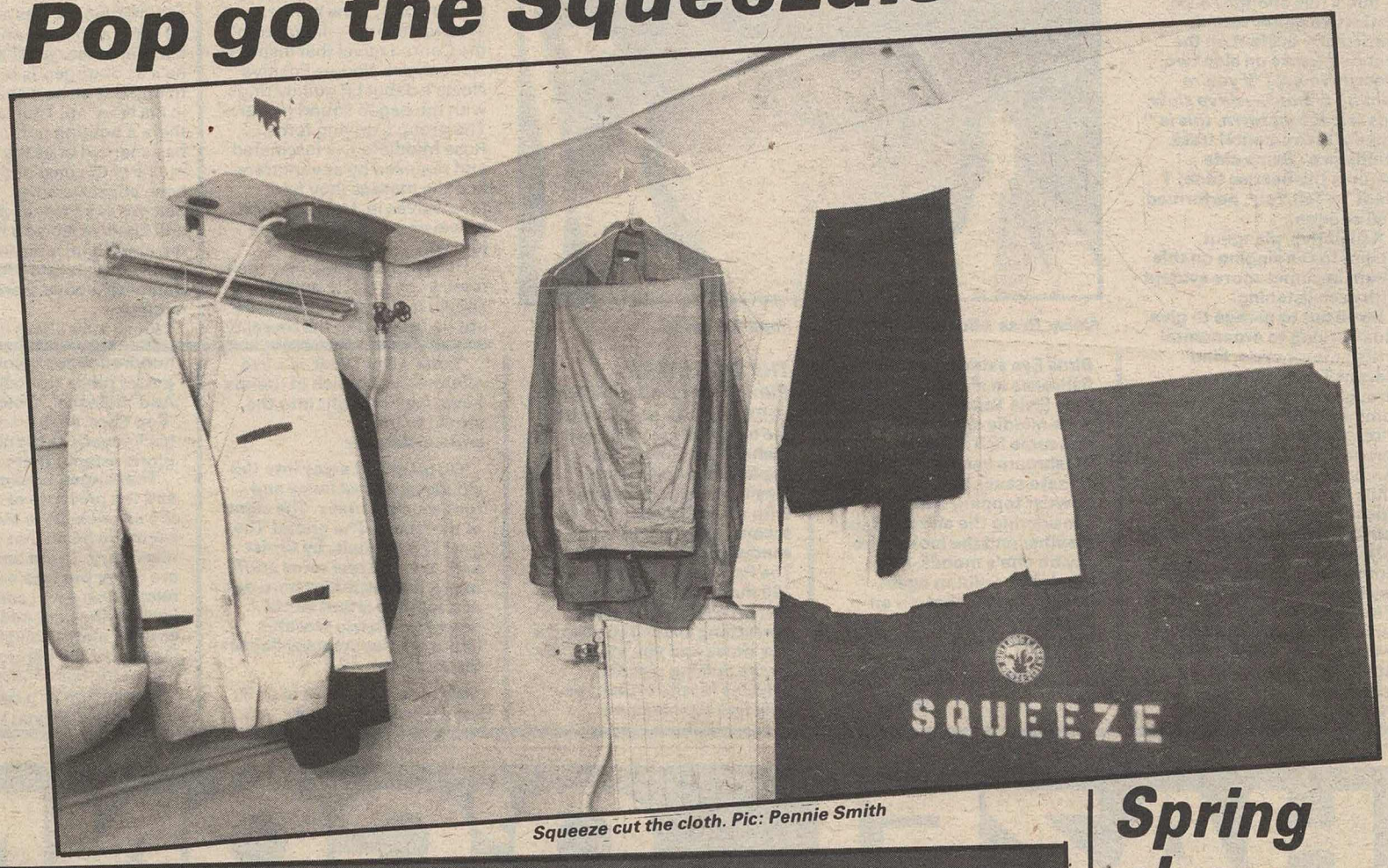
'Woman's World' is the kind of song that McCartney can't write anymore and probably never could — an eerie tale of scullery drudgery off-set by the Squeeze love of a lotion. AA should get these guys on the books.

Side two (I told you it was a long record) has too many flashpoints to elaborate upon here. I'll stick with 'F-Hole' and 'Labelled With Love' which elaborate a continuous theme of Difford's, the faded English rose, in the pink and then discarded. There's a country motif in the words and music that is so cleverly integrated into an un-American experience, this is social entertainment with a vengeance but no message and no condescension.

Squeeze and their assistants must be well pleased with this collection. I'm thrilled by it, thrilled by Del Newman's orchestral arrangements, by the vivacity of the insights, by the intelligence and skill and love that's gone into making it all.

This is the state of the art of pop music. ***"Legs up with a book and a drink . . ."*** Use this groove all summer long.

Max Bell



Squeeze cut the cloth. Pic: Pennie Smith

Human league div. one

AU PAIRS
Playing With A Different Sex (Human)

IT'S OBVIOUS: Au Pairs' LP debut is an object which all persons of taste, discrimination and several quid to spare will want to acquire. It's not a perfect record; like the label says, it's only Human, after all. But even the few faults that I'll describe don't alter one fact, namely that 'Playing With A Different Sex' amounts to a well-above-average exam[illegible] of new English [illegible]ample rolled [illegible]n rock as it is [illegible]d in early 1981. If you want, you can dance to it, and if you like, you can think to it as well. If all else fails, simply listen and enjoy.

'PWADS' (you do call is 'PWADS', don't you?) is essentially a summary of Au Pairs' early career, and if you've followed their live set then this selection will be familiar to you. In a way it's a clearing-house for ideas developed in the course of two years or more; the next LP will be more testing in terms of the group's long-term worth. In the meantime, Au Pair admirers should be glad to have definitive versions of 'Come Again', 'Armagh' and the rest, finally packaged for private consumption. Newcomers, on the other hand, can explore with a treat in store assured.

The first side serves up four Au Pairs' compositions — 'We're So Cool', 'Love Song', 'Set Up' and 'Headache' — plus David Bowie's 'Repetition'. And that imaginative choice of cover-version is appropriate: the grim depiction of grinding domestic unhappiness is right up these people's political street. As the LP title suggests, it's the rule-bound ritual way that one sex confronts another which gives Au Pairs their chief lyrical inspiration.

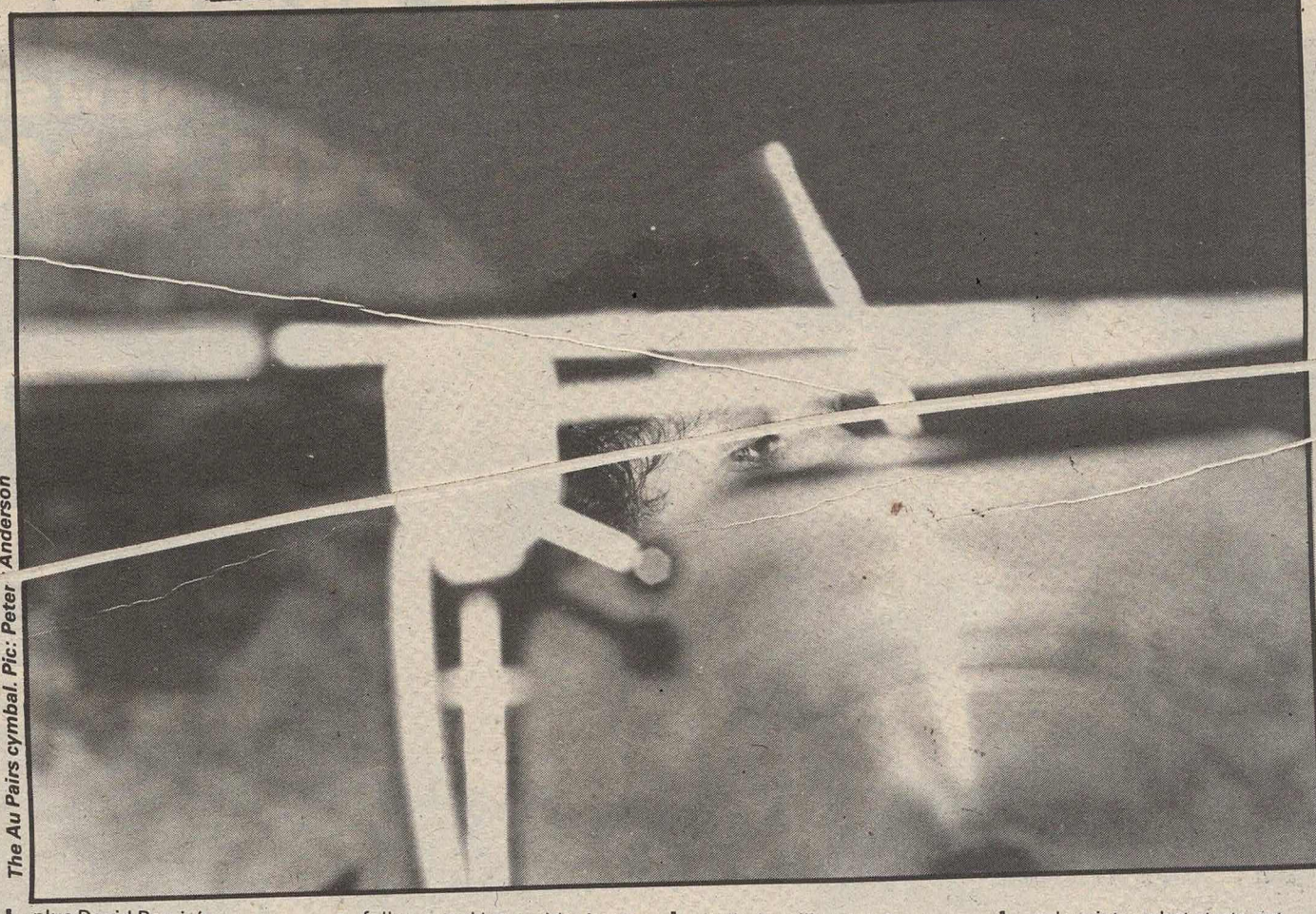
'Come Again', the celebrated song of faked orgasms, opens side two and offers a case in point. 'Armagh', the track that follows, tackles a wider issue (specifically, the nastier aspects of UK rule in Ireland) but that's by way of a brief excursion. 'Unfinished Business', 'Dear John' and 'It's Obvious' all return to more familiar APs territory: interpersonal relationships, dealt with from a clearly anti-sexist viewpoint. This, believe it or not, need not be boring — and isn't.

Au Pairs' music — Jane on bass and Lesley on vocals/guitar, Paul on guitar and Pete on drums — is similarly militant, yet attractive enough to escape a minority-appeal ghetto. It's stark and hard, a little reminiscent of Gang Of Four's in that tense, abrasive attack. It skids and shivers: bass and drum patterns get suddenly sharpened by frenetic guitar. Mostly, though, it's only effective in short doses; both 'Headache' and the re-recorded version of the 45 'It's Obvious' are allowed to wander on into extra time. And the LP suffers as a whole from some lack of brightness and variety: what starts out intense becomes, with familiarity, a little sombre. In the end, the numbers rely on a mixture of energy and spite to see them through.

Which brings me to the second quibble (number two in a series of two): Lesley's voice, which normally performs well with the curling and mesmeric melodies the group specialise in, has a tendency to overdo the disenchantment, to prolong the irony. Again, this has its value as on 'Love Song' where she rolls romantic cliches around her mouth like some distasteful sort of mouthwash. But sarcasm and scorn are wearying eventually; it might be an idea to alternate the sardonic stance with a straightforwardly warm, positive one more often than they do.

Those are the reservations, here's the recommendation — 'Playing With A Different Sex' is a fine effort, well worth the required slice of anyone's time and money. Go and play with The Au Pairs.

Paul Du Noyer



The Au Pairs cymbal. Pic: Peter Anderson

Spring clean special

THE LAMBRETTAS
Ambience (Rocket)

MONDAY — A.M. Wake from nightmare concerning suffocation by fur coat to find cat attempting to sit on my face again.

Note that sun is shining again after seasonal April blizzards and will highlight need for a thorough spring-cleaning. A househusband's work is never done — we engage in a silent, frantic rearguard action against encroaching dirt and decay, aided only by Valium, cooking sherry and *Woman's Hour* (R.4.).

Remember today I must review the new Lambrettas album. Fragments of memories drift around the brain like ice floes swirling around a doomed ocean liner on its maiden voyage — according to *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*, the cure for alcoholism is to lock yourself in a hot bedroom with the young Elizabeth Taylor. Must

■ *Continues over*

■ *From previous page*

enquire at my local health centre about the likelihood of obtaining similar treatment on the NHS.

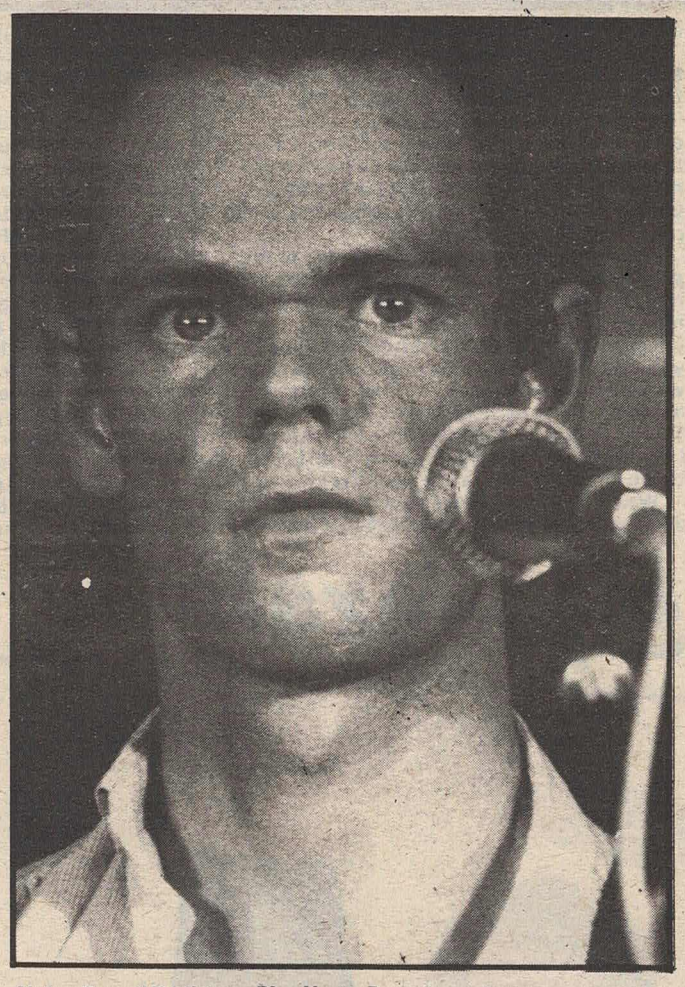
Rise and make my way downstairs, pausing only to place stylus on Lambrettas album and observe the dust motes swirling around in panic as I lift the lid of my turntable. Coffee and four Cheddars slung down into the enormous, champing void of my empty belly like pebbles and a glass of water into the Grand Canyon. Lambrettas album sounding okay to me. Wonder why other reviewers have referred to them as washed up mods or stranded punks or whatever. Effete London literary circles, no doubt.

Listen to the Lambrettas album again, deciding that they've made a worthy effort — but is this enough? Nice, distinctive guitar sound, particularly evident on the first two tracks on side two, 'Decent Town' *("If you're coming around — drive slow, this is a decent town, this is")* and the instrumental track 'Ambience'. Same side features the Beatles tune, 'I Want To Tell You', performed well enough.

A plaintive, plangent quality to the singing on this album becomes more evident with each listening.

Stroll out to garage to give ritual kicking to ornamental British motor cycle. Find 'Decent Town' running through my head as I administer blows to unresponsive machine. Lock garage in fury. Inside, play Lambrettas album again while arranging hair in hideous, greasy lumps. Scuttle out for milk and return with 'Decent Town' and 'Ambience' running through head. Demented cats race out of front door as though pursued by hounds of hell as I re-enter. Decide that further activity would be pointless. Switch on TV, and place unpeeled mushrooms and Birds Eye salmon flavour fishcakes in shallow frying pan. Elsie Tanner weathering post-middle age crisis. Consume fish cake and mushroom sandwich with tomato sauce and curry powder topping while considering the effects of the weather and the look of the sky on one's moods. Play Lambrettas album again. Decide, finally, that it's an accurate enough reflection of the mood of much of the country — not hopeful, not despairing, just about holding on.

Ray Lowry



Noisy Ross Middleton. Pic: Harry Papadopoulos

KRAFTWERK
Computer-World (EMI)

'COMPUTER-WORLD' is the first Kraftwerk LP for over three years, an inordinate period of silence for most groups, but no surprise in their case. Indeed, it was difficult at the time to see how they could possibly extend and improve on 'The Man-Machine', a near-perfect summation of their musical and political concerns.

The intervening three years have seen their lead whittled away somewhat by lesser — but more prolific — exponents of synthesised pop; Kraftwerk, though undoubtedly field leaders, are in the curious position of having to do a bit of catching-up. The predominant colour of the artwork this time around is yellow, as in Magic Orchestra.

With 'Trans-Europe Express' and 'The Man-Machine' (note the continuing penchant for hyphenated titles, the construction of a newer, more complex compound from older, simpler elements), Kraftwerk elevated "conceptual rock'n'roll" to new heights, dovetailing the music neatly into a larger artwork which, by referring back to the politically-tinged European "machine art" movements of the '20s and '30s such as the Bauhaus and the Constructivists, commented on the increasing tendencies towards "bourgeois totalitarianism" in present-day Europe.

This time around, the concerns are less serious — simply the celebration of the computerised society we actually live in — and the political overtones of conspiracy and totalitarianism consequently less evident although the title track does refer rather coyly in passing to *"Interpol and Deutsche Bank/FBI and Scotland Yard"*, hinting at international databank link-ups in the service of high (tech) capitalism. Other than that, 'Computer-World' deals mainly with the more innocuous leisure-time activities of 'Pocket Calculator', 'Homecomputer', computer dating

Positive double

POSITIVE NOISE
Heart Of Darkness (Statik)

ONCE AGAIN we're back with the horror . . . the horror. True to the title — lifted from the Conrad novel that inspired *Apocalypse Now* — Positive Noise's debut LP guiltily rings with the pagan sound of war. The group's driving force, Ross Middleton, is fascinated and repulsed by adventurers and the messes they find themselves in. Unlike Conrad, however, he never was one himself.

He is nevertheless very well read, as he quickly makes known to anyone he chances upon. Possessing the morality of a magpie, he lifts anything he takes a shine to and stores it for later use. What's more, he's as outrageous in his urge to impress as he's shameless in his thieving. Then again there's nothing particularly to be ashamed of as the best music of the past decade has been constructed as patchworks of ideas and style; and Positive Noise's has both the emotional integrity and passion to elevate 'Heart Of Darkness' above mere mimickry.

Not so sure about the imitation Peter Saville/Joy Division sleeve which, with all its gothic implications of fatalistic romance, almost cheapens the dark themes that run through the record. Because their subject matter teeters along the edge, they couldn't really afford such a risk.

Like John Cale, Middleton tackles his obsession with war, seeing both its glamour and grime. There's also something undeniably erotic about it, especially during its decadent pre-war phase in

THE EXPLOITED
Punk's Not Dead (Secret)

HERE we go — straining at the leash, at the vanguard of a cliche. Here comes The Exploited, a crude, fast playing bunch of sloganeers with a Scottish singer whose accent is as thick as a lard sandwich. They play fast — The Ramones dragged on a 100 mph beer binge down to The Bridgehouse, batter everything around the head a few times and you've got 15 tracks making perfect vehicles for the brutal, the ugly and the macabre.

'Punk's Not Dead' is a live album — ie a bunch of friends have been brought into the studio to holler enthusiastically.

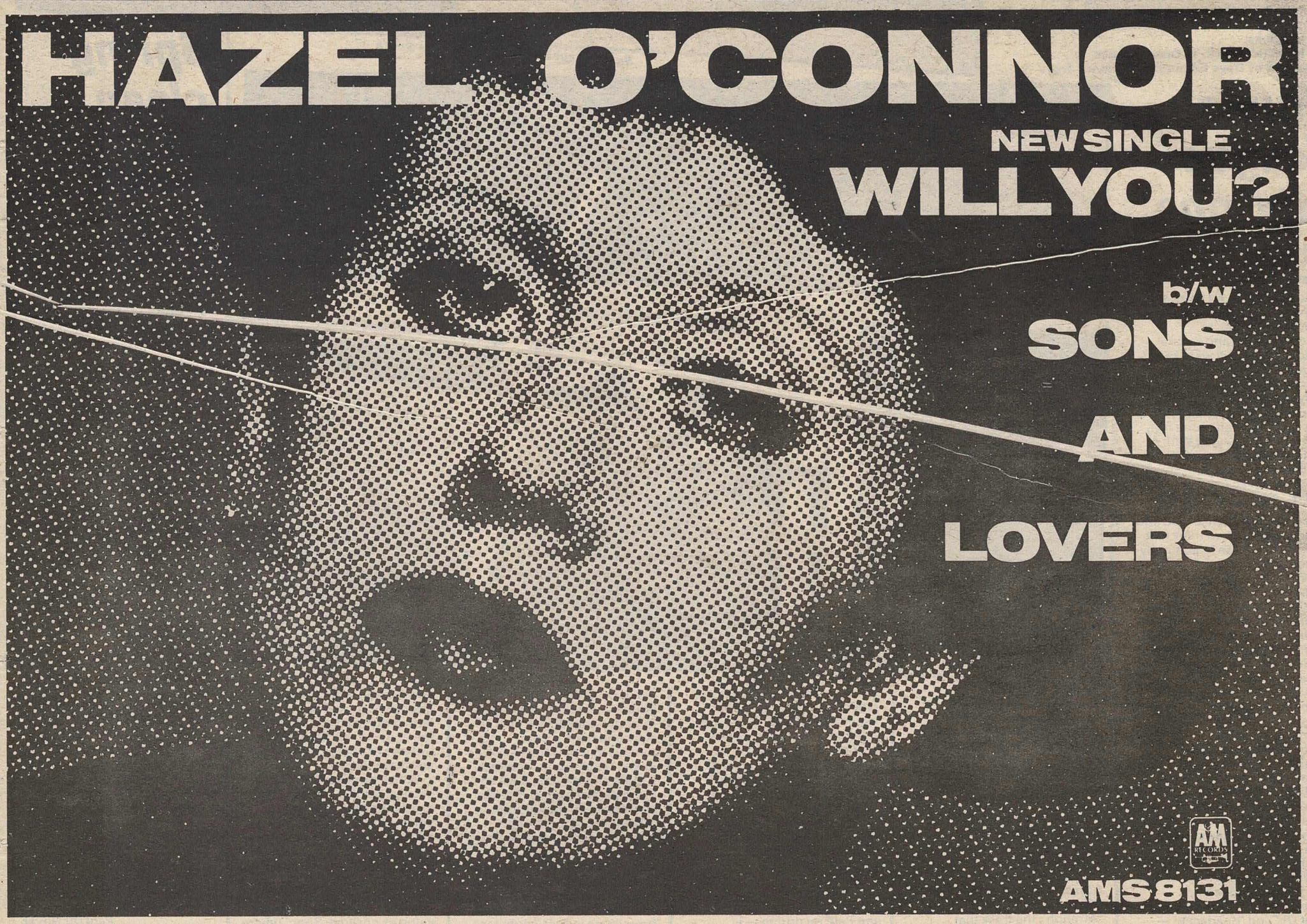
Oi, oi up and away into the clouds of critical fancy and rock music fantasy. The signs of the times! The grime! The grit! The Gorbals, by Christ and, aye, *the real roots stuff of life*, lad. Attitudes born out of a self-important world where indolence placates idiocy and inadequacy flatters inadequacy.

All these songs sound as if they've been written a hundred times before, by a gutter press sub-editor. 'Sex And Violence', 'Dole Q' and 'Cop Cars' are brusque and hackneyed reactions to the world around them.

That anger, tension, danger and the pretence of a life on the edge exists in this music seems to be all that is necessary. These emotions are never put into a vibrant or relative personal context; instead they are dedicated with an almost religious fervour to the bigoted ideal and patriotism of the title.

'Mucky Pup' is a celebration of their overplayed bawdiness and though 'Army Life (Part 2)' may rage against Thatcher's recruitment campaign, they show themselves perfect fodder for dictatorial control on the thug-stained mob-handled stomp of 'Exploited Barmy Army'. It's the pack mentality that ruins them, the saddest example of rock's rich tapestry's life-sucking tunnel vision.

In the wake of all this trendy hogwash from the likes of The Passage and The Au Pairs about the crimes committed in the name of British Imperialism, I think we



('Computer Love') and the like, rounding it all off with a straight statement of belief ('It's More Fun To Compute') whose chilling, hard-edged treatment perhaps belies the title. If they're still adopting the position of Devil's Advocate, Kraftwerk are getting so subtle it hardly makes any difference . . .

Musically, too, Kraftwerk's subtlety is often overlooked: they seem so *straightforward*, so logical, it's easy to miss the tonal subtlety of their compositions, the pure, glacial perfection of their chosen synth-tones, the millisecond precision of their delay times, and a thousand other seemingly insignificant little elements that combine to evoke their peculiar atmospheres.

What sets Kraftwerk apart from every other tyro synthesiser outfit is the way they construct and combine several tunes and rhythms so as to leave space for any number of additional components, which unconsciously pop into the listener's head; like good dubs, it's what's *not* there that's half the fun — it's the additional descant, bass line, syncopation or similar counterpart that each listener brings to it that makes their version of a Kraftwerk tune truly their own.

That said, it has to be admitted that 'Computer-World' isn't half the album Kraftwerk are capable of — which may be some reflection on the excellence of their last two offerings. The theme this time is simply too obvious, and too unextended, with none of the cold conceptual resonance of 'Trans-Europe Express' or 'The Man-Machine'; and the packaging, by their standards, is just plain shoddy.

But what the hell — even slightly substandard Kraftwerk's preferable to the half-assed posturings of latter-day "Futurist" synthesists, the majority of whom won't even come close to understanding what makes Kraftwerk special. This'll do, for the time being — and let's not wait so long next time, huh?

Andy Gill

plus. . .

which he chooses to situate much of the 'Heart Of Darkness'. The great Skid-type swirl of 'No More Blood And Toil' for instance, in rejecting the anti-semitic Nazi slogan/call to arms is as much about mixed sex as race: *"This is not the time and place/I'm sure you will agree/For discussing matters of race/And geneaology."*

The theme's pursued jetset-style through the Europe of '29 and '33 in the subsequent '. . . And Yet Again'. This time the narrator's set up as an eternal victim just coming to terms with compensatory love. As verbose as it is, Middleton's mocking haughty tones wittily work his words into some great soaring rock and roll — straight out of Springsteen's 'Born To Run' — made by Gary Barnacle's sax playing.

The only other track to match the power and intrigue — not to mention the surface ambiguity — of the two mentioned is side two's 'Refugees', a heady indictment of colonial abuses: *". . . from every nation that we rape/To satisfy expanding tastes/Just one more people on the road."*

'Heart Of Darkness' is such an unrelenting rush that it's easy not to recognise its real qualities underneath the rock blur. The excitement they manufacture is ultimately closer to The Skids or The Scars in feeling, if its reliance on squiggly keyboards riffs sometimes pushes it over to the early '70s progressive sword and sorcery camp. It has rescued Valhalla from the incompetent hands of heavy metal goths and made it a fit place for anti-heroes . . . and that's achievement enough.

Chris Bohn

deserve to be reminded about the crimes, just as terrifying, committed in the name of Irish nationalism but the mindless 'Blown To Bits' *("Blown to bits, blown to bits/By an IRA bomb")* is not the way to do it.

Like people who make a religion out of a set of arbitrary ethics and illogical ideals — imperialists and nationalists for example — The Exploited will always be exploited.

The Exploited are punks, not dead. Punk has however been exploited to death long ago.

Gavin Martin

BILLY BOY ARNOLD
Crying And Pleading
LOWELL FULSON (Charly)
Man Of Motion (Charly)
JOHN LEE HOOKER
Everybody Rockin' (Charly)
ELMORE JAMES
Got To Move (Charly)

IF THE next rent party you patronise doesn't have any of this racked up by the gramphone then somebody's wrong.

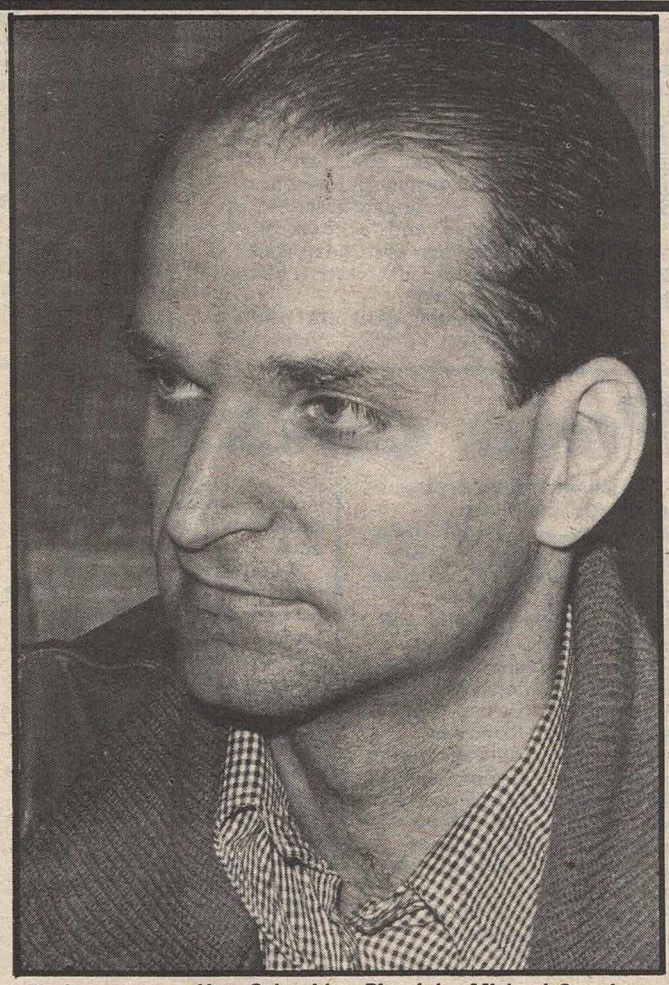
'Got To Move' is the second Elmore James album in this estimable series and it's virtually the best of the rest. You get later versions of 'Dust My Broom' and 'It Hurts Me Too', the swaggering stomp of 'Early One Morning' and 'Fine Little Mama' and the knockabout instrumental 'Elmore's Contribution To Jazz' alongside a plethora of deep, deep James blues.

Billy Boy Arnold is the other side of the '50s Chicago coin. There's an infectious swing about the tracks on 'Crying And Pleading' that derives from stirring, circular rhythms and the tensile snap of ace South Side guitarists Jody Williams and Sylvester and Mack Thompson. Billy Boy matches the airy swoop of his vocals with the serrated edge of his harp playing and he picks great titles: 'Here's My Picture', 'No No No No No', 'Kissing At Midnight'.

'Everybody Rockin'' is Charly's repeat helping of John Lee Hooker. The first, 'This Is Hip', had most of his best-known numbers — 'Dimples' and so forth — but that still leaves nuggets like 'I'm Mad Again', one long malevolent growl, or the laconic lope of 'I'm So Excited' (ha!) amidst a truckload of the lean-boned R&B that Hooker roughed over in his Vee Jay period. The man's scant regard for niceties like bar structure makes it tough for his companions at times — 'Your Baby Ain't Sweet Like Mine' seems to be held together only by the force of the vocal — but it's gripping in its bluff, muddy way.

Lowell Fulson is the odd huckster out here. The cuts on 'Man Of Motion' emanate from a 1968-70 period with Jewel, many drawn from a date with the Muscle Shoals session team. As a result many of the numbers cut up awful tame: plenty of cleaned-up shuffle'n'boogie but little red meat.

Richard Cook



Florian grey . . . Herr Schneider. Pic: John Micheal Cox Jnr.

MATUMBI
Matumbi (EMI)

IN WHICH we welcome back to these pages that perennial guest: the vexed question of white attitudes towards black music. More specifically, the expectations brought to black music by the owners of certain sorts of rock ears.

As applied at various times to jazz, blues, funk and soul as well as reggae, said ears have demanded the inevitable presence of certain attributes: The Enormous Passion Born Of Great Suffering And Great Exuberance! Roughness! Rawness! Roots! Sweat!

The term 'rockism' is essentially silly, but if it means anything, then the attitude described above is undeniably 'rockist', being a derivative of the notion that valuable music is generally loud, intense and overwrought (pick any two), the sense of betrayal at any suggestion that they are being denied that (vicarious) roots experience.

To say all that (and to say all this), the fact remains that this new Matumbi album leans more towards the impeccable than the irresistible, that it is played and sung more than skilfully, that its songs address topics worthy of attention . . . and all without any sense of urgency. Whether reasoning about Zimbabwe or attacking SUS, the Matumbi mood seems one of mournful resignation, the sound smooth and easy.

The calm of this album seems totally incongruous.

Considering that Denis Bovell, dubmaster to millions, is involved not only with the creation and performance of this music but with its production, the flatness of the sound comes as a most unpleasant surprise: no edge, no depth. 'Matumbi' is reggae that has everything except the passion and the power, and in these times we need all the passion and power we can get.

Charles Shaar Murray

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THE CENTRE OF SOUNDS

W.H.SMITH

DEADLOCK
Ambicja (Blitzkrieg)
KRYZYS
Kryzys (Blitzkrieg)

HASTILY riffling through Glass's guide to withering putdowns, smart arse one-liners and ideologically correct opening lines to the appropriate page, I see that something along the lines of . . .

Gdansk, Gdansk, Gdansk, Gdansk to the radio! Because these are, in fact, Pole Cats.

Are Pole cats?

Two albums by contemporary Polish groups, available incidentally on a Paris-based label, but any jokes about French polish will be militarily advised.

To risk something as turgid and boring as a value judgment, I would say that the Kryzys album is easily the better of these two. Instrumentally, it sounds very like the Magic Bands of 'Trout Mask Replica' and 'Lick My Decals' vintage, which I found eccentrically appealing and endearing rather than stunningly exciting or innovative; it depends how seriously you take your cup of Beefheart.

The singer, Robert Brylewski, wisely sticks to Polish throughout and apart from the odd, heavy handed thing like their joke version of 'Je T'aime Moi Non Plus', this is an ineresting little collection and will bear further investigation.

I'm not saying it'll have you tearing out cinema seats or repulsing the might of the Russian Grand Armies but there's an engaging saxophone squealing and burping along like brass bubble and squeak, an intelligent lead guitar player and, when the singer's not getting too existentialist, this is all rather good listening. Eminently civilized when they're trying hard to be freaked out wild men but, but after Motorhead, what exactly could shock jaded Western ears?

A quote from the record company handout: *"Each of the group's riffs allows the young people of Poland to forget the crisis in the same way that Vodka helped the preceding generation to forget the Nazi occupation and the destruction of Poland."*

Some tracks are recorded live and you can actually hear the young people trying to forget the Russians. I bet this band make a lot of sense seen live in Poland. They're obviously working hard to convey something much more important than style. Just realised whose singing style I'm reminded of: Mark Smith of The Fall.

The album by Deadlock isn't anything like as interesting. Most of the band are younger and have contracted a severe dose of Punk compounded by Samuel K. Amphong's syndrome (a morbid desire to make fatuous statements in mangled English).

The title of one track, 'Am I Victim of Safety Pin?', will go some way to conveying the, er, flavour of much that is on offer here. At one point the singer informs us *"I have no time to stay! I have no time to fock!"* A similar situation to that of your reviewer, actually, who has plenty of time but alas not so much bloody opportunity.

Ray Lowry

HOLLY STANTON
Temptation (War Bridge)

FIRST thing that strikes you about this girl Holly Stanton is that she sounds exactly like our own very lovely Kim Wilde. The second thing is that there is no second thing: nothing else of note at all. Oh alright, she's "an attractive 21-year-old vocalist/guitarist from San Francisco" who is variously described as "tough" and "sensitive" and "a rock & roll baby" that likes Tom Petty and Cheap Trick . . . but that didn't strike me, I just nicked it off the press release. So what else?

Holly's LP is easy-listening US rock: a little lighter than Pat Benatar, but slick and fast all the same. Holly's songs, excepting her version of 'Black Is Black', have a kind of pleasant-yet-forgettable quality; they don't set out to say very much, and in this respect they're successful. Holly's band wear West Coast haircuts and skinny ties, and play accordingly. Thus the album falls directly inside that neat contemporary American category, as pioneered by The Knack, namely pseudo new wave.

This debut record might mark Holly's attempt at finding her artistic feet, in which case, good luck. Or it might mark the fullest extent of her vision — in which case, goodbye.

Paul Du Noyer

LIGHTNING STRIKES

LONNIE LISTON SMITH
The Best Of Lonnie Liston Smith (CBS)
JOHN McLAUGHLIN
The Best of John McLaughlin (CBS)

JAZZ has, after all, a living to make: jazz-funk is now as saleable a commodity as jazz-rock used to be, and it carries with it the same contradictions. Is it one thing or the other or neither? Is it something else in its own right? Are the relevant criteria of the parent forms applicable and if not, with what should they be replaced?

Lonnie Liston Smith — a former associate of Art Blakey, Rahsaan Roland Kirk and the inevitable Miles Davis — plays a combination of cocktail smooch (when he launches into 'A Gift Of Love' you can almost hear smotth male voices murmuring, "Hi! Can I buy you a drink?", and up-tempo doodles with cosmic lyrics and bass-lines that go *HONDAHONDAHONDAHONDA* and *SPROING* just when they're supposed to. He is currently a moderately large noise among devotees of jazz-funk, though this enviable rep was garnered with much earlier stuff on RCA.

If Lonnie Liston Smith is terminally vapid, Johnny Mac, whether teaming up with Carlos Santana to mash Coltrane's 'A Love Supreme' into transcendental tapioca or whizzing around in the acoustic environment of Shakti — he also duets with Jerry Goodman's violin and the sublime horn of David Sanborn — bears out the basic accuracy of Frank Zappa's remark to the effect that "he has certainly learned how to operate the guitar as if it were a machine gun." His music has always been more exhausting than enlightening: that devotional storm speaks more of belabouring than beatitudes.

Still . . . he has the technology! He has the chops! May the force be with you! (There are still only two types of music . . .)

Charles Shaar Murray

LARRY GATLIN AND THE GATLIN BROTHERS BAND
Help Yourself (CBS)

THE usual brilliant, gospel-oriented harmonies and over-straight, starched-collar leads, helped along by country-pickers equipped with a deluxe line in nimble digits. Nigh faultless but dull for all that.

Fred Dellar

CHARLES EARLAND
Coming To You Live (CBS)

MORE work for those straitened horn players the Brecker brothers, endless funky riffs, clever-clever bits of brass and vocal arrangement, and horrible hammond organ. James Last meets Tower of Power.

Dorota Koc

SKY
Sky 3 (Ariola)

LOOK, I'm a tolerant bloke, but Sky's the limit.

Richard Cook

GROVER WASHINGTON JR,
Baddest (Motown)

DOUBLE 'greatest hits' album from this man's leading brand of jazz/funk sax playing. New company Motown have decided to release this cheap double, with tracks from 1972 onwards, issued originally on the Kudu label, including ' Mr Magic' and 'Inner City Blues'.

Maybe it all sounds a bit old hat now, complacent and slightly naive, but if you only have room for one Grover Washington album this could well be it.

Dorota Koc

DENNIS BROWN
Foul Play (A&M)

MR Dennis Brown is a distinctive voice in reggae this past decade and longer, and is regarded as such by all and sundry and many remarkable people as well, bears constant reference to his work in progress, of which this is the latest as I write and is no longer even as I do, maintaining an excellence and consistency throughout.

Released in the US, Dennis Brown's A&M debut aims a fluorescent beam at that country's disco congreation on the jollifying title track, the mainstream 'On The Rocks', punning home the hookline, *"baby, how you doin, how you do what you do, how you do it?"* and the reggae 'Come On Baby'. Nor can we disregard the romantic songs in this context of broad appeal.

It is 'On The Rocks' that opens the LP with what appears to be an epistle to his family in England: *"living hard on the rock, the sun don't shine, living your life by the clock on the wall is a lot."*

And his thoughts seem to be following similar conclusions a little later with 'Come On Baby', a Jimmy Cliff like singalong enunciating *"you in the city making a living, I'm on the beach, living, living; I'd be a much happier man if you were here by my side."*

Between whiles, he expiates *"all who allow Satan to mislead/control/overcome/get within them shall feel it,"* and warns *"when you think it's peace, it's a sudden, a sudden destruction."* This particular songs bears the title 'The Existence Of Jah'.

Before the end of side one we further learn that 'The World Is Troubled', that there shall be *"hi-jacking, kidnapping all over the place,"* and the happier conclusion: *"Zion high is the place for I, for I and I to dwell."*

Side two deals with the dark lady of Shakespeare's sonnets and portrays tales of unrequited love and disenchantment almost exclusively. 'Your Man' dates from a Joe Gibbs single of some two years hence and appears to have lost something in the mix here, which barely detracts from its supreme moment, and is probably this writer's now preferred track on the set. New interpretations of 'If I Follow My Heart' and 'The Cheater', originally recorded in Mr Brown's extreme youth are more bonuses.

Penny Reel

CARL WILSON
Heaven (Caribou)

CARL WILSON has been waiting years to do this. *"I love to play good, straightforward rock'n'roll"*, he says, and since acid cured the Beach Boys of the Californian dream, Carl has rather missed out.

Teamed with James William Guerico — who owns Caribou Records and played bass on the Beach Boys tours of 1975 — and ex-Sweet Inspiration Myrna Smith, who co-writes the entire album, Wilson's chance has finally come. Side One of 'Heaven', then, is a dignified bash at bright, chunky, fast-lane rock'n'roll: Joe Walsh served on Bad Company, sunny side up. It's lightweight, it's even rather dated, but it's not unpleasant.

Side Two shows off the Carl we already know: 'Don't Go Near The Water' after ten years of L.A. smog. But Carl Wilson's sweetness is never cut with saccharin, and Myrna Smith's backup contributions only improve matters.

'Heaven' itself doesn't make the most exciting of singles, but between 'Hurry Love' and 'The Grammy', its chorus comes through very pure, very clean. Guerico hasn't gone in for any flash on the production side, since he knows very well that the multi-tracking of Carl's voice creates a whole texture in itself.

'The Grammy' is an uptempo attack on the "pomp and circumstance" of music's highest accolade. *"You invite ne to share my fame,"* sings Carl, *I've decided not to play your game,"* and the album would seem to bear out this decision.

The twee 'Seems So Long Ago' rounds off the album on a note of complacent resignation and implicit reluctance to experiment, but there are moments on 'Heaven' where Carl Wilson is doing more than having a private party out on Guerico's Caribou ranch.

Barney Hoskyns

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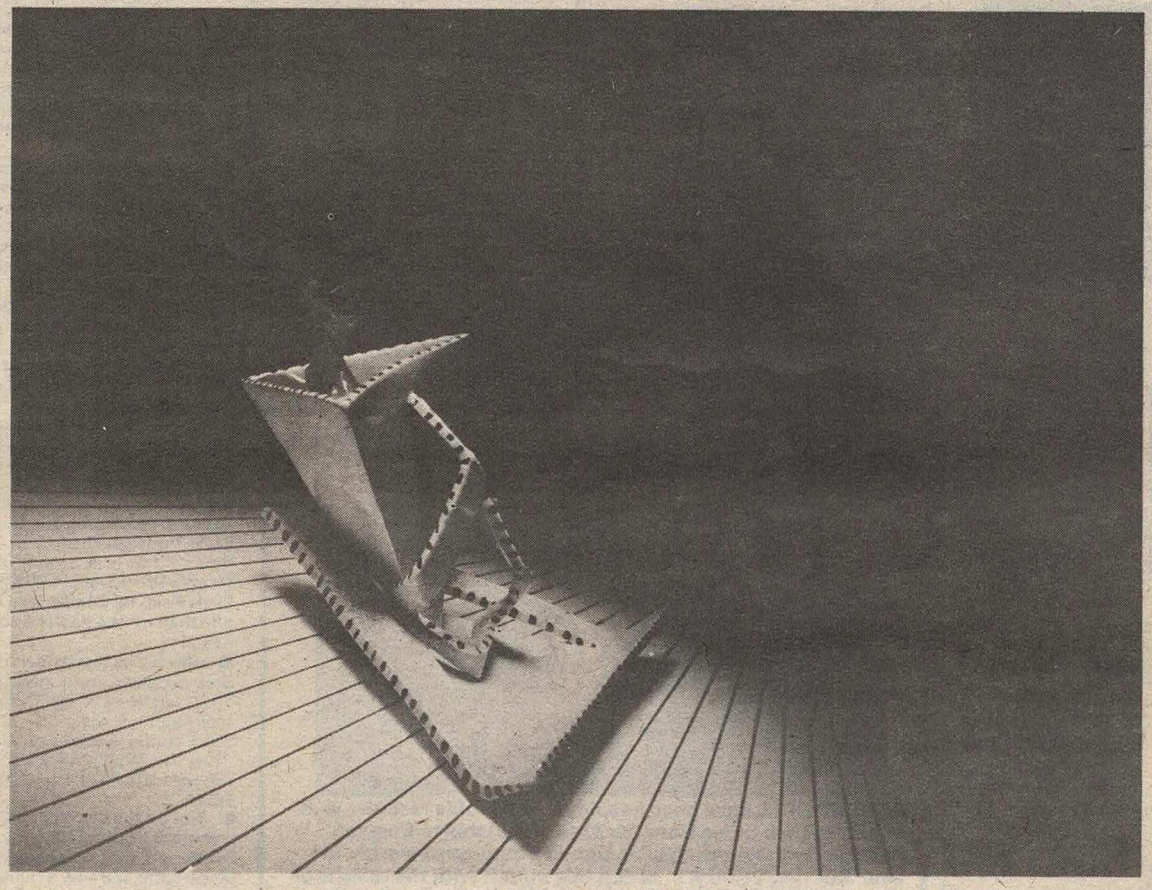

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The show will be filmed for the forthcoming movie – The Wall

DATA CONTROL RECORD NEWS

EDDY GRANT, currently riding high in the singles charts with 'Can't Get Enough Of You', releases his long-waited album next week on his own Ice label (through RCA). Titled 'Can't Get Enough', it's also available in cassette form — which, although selling at the same price as the standard LP, also contains a complete recording of Grant's first album 'Message Man'. He's expected to play at least one major concert next month, before leaving for a European tour.

● **Rainbow's** first three albums are now available at the special dealer price of £1.82, which means they should retail at around £2.50. They are 'Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow', 'Rainbow Rising' and 'Long Live Rock 'n Roll' — all in original gatefold sleeves until stocks are exhausted, when they will revert to single pocket sleeves.

● **Jean Michel Jarre's** new album, his first since the worldwide success of 'Equinoxe' almost 2½ years ago, is released by Polydor on May 22 — titled 'Magnetic Fields'. A single from the LP will be issued soon afterwards, titles as yet undecided.

● **The Methods Actors,** currently touring with Blurt, release a ten-inch album on Armageddon Records this week — titled 'Rhythms Of You', it contains seven previously unissued tracks. From the same source comes the album 'Loud', featuring the new line-up of **½ Japanese,** now a six-piece.

Nitzsche album issued at last

JACK NITZSCHE's renowned 1972 recording 'St. Giles Cripplegate' with the London Symphony Orchestra is being released in the UK, for the first time, by Birmingham Independent Initial Records (distributed by Stage One). The set features original compositions by Nitzsche — who more recently has achieved fame as arranger for the likes of Neil Young and The Rolling Stones; producer for Mink DeVille and Graham Parker; and writer of film scores like *Cruising* and *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest.*

● New London independent Mainstreet Records (distributed by Stage One) swing into action with the single 'No Trees In Brixton' by **Bob Manton.** A song about "the frustrations of inner-city life", it was written six months ago — but is now encountering airplay resistance following the recent Brixton riots.

● A new album by **The Raincoats** is released by Rough Trade on May 21, titled 'Odyshape'. The nine tracks include 'Shouting Out Loud', a longer version than the one which appears on the *NME* C81 compilation. The LP is also available in cassette form.

● **Josef K** have a double A-sided single out this week on Postcard Records, through Rough Trade, featuring 'Chance Meeting' and 'Pictures Of Cindy'. Neither track appears on their upcoming debut album, due on June 12, titled 'The Only Fun In Town'.

● British Electric Foundation duo Martin Ware and Ian Craig March release the second single by their offshoot band **Heaven 17,** featuring vocalist Glenn Gregory, on Virgin this weekend. It's the follow-up to the controversial 'We Don't Need This Fascist Groove Thang', and it's called 'I'm Your Money' — also available as an extended 12-inch disco mix. An album titled 'Music Of Quality And Distinction' follows shortly.

HITCHCOCK A GO GO

LANDSCAPE have the follow-up to their recent smash hit single 'Einstein A Go Go' issued by RCA this weekend. Taken from their chart album 'From The Tearooms Of Mars', it is 'Norman Bates' — the band's musical interpretation of the atmosphere created by Alfred Hitchcock in his classic film *Psycho,* in which Norman Bates was the central character. They've also completed an imaginative video film of the single, for use on programmes like *Top Of The Tops* — in which Pamela Stephenson (of *Not The Nine O'Clock News* fame) re-creates the Janet Leigh role, while all five members of Landscape portray the central character of Norman Bates.

● Manchester Band **The Fall** have a six-track, ten-inch 33-rpm record called 'Slates', which could be termed either as a maxi-single or a mini-album, issued this week by Rough Trade. It has a maximum retail price of £2.

● Four-piece Coventry swing band **The Human Cabbages** have their debut single issued this weekend on the Boys & Girls Records label, distributed by Rough Trade. It contains three tracks, and the main title is 'The Witch'.

● Bronze Records have signed **The Young & Moody Band,** an alternative project for the songwriting partnership of Whitesnake's Micky Moody and Bob Young. Their self-penned 'These Eyes', currently being featured on TV and radio commercials for Levi jeans, is their debut single issued this weekend.

● WEA Records are reissuing a series of 40 albums at a special low price, under the banner of 'X-tra Value'. They include sets by **The Doobie Brothers, Everly Brothers, Little Feat, Ry Cooder** and **Bill Haley,** and they have a dealer price of £1.82.

● **Echo & The Bunnymen** release their second Korova album on May 29. Titled 'Heaven Up There', it features 11 new songs — among them studio versions of 'Zimbo' and 'Over The Wall', which appeared on the recent live EP 'They Shine So Hard'.

● Hot on the disco circuit at present is 'Natural High' by **Claudia Fontaine.** First released on the JB Music label, it's now available as a Decca 7in or 12in.

● **John Martyn,** who recently signed with WEA, has a single out this weekend on his former label Island. Titled 'Sweet Little Mystery', it's taken from his latest album 'Grace And Danger'.

● **Lieutenant Pigeon,** who had a No. 1 hit in 1971 with 'Mouldy Old Dough', have their follow-up released this weekend — ten years later! It's a double A-sider coupling 'Bobbing Up And Down Like This' and 'Gordon's Rainbow Wranglers', and it's on Shack Records, the label run by Neville Special and Stella Belle Star.

● **Toni Basil,** who has built up a big reputation in the States as choreographer with David Bowie and video director for The Talking Heads, releases her first album 'Word Of Mouth' on Radialchoice on May 22 — it features members of Devo and Brand X, and there'll be a simultaneous video release. A single titled 'Mickey' precedes it this weekend.

● The **Peter Sarstedt** single 'English Girls', originally issued eight months ago on the Songwriters Workshop label, this week achieves wider distribution through EMI. From the same source comes 'This Is A Record Of My Love' by **Lennie Peters,** his first solo single since the Peters & Lee duo broke up.

● **Clock DVA** will have their second single 'Remain Remain' issued on July 23 by Fetish Records, and the label has also signed **23 Skidoo** to make a single and album — details to follow shortly.

● **J.C.'s Mainmen** are a pick-up band fronted by J. C. Carroll, guitarist with The Members, and their single 'Casual Trousers' is out this week on Fresh Records. The Mainmen's line-up includes two other current Members, Adrian Lillywhite and Chris Payne — plus Arturo Bassick (ex-Lurkers and now with Lucky Saddles) and Ed Case (currently with Hazel O'Connor's Megaphype).

● **The Polecats** have their second Phonogram single 'Rockabilly Guy' released this week — it's a newly recorded version of a song which originally appeared on the independent Nervous label. The band's debut album, still untitled, is due out next month.

● Recently launched London label Compact Records have signed Swedish singer **Virna Lindt,** and release her single 'Attention Stockholm' this week (via Rough Trade).

Doll By Doll re-emerge

DOLL BY DOLL have been keeping a low profile recently, due in part to their move from the Automatic label to Magnet Records, with whom they've signed a long-term worldwide deal. But they're back in action this month with the release of a new single 'Main Travelled Roads'/'Be My Friend' (out this week) followed by their album 'Doll By Doll' (issued May 22), the latter featuring 12 new songs. And now that their recording activities are over for the time being, we can expect to see them back on the road before long.

Simple Minds are back

SIMPLE MINDS, who recently signed a long-term deal with Virgin after quitting Arista, release their first single via their new outlet this weekend — 'The American'/'League Of Nations' — and it comes in either 7in or 12in form, both at the same price. It's the first production collaboration between the band and Steve Hillage, who are currently working together at Rockfield Studios on the outfit's follow-up to their chart album 'Empires And Dance'. The LP is scheduled for late summer release, and the band will be playing some UK gigs at that time.

UHURU ELPEE RELEASE SET

BLACK UHURU — who, as already reported, will be undertaking their debut British tour from mid-June (dates to be announced next week) — will have their second album 'Red' released by Island on May 25. The eight-track set, recorded at Channel One in Jamaica earlier this year, was produced by Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare — both of whom will be playing with the group on their UK dates Also on the LP are Ranchie McLean, Mikey Chung and Barry Reynolds (guitars), Robert Lyn and Keith Sterling (keyboards) and Sticky (percussion).

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DATA CONTROL

TOUR NEWS

BILL NELSON: two heads are better than one.

Nelson goes back on the gig circuit

BILL NELSON, who's just released his first Mercury solo album 'Quit Dreaming And Get Off The Beam', has lined up a ten-date tour starting later this month. He'll be backed by his new group The Practical Dreamers, specially formed for the tour, whose line-up will be announced next week.

Dates are Bristol Polytechnic (May 21), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (22), Manchester Polytechnic (23), Retford Porterhouse (25), Leeds Warehouse (26 and 27), Sheffield Limit Club (28), Liverpool Brady's (29), Edinburgh Nite Club (30) and London Charing Cross Heaven (June 1).

Support on the first three and last two dates is Liverpool band A Flock Of Seagulls, whose release a single titled 'It's Not Me (Talking)' for Nelson's Cocteau Records later this month. On the remainder, support is the Yorkshire Actors' Company musical The Case of Doctor Caligari, featuring a soundtrack by Bill Nelson.

PALMER: FOUR OUT OF TOWN

ROBERT PALMER returns to Britain next month to play four provincial concerts, as part of a European tour. He's deliberately avoiding London, because he concentrated on the capital (the Rainbow and Dominion) when he was last here in November.

His dates are at Edinburgh Playhouse (June 21), Manchester Apollo (22), Leicester De Montfort Hall (23) and Birmingham Odeon (24) — tickets cost £4.50, £4 and £3.50 at all venues, on sale now, and Alec Leslie Entertainments promote.

Palmer's band for these gigs consists of the same musicians he used for last year's shows. A new Palmer single will be issued by Island early next month, with his new album (the follow-up to 'Clues') scheduled for autumn release.

Palmer has just finished producing a Desmond Dekker album in Nassau, and it will be coming out shortly on Stiff.

SEBASTIAN HEADLINES CAMBRIDGE FESTIVAL

JOHN SEBASTIAN — still fondly remembered as the founder and mentor of the long-defunct Lovin' Spoonful — and The Roches head the American contingent at this year's Cambridge Folk Festival, though it's likely that one or two other acts will be added.

Among homespun attractions at the three-day event (July 31 to August 2) are Donovan, Steeleye Span, The Chieftains, John Cooper Clarke, Jake Thackray, Fred Wedlock, Rab Noakes, Robin Dransfield and The McCalmans.

The 1981 event is again staged at Cherryhinton Hall and weekend tickets are £11.50, plus 50p camping, while day tickets for Saturday or Sunday cost £6.50 — available from The Box Office, Central Library, Lion Yard, Cambridge.

JOHN SEBASTIAN is also playing a brace of London concerts prior to Cambridge, and at the outset of his European tour. They're at 5.45 and 8.30 pm on Sunday, July 12, at the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham Court Road. Outlaw are the promoters.

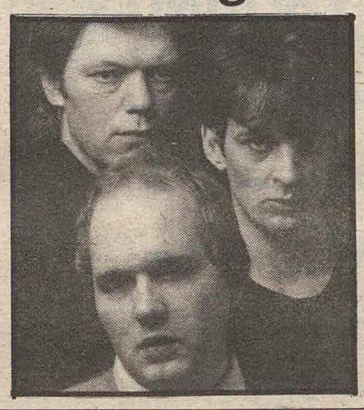
Sugar: good thing going next month

SUGAR MINOTT is coming to Britain next month to headline a ten-date concert tour. He'll be bringing over his regular backing band, and will be appearing at leading venues around the country during the second half of June. His schedule is currently being finalised by Dan Silver of the TBA agency, and full details are expected next week.

Minott's popularity has soared with the huge chart success of his single 'Good Thing Going', and RCA will be releasing the follow-up to tie in with his visit, with the likelihood of a new album as well.

New groups emerge from the old

DECLINE AND FALL is the name of the new band formed by ex-Only Ones guitarist John Perry, and they make their live debut at Glastonbury Worthy Farm on May 23 in company with Nice One (Gerry Rafferty's backing band) and The Electric Guitars — it's a benefit for the Glastonbury CND Festival, to be staged on the same site in June. Perry handles both guitar and vocals, and he's seen in the front of our picture, while behind him are his colleagues — Nick Howell (drums) and Douglas Bruce (bass).



THE BREAK-UP of The Buzzcocks earlier this year immediately motivated bassist Steve Garvey into forming his own band, so it's not surprising that he's called the outfit Motivation. Joining Garvey in the line-up are Dave Price (vocals and keyboards), Dave Rowbotham (guitar) and Snuff (drums). They're spending most of this month warming up, by playing a string of low-key gigs around the country. At the end of May, they go into the studios, with a view to releasing a single soon afterwards.

Tuxedo Moon is coming out

SAN FRANCISCO outfit Tuxedo Moon are undertaking a short tour with British band This Heat and, to add to the international flavour, they're joined on their first gig — at London Charing Cross Heaven next Monday (18) — by Japanese group Plastics.

The double header then goes on to play Nottingham Whispers (May 19), Leeds Warehouse (20), Sheffield City Polytechnic (21), Brighton Polytechnic (22) and Manchester Rafters (23).

Tuxedo Moon's debut UK album 'Desire' was recently issued on the Pre label, while This Heat's LP 'Deceit' is planned for early June release.

A new direction for Thompsons

THE THOMPSON TWINS have changed their musical direction — and in the process, changed their line-up, as well. Lead singer Tom Bailey will no longer be playing bass, but will concentrate instead on percussive instruments, so former Soft Boys bassist Matthew Seligman has been recruited into the band. At the same time, saxist Jayne Shorter has left, as it was mutually decided that the sax didn't fit in with the outfit's new approach. In future there will be less emphasis on the dual guitar interplay, and more emphasis on the percussive side of the band.

RUTS, MISTY TOP 300 AT STONEHENGE

RUTS D.C., Nik Turner's Inner City Unit and Misty In Roots are among the best-known names who'll be appearing at this year's Stonehenge Free Festival. It's scheduled to run for just over two weeks from June 12 to 28, incorporating the Midsummer Solstice — like the nearby Glastonbury CND Festival (announced last week), which isn't free! The organisers estimate that around 300 bands will be playing during the course of the festival, though a running order hasn't yet been finalised.

● DEEPLY VALE Free Festival, the annual event which always seems to have difficulty in finding an approved site, threatens to give the authorities another headache this year. It's being staged from August 10 to 20 — though apart from saying it's north of Manchester, the site location hasn't yet been fixed (or if it has, no-one's revealing it).

● WALES plays host to a number of free festivals this summer — the Ruthin Festival at Horeshoe pass near Corwen (June 5-8), the Cantlin Stone Festival near Sarn (July 3-13), the Rhyader Free Festival in the Elan Valley (July 23-August 3) and the Psilocybin Fair at Pontrydygroes (Devils Bridge) which runs for two weeks from September 4.

SLADE AT DONINGTON

SLADE are the latest act to be confirmed for this year's 'Monsters Of Rock' open-air festival, at the Castle Donington racing circuit in the Midlands on Saturday, August 22.

This will be exactly 12 months since Slade stopped the show at least year's Reading Festival, with a performance that was directly responsible for the massive comeback they've subsequently enjoyed. As previously reported, their latest single 'Knuckle Sandwich Nancy' is issued by Cheapskate Records this weekend.

At Donington, Slade join a bill which already includes AC/DC, Blue Oyster Cult and Blackfoot, and co-promoter Maurice Jones says he will have the full line-up completed by the end of this month.

Shakatak's attack

SHAKATAK, whose debut Polydor album 'Drivin' Hard' is released this month together with a new single titled 'Brazilian Dawn', have confirmed dates for their British tour. The funk specialists are at Slough Centre Ballroom (tomorrow, Friday), Braintree The Barn (Saturday), London Rainbow (Sunday), Southend Talk Of The South (May 19), Haywards Heath Taverners (22), Melton Mowbray Painted Lady (23), Harrow Middlesex & Herts Country Club (24), London Victoria The Venue (27), Neath Talk Of The Abbey (28), Whitehaven Whitehouse (29), Rhyl C.J.'s (June 4), Cleethorpes Peppers (5), Nantwich The Studio (6) and Bracknell Wednesdays Club (7).

● The Rainbow show this Sunday (17) is a 12-hour funk festival, from noon to midnight — also featuring Level 42, U.K. Players, Hi Tension, Grand Union and six disc-jockeys.

Discharge obligations

DISCHARGE play their most important London gig to date on Sunday, May 24, when they headline a five-act bill at the Lyceum Ballroom — also featuring The Exploited, Anti-Pasti, Manufactured Romance and The Anti Nowhere League. Aptly titled 'Apocalypse Now' by promoters Straight Music, the show has an extra early starting time of 6.30pm, and tickets are on sale now priced £3. With their current release on Clay Records 'Why' (a ten-track 45-rpm album) currently figuring strongly in the independent charts, Discharge will also be undertaking an extensive club tour over the next three months — the first confirmed gigs being at Bradford Jig Jig Club (tonight, Thursday), Stevenage Bowes Lyon House (this Sunday), Derby Star Club (May 29), Retford Porterhouse (June 5), Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (13) and Liverpool Brady's (26).

Witherspoon in June

JIMMY WITHERSPOON, among the greatest of contemporary blues singers, will be touring Britain for most of next month. Dates so far confirmed are Leicester Braunstone Hotel (June 2), Birmingham Opposite Lock (3), London Barnes Bulls Head (4), Sheffield Crucible Theatre (5), Glasgow Black Bull Hotel (7), Newcastle Corner House Hotel (9), London Victoria The Venue (12), Bristol Holiday Inn (13), London Oxford St. 100 Club (14), London Putney Half Moon (16), Halifax Tiffany's (17), Accrington Bulls Head (18), Stockport venue to be announced (20) and Maidstone Hazlitt Theatre (21). More gigs are being finalised.

☐ **D.A.F.**, the German electronic duo, are playing a London showcase concert to support their recently released Virgin album 'Alles Is Gut' — at Victoria The Venue on May 21, supported by Blue Orchids and The Outskirts. Their single 'Der Mussolini' is out next weekend, and they're planning a full B.ritish tour in the autumn.

☐ **CHUCK BERRY** will now make two appearances in this year's Capital Jazz Festival, to be staged on Clapham Common in South London. Already set for the final night (Sunday, July 26), he has now also joined the bill for the opening night on Saturday, July 18.

☐ **EMPIRE** — The new trio formed by ex-Gen X members Bob 'Derwood' Andrews and Mark Laff, plus Simon Bernal — play a London showcase gig next Monday (18) at The Pits in Euston Road. It marks the release of their debut album 'Expensive Sound'.

☐ **LINDISFARNE**, who toured extensively at the start of the year, are back on stage again for a one-off show tomorrow (Friday) at London Victoria The Venue — with Trimmer & Jenkins making a special guest appearance.

☐ **PETE TOWNSHEND** will conduct a lucky ticket draw, girl members of Hot Gossip will auction their knickers (not necessarily the ones they're wearing at the time), and there'll be live music and cabaret — all in a special charity evening at London Covent Garden Rumours Nightflight this Sunday (17), in aid of the Multiple Sclerosis appeal. Tickets are £10.

☐ **XTC** have added yet another date to their current UK tour, besides the additional six reported last week. It's at Southampton University on May 23, making 17 gigs in all.

☐ **FK9**, the Scottish band whose debut EP 'Our Condition' is released on new indie label Abstract Records on May 22, are playing a string of London gigs this month — Marquee Club (this Saturday), Fulham Greyhound (18 and 27), Euston The Pits (19), Herne Hill Half Moon (22), Clapham 101 Club (26) and West Hampstead Moonlight Club (29).

☐ **NICKY MOORE BAND** have been added to the Wishbone Ash UK tour, starting this weekend. Moore — former leader of Hackensack and co-leader with Big Jim Sullivan of Tiger — is joined in his outfit by ex-members of Sassafras and Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders. They have a three-track single released this weekend on Street Tunes, the main title being 'Year Of A Lie".

NICKY MOORE

☐ **BRIAN BRAIN** has been taking it easy since returning a month ago from America — where he collected a fractured jaw, a broken nose and 15 stitches! He returns to action at London West Hampstead Moonlight Club (May 21), Brighton Concorde (28) and Birmingham Golden Eagle (30).

☐ **CUNNING STUNTS** are presenting their entertainment 'The Opera' for a ten-day season in a circus tent at the Riverside Site in London's Battersea Park. It runs from May 20 to 30 (except 26) every evening at 8pm — with 2.30pm matinees daily (except 20, 21 and 28).

☐ **BRUCE COCKBURN**, the much respected Canadian singer and writer, makes his UK debut at London Victoria The Venue this Saturday (16) — together with the band who backed him on his last couple of albums. His visit has been set up by Asgard.

☐ **SOFT CELL** find themselves in the headlining spot, when they play the 1,700-capacity Nottingham Rock City on Wednesday, June 3 (admission £1.50). It's being promoted by Devo, who will also be sharing disc-jockey duties with no less a luminary than Rusty Egan.

☐ **CHELSEA**, who have just released their single 'Rockin Horse' on Step Forward Records, will be promoting it by way of a series of gigs — the first five of which are at Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (tomorrow, Friday), Hastings Crypt Dancehall (May 20), London City Polytechnic (22), Stroud Subscription Rooms (23) and Wolverhampton Polytechnic (27).

☐ **SQUEEZE** are still appearing at Doncaster Gaumont tonight (Thursday), despite last week's announcement that they had cancelled the date. This was because it had been inadvertently omitted from their "revised date sheet" issued by their record company.

☐ **PRINCE**, one of America's top funk artists whose first two albums went platinum in the States, flies into London to headline a one-off show at the Lyceum Ballroom on Tuesday, June 2 — promoted by Alec Leslie Entertainments. Warners release his new single 'Uptown', in both 7" and 12", to coincide with his visit.

☐ **THE PIRANHAS** have a special one-off hometown date at Brighton Polytechnic on Saturday, May 30. No other gigs are planned in the near future.

☐ **EROGENOUS ZONES**, the Tyne and Wearside band, are back in live action after a two-month lay-off. They're at Peterlee Norseman (tonight, Thursday), Anfield Plain Smugglers Arms (May 21), Darlington Flamingo (25), Blyth Golden Eagle (26) and Sunderland KU Club (27). Bassist Chick Ryder and drummer John McKenna have now left the band, to be replaced by Mick Folley and Pete Rea respectively — and they join existing members Sue Porter, Richard Heart and Trevor Sewell, Their debut single 'Say It's Not So' is due out shortly on Safari Records.

☐ **MICKEY JUPP** is to support Joe Ely on a number of his previously reported UK dates — at Reading Hexagon (May 20), Swindon Wyvern (22), Manchester Fagin's (25) and London Victoria The Venue (29 and 30).

DATA CONTROL — LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

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+ THE DARK
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Thursday 14th & Friday 15th May — £1
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Saturday 16th May — £1
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Sunday 17th May — £1
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Monday 18th May — £1
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Wednesday 20th May — £1
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16, 17 Japan
16 Pasadena Roof Orchestra
17 The Bureau
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17 Humphrey Lyttleton
18 Barclay James Harvest
18, 20 Gordon Lightfoot
19 Girlschool
21 XTC
21, 24 The Undertones
23, 24 John Martyn
23, 24 George Duke & Stanley Clarke
24 The Dooleys
24 Discharge/The Exploited
24 Barbara Dickson
25 Rockabilly Alldayer
25 Dave Brubeck
26 & 27 Andrae Crouch & The Disciples
28 Whitesnake
29 Squeeze
30 John Cooper Clarke
31 Julian Lloyd Webber
31 Marti Caine
31 The Beat
31 Lena Martell

JUNE
1 The Beat
1 Fundamental Frolic with Elvis Costello, Ian Dury & The Not The 9 O'Clock News Team
1 Ted Nugent
2 Psychedelic Furs
2, 3 Wishbone Ash
5 Toyah
6 Rita Coolidge
7 Barbara Thompson
7 Light Of The World
9 Shakin Stevens
9 Whitesnake
11 Sky
11 Judie Tzuke
11, 14 George Benson
19 Teardrop Explodes
20-22 The Tubes
23-28 Sammy Davis Jnr
28, 29 Kraftwerk

JULY
1 Duran Duran
2, 3 Kraftwerk
18, 19, 25, 26 Capital Jazz

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22 AC/DC + Blue Oyster Cult

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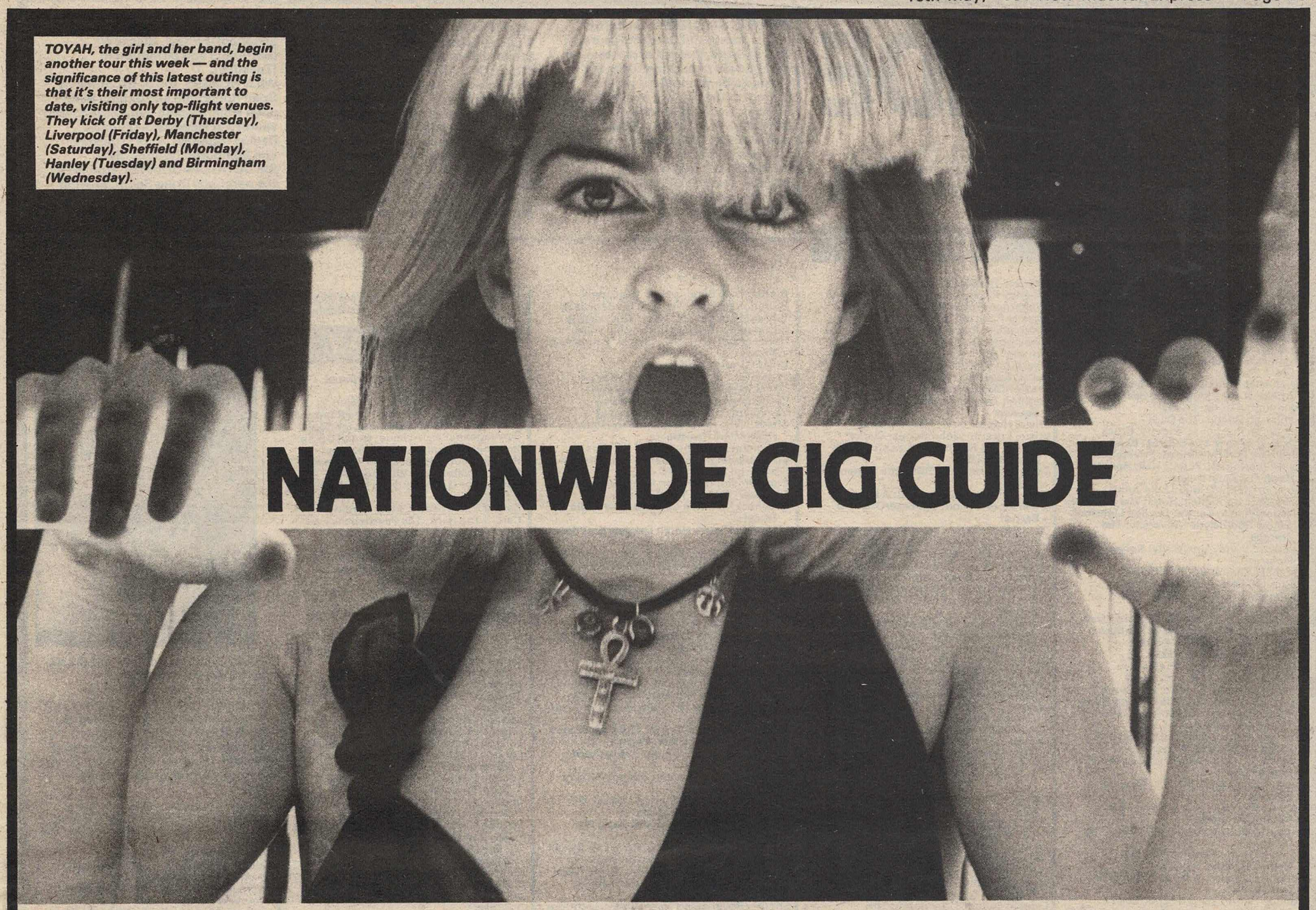

TOYAH, the girl and her band, begin another tour this week — and the significance of this latest outing is that it's their most important to date, visiting only top-flight venues. They kick off at Derby (Thursday), Liverpool (Friday), Manchester (Saturday), Sheffield (Monday), Hanley (Tuesday) and Birmingham (Wednesday).

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

THURSDAY

Anglesey Dinorben Hotel: **Dave Berry (for four days)**
Basildon The Squire: **Back Door Man**
Bath Moles Club: **Patrik Fitzgerald**
Belfast Grosvenor Hall: **Gordon Lightfoot**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Guilty Millionaires**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Odeon: **Japan**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Overdrive**
Blackburn Cabin End: **Zanti Misfitz**
Bolton Institute of Technology: **Here & Now**
Bournemouth Majestic Hall: **The Skavengers/The Secret**
Bournemouth Tiffany's: **Shades**
Bradford Jig Jig Club: **Discharge**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Stiff Little Fingers/The Wall**
Bristol Greenrooms: **Exploding Seagulls**
Bristol Valley Club: **Back Door Man**
Canterbury Odeon: **Girlschool/AllZ**
Cardiff Moorlands Hotel: **Hot Vultures**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Wolfbane/Tokyo**
Coventry General Wolfe: **I**
Coventry Warwick University: **John Cooper Clarke**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Art Pepper Group**
Croydon The Star: **Future Daze**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Toyah/Wasted Youth**
Eastcote Clay Pigeon: **Air Condition**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **The Spoilers**
Farnham The Maltings: **The Chieftains**
Feltham The Airman: **Jeep**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **The Kinks/The Ak Band**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **The Cure**
Glossop Surrey Arms: **Zpozez**
Gt. Yarmouth The Brunswick: **Airships In The Fog**
Hatfield The Forum: **Mary O'Hara**
Hillingdon Bricklayers Arms: **Dux Hill Dance**
Ilford Palais: **Geddes Axe**
Kingston Art College: **Eyeless In Gaza**
Leamington Spa Crown Hotel: **Head Hunter**
Leeds Warehouse: **UK Decay**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Spyder Blues Band**
Liverpool Brady's: **Cicero/Gymnasts/The Shattered Dolls**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Shakin' Stevens**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Clear Cut**
Llandovery Theatre Bar: **Graham Larkbey**
London Acton White Hart: **Gun Control**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Belle Stars**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Filthy McNasty**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Gillie McPherson**
London Clapham 101 Club: **720/The Nancy Boys**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Meteors**
London Euston The Pits: **Chris Hargreave & The House Band**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: **The Stop Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Directions/The Singles**
London Fulham The Swan: **The Papers**
London Greenford The Greenford: **UK Players**
London Hackney Pembury Tavern: **The Razz**
London Hackney Sebright Arms: **The Exciters**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The MGA Band**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Jump Squad/Perfect People**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Hayes Brook House: **Grand Union**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Rhythm Method**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **The Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band**
London Kilburn National Club: **Freeez**
London Marquee Club: **Lionheart**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The London Apaches**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Creation Rebel**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **A Bigger Splash**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Back To Back**
London Putney White Lion: **Inch By Inch**
London S.E.1 Valentine & Orson : **The Flood**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Brian Lemon Quartet**
London Southall The Cavern: **The Orange Cardigan/Black Bop**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **The Deltas**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Ruts D.C./The Cuban Heels/The Gas**
London Stratford Green Man: **Dr Cosgill**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Altered Images/Manufactured Romance/Case**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Manhattan Transfer**
London Victoria The Venue: **Sir Douglas Quintet**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Ski Patrol/Bee Vamp**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Tenpole Tudor/The Business/Bad Actors**
London W.1 The Embassy: **Ian Mitchell Band**
Malvern Nags Head: **Spider**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Bruce Springsteen & The E-Street Band**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Etheridge-Sanders Group**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Bureau**
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: **Rockin Horse**
Milton Keynes Compass Club: **Kindergarten/Jah Lizard**
Newcastle Cooperage: **The Past 7 Days**
Norwich Scamps: **Screen 3/The Happy Few**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Nottingham Rock City: **The Cramps**
Peterborough White Lion: **The Hornets**
Peterlee The Norseman: **Erogenous Zones**
Portsmouth Locarno: **The Big 'C' Gulls/Spit Like Paint/The Right Profile**
Preston Warehouse: **Tranzista**
Ramsgate Nero's: **Chevy**
Rayleigh Crocs: **The Purple Hearts**
Salford Pinky's: **The Naughty Boys**
Sandwich White Horse: **Blue Country**
Scarborough Futurist Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Plastics**
Shrewsbury Masonic Arms: **The Bread**
Southend Rascals: **The Newtown Neurotics**
Stockport Davenport Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
Stockport Smugglers Club: **Andy Zero Band/The Engine**
Sutton Red Lion: **John Kirkpatrick**
Warrington Padgate College: **The Cheaters**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **The Quads**
York University: **XTC**

FRIDAY

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **The Cure**
Aylesham Welfare Club: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies/No Control**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poorboys**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **Chelsea**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Misty In Roots**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Head Hunter**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Blackpool Jenks Bar: **The Out (for three days)**
Blyth Spartans Hotel: **The Wax Boys**
Bordon Royal Oak: **Prime Suspect**
Bradford St George's Hall: **The Kinks/The Ak Band**
Bradford University: **New Model Army/Vex/Reflex/The Fall Guys**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Short Stories**
Caerphilly The Crown: **Tiger Bay**
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **Mistress**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Monsters/The Nancy Boys**
Chelmsford Chancellor Hall: **The Cruisers**
Corby Festival Theatre: **Shakin' Stevens**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Channel A/Rough Beats**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Girlschool/AllZ**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Ted Heath Orchestra/Dave Shepherd Sextet**
Deeside Leisure Centre: **Whitesnake**
Dereham Memorial Hall: **G Squad**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Cramps**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Paul King Band**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacey Band**
Gosport John Peel: **High Risk**
Guildford College of Law: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Duxhill Dance/Shakedown**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Whipps'**
Hertford The Woolpack: **The News**
Hillingdon Bricklayers Arms: **Shell Shock**
Kidderminster Boars Head: **Spider**
Lancaster University: **The Beat**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **Red Diesel**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **The Uncool Dance Band**
Leeds University: **Here & Now**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Dodgy Tactics**
Leicester Polytechnic: **UK Players**
Leighton Buzzard Bossard Hall: **The Ol Band**
Liverpool Bradford Hotel: **Etheridge-Sanders Group**
Liverpool Brady's: **Plastics**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Gordon Lightfoot**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Toyah/Wasted Youth**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Dick Smith Band**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Camden Centre: **Jam Today**
London Camden Club 94: **Back Door Man**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Stanley Frank Band/Resistance**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Chris Thompson & Night**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **The Identical Twins**
London Chelsea The Roebuck: **The 45's**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Kleen Heels**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Bop Natives/Things In Bags**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Blue Cats**
London Elephant & Castle College of Printing: **The Monochrome Set**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Weapon Of Peace/The Mighty Stypes**
London Euston The Pits: **Salt**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Dance Band**
London Hackney Chat's Palace: **Hardrock/Strangers In The Night/Man-Rays**
London Hackney Pembury Tavern: **Shades**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Dumb Blondes/The Whizz Kids**
London Hampstead The Enterprise: **John Kirkpatrick**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Margo Random & The Space Virgins/Bumble & The Beez**
London Hornsey The Railway: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Keys**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London North Park Three Rabbits: **The Exciters**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Root Jackson/Tucker Finlayson Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **Avenue**
London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford**
London Putney Pier M.V. Valulla (cruise 9.45 pm): **The Soul Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Jazz Sluts**
London Putney White Lion: **The Imaginations/The Feelers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bobby Wellins Quartet**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Papers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **Sad Among Strangers/Treatment**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Scars/BIM/OK Jive**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Scatta Rock**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Manhattan Transfer**
London Victoria The Venue: **Lindisfarne/Trimmer & Jenkins**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Birthday Party/Dr. Mix & The Remix/Self Control**
London West Norwood Thurlow Arms: **Airstrip 1/The Razz**
London woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Newtown Neurotics/Back Door Man**
London W.11 Tabernacle: **Oshama/Eye Witness/Zero Article**
Maidstone Medway Inn: **Micky & The Milkshakes/The Anti-Nowhere League**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Barclay James Harvest**
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **The Membranes/Zyklon-B**
Manchester Pips: **The Salford Jets**
Manchester UMIST: **Dr Filth/The Diagram Brothers/The Liggers**
Matlock Northwest Club: **Chevy**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Leo Sayer**
Milton Keynes Virgin Shop (5 pm): **The Crew**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Wild Horses**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Richard Strange & Cabaret Futura**
Nottingham Rock City: **The Psychedelic Furs**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **Tony Capstick**
Nottingham University: **The Bureau**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Squeeze/Otway & Barrett**
Poole Brewers Arms: **The Skavengers**
Ramsgate The Flowing Bowl: **Ghost**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Ian Mitchell Band**
Retford Porterhouse: **UK Decay**
Rochester Medway & Maidstone College: **The Pulsaters/Babelfish**
Sandwich White Horse: **Pete Rose Band**
Scunthorpe Priory Hotel: **Private Dicks**
Sheffield Marples Club: **Flux of Pink Indians**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Stiff Little Fingers/The Wall**
Sheffield University: **XTC**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Savvy**
Southport Theatre: **Mike Harding**
St. Albans City Hall: **The Chieftains**
St. Helens College of Technology: **Budgie**
Stockport Portland Bars: **Stress**
Stockton Coronation Hall: **The The And/Manic Rhythm/Still Active/The Maids Neck/Bombay Drug Squad**
Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: **The Cheaters**
Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall: **Geddes Axe**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **The Breed**
Walsall Town Hall: **The Quads**
Wells Sherston Hotel: **The Mob**
Whitchurch Bronco's: **The Firm**
Wilton The Greyhound: **The Britz**
Winchester Tower Centre: **The Secret**

SATURDAY

Alness Hi Fab: **The Dolphins**
Ashington Leisure Centre: **Richard & Linda Thompson**
Bedford Bunyan Centre: **UK Decay/The Dark/Play Dead**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Cedar Rooms: **Plastics**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Barclay James Harvest**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Bishops Stortford Railway Hotel: **The Newtown Neurotics**
Blackppol Tiffany's: **XTC**
Bridgwater Arts Centre: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies/Mind Tunnel/Grief/Orgasm**
Bristol Granary: **The Artists**

GIG GUIDE

RICHARD STRANGE is taking his highly successful Cabaret Futura on the road and, instead of performing with the aid of backing tapes, he's formed a band specially for the outing. Initial gigs are at Newcastle (Friday), Norwich (Sunday), London (Monday), Manchester (Tuesday) and Bradford (Wednesday) — with surprise guests likely at any or all.
WHITESNAKE begin their eagerly-awaited UK trek, which includes no less than six sell-out Hammersmith Odeon shows, this week. First concerts are at Deeside (Friday), Leeds (Saturday) and Stafford (Sunday).
WISHBONE ASH introduce their new line-up — with Trevor Bolder replacing Martin Turner, and Claire Hamill augmenting the vocal sound — when they begin one of their infrequent British tours at Taunton (Monday) and Bristol (Tuesday).
GORDON LIGHTFOOT has arrived for his annual visit, which this time takes in two London concerts, on Monday and Wednesday. Also this week, he's at Belfast (Thursday), Liverpool (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday) and Birmingham (Tuesday).
WILD HORSES, the outfit co-led by Brian Robertson and Jimmy Bain, open a bill-topping jaunt around the country at Newcastle (Friday), Redcar (Sunday), York (Tuesday) and Edinburgh (Wednesday).
SIR DOUGLAS QUINTET, fronted by the perennial Doug Sahm, provide the top one-off of the week — it's at London The Venue on Thursday.

Bristol Hanham Common (afternoon): **The Review/The Options**
Bromley Library Gardens (noon-7 pm): **The Papers/Case/Mainline/Runn/Small Print/Eddie The Cat**
Canterbury Kent University: **Tenpole Tudor**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Shades**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Dolly Mixture/The Rapiers**
Chelmsford Odeon: **Girlschool**
Chelmsford The Saracen's Head: **The Agents**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Flying Saucers**
Coventry Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Coventry Warwick University: **The Sound**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Sam Apple Pie**
Dorchester Antelope Hotel: **The Britz**
Durrington The Plough: **The Secret**
Edinburgh Astoria: **Chevy**
Edinburgh Odeon: **The Cure**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Bruce Springsteen & The E-Street Band**
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **Private Dicks**
Ely (Wilburton) St. Peter's Hall: **Herod's Race/The Amyl Dukes**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Juke Jump**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **The Pulsaters**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Gordon Lightfoot**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **The Cramps**
Guildford Surrey University: **Between Pictures**
Hersham Comrades Club: **Chester**
Hertford Castle Hall: **Geddes Axe**
Hillingdon Bricklayers Arms: **The Heartbeats/Answer**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Richard Strange**
Kirkcaldy Ice Rink: **Reggie & The News**
Leeds Queens Hall: **Whitesnake**
Leeds University: **The Beat**
Leicester Polytechnic: **The Bureau**
Liverpool Brady's: **The Members**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Alex Harvey Band**
London Blackheath Bakehouse Gallery: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Raymond Froggatt/Red Star Belgrade**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Dance Band**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **The Idle Flowers**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Fix/The Marines**
London Euston The Pits: **Famous Names/Positive Signals**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Biddie & Eve/OK Jive**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Japan**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Bluesblasters/Peter Pan's Playground**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **BIM/A Bigger Splash**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Morrissey Mullen**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Root Jackson/Tucker Finlayson Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Salt**
London Putney White Lion: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **A.L. Lloyd**
London Rotherhithe Riverside Theatre: **Dux Hill Dance**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bobby Wellins Quartet**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **Shell Shock**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Blurt/Birthday Party/The Ivory Coasters**
London Twickenham The Albany: **Fast Eddie**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Scatta Rock**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Manhattan Transfer**
London Victoria The Venue: **Bruce Cockburn Band**
London West Hampstead Clive Hotel: **The Chevrons**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Purple Hearts/The Directions**
Loughborough University: **John Cooper Clarke**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Toyah/Wasted Youth**
Manchester (Ashton) Tameside Theatre: **The Chieftains**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Psychedelic Furs**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Stiff Little Fingers/The Wall**
Newark Palace Theatre: **Race Against Time**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge St. Arts Centre: **Grace**
Northampton Roadmender Club: **English Subtitles/Where's Lisse/Social Disease**
Nottingham Rock City: **Squeeze/Otway & Barrett**
Peterborough Bushfield Centre: **Spider**
Peterborough The Halcyon: **The Hornets**
Retford Porterhouse: **Bette Bright & The Illuminations**
Sandgate Windsurfer Inn: **Naughty Thoughts**
Scunthorpe Henry VIII Hotel: **Shrinking Spires**
Sheffield University: **Nine Below Zero**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Lies All Lies**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **The Motifs**
Southampton The Maybush: **The Skavengers**
Stockport Portland Bars: **Paris & The Atmospheres**
Sunderland Annabels's: **The Uncool Dance Band**
Taunton Cellar Bar: **Head Hunter**
Wallsend Memorial Hall: **Maiden Voyage**
Walsall Watering Trough: **Xpertz**
West Bromwich Sandwell Valley (open-air): **The Quads**
Whitley Bay Mingles Club: **Hellanbach**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Worcester College: **720**
Worcester Punchbowl: **Whipps**
Worthing The Swan: **Fruit Eating Bears**
Yeovil Preston Centre: **The Mob/Bikini Mutants/Null And Void**

SUNDAY

Andover The Merlin: **The Britz**
Beverley Racecourse Humberside Show (afternoon): **The Odds**
Bicester Red Lion: **Spider**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Blackburn Bay Horse New Inns: **J.G. Spoils**
Bolton Swan Hotel: **Fireclown**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton The Kensington (lunchtime): **Red Squares**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Mike Harding**
Bristol Locarno: **John Cooper Clarke**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime: **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Carlisle Market Hall: **Stiff Little Fingers/The Wall**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **A II Z**
Chelmsford Odeon: **Squeeze/Otway & Barrett**
Cheltenham Eve's Club: **Department S**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **The Chieftains**
Durham Big Jug Club: **Earl Okin**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Hypnosis**
Helensboro' Trident Club: **Chevy**
Hull New Theatre: **Tony Capstick**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Barclay James Harvest**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leeds Tiffany's: **The Cramps**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Nic Jones/Crows**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Little Roosters/The Talk**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Debbie & The Bear**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Dancing Did/These Parts**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Orange Cardigan/Back Door Man**
London Duke of York Theatre: **Comic Strip**
London Finchley The Torrington: **Hank Wangford**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Alternative Cabaret**
London Hackney Pembury Tavern: **Flying Saucers**
London Hackney The Queens: **Avenue**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Japan**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Black Market/Monkey**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Brian Copsey & The Commotions/The Exciters**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Juice On The Loose**
London Marquee Club: **Geddes Axe**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **A Bigger Splash**
London N.11 Standard Sports & Social Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Syco & The New Yorkers**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Long Tall Shorty/Eddy Steady Go**
London Putney Half Moon: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Putney White Lion: **Jazz Sluts**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Shakatak/Hi Tension/Level 42/UK Players/Mirage/Grand Union**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Mike Garrick**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Kleen Heels**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Bureau/The People/Ski Patrol**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Stratford Green Man: **Wide Open**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Girls At Our Best/Bumble & The Beez/Animal Answer**
London Tottenham The Railway: **The Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Manhattan Transfer**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Keys/The Almost Brothers**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Tony Milliner Quintet**
Matlock Darley Dale Northwood Club: **Race Against Time**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Cure**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton The Morris Man: **The Cassettes**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Richard Strange & Cabaret Futura**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **The Civilians**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Girlschool**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Wild Horses**
Sandwich White Horse: **Whirligig**
Stafford Bingley Hall: **Whitesnake**
Stamford The Danish Invaders: **The Rank Amateurs**
Stockport Brookfield Hotel: **The Cheaters**
Stockport Portland Bar: **Images**
Stoke Star Inn: **Whipps**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Rockin Horse**
Warrington Parr Hall: **Shakin' Stevens**
Watford Pump House: **The Stop Band**

MONDAY

Bath Weston Hotel: **Juan Foote 'n' The Grave**
Birkenhead Sir James Club: **Grace**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Bingley Hall: **The Quads**
Birmingham Holy City Zoo: **Modern Jazz**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Handsome Beasts**
Bristol Granary: **UK Decay**
Bristol Locarno: **The Psychedelic Furs**
Cambridge Carioca Club: **The News**
Cardiff New Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Carshalton The Cricketers: **Avenue**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Purple Hearts/The Heartbeats**
Chelmsford Odeon: **Shakin' Stevens**
Coventry Belgrade Theatre: **The Hornets**
Edinburgh Odeon: **XTC**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Dangerous Age**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Dolphins**
Greenock Victorian Carriage: **The Radio Ghosts**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side stompers**
Leamington Royal Spa Centre: **The Au Pairs**
Leeds Marquis of Granby: **Geoff Jackson & The Huns**
Liverpool The Masonic: **The Skelters**
London Cabaret Futura: **Richard Strange**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Shine/Amy/The Covers**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Saints/ Eraserhead**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **Plastics/Tuxedo Moon/ This Heat**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **A E Liquid**
London Chelsea The Roebuck: **The 45's**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Time Flies/ The Lucys**
London Ealing Maddocks: **The Decorators**
London Euston The Pits: **Empire**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Restricted Code / FK9**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Barclay James Harvest**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Quarks / Baby Amplifiers**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London N4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **The Reasons**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Rotherhithe Apples & Pears: **A Bigger Splash**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Gordon Lightfoot**
London Southall White Hart: **Eskalator**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Chevrons**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Lounge Lizards / Birthday Party**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Chefs / Dolly Mixtures**
London Willesden Technical College: **Back Door Man**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Long Tall Shorty/ Eddy Steady Go**
London W1 (Dean St) Gaz's: **Lord Sutch & The Savages**
London W1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W1 The Embassy: **Freehand**
Mansfield Red Lion: **Red Zoo**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **The Cure**
Newcastle City Hall: **Stiff Little Fingers / The Wall**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Oxford Scamps: **English Subtitles**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Squeeze/ Otway & Barrett**
Sheffield Byron Arms: **Nick Robinson's Flying Fingers**
Sheffield City Hall: **Toyah / Wasted Youth**
Sheffield Marples Club: **Vena Cava / Up Against It**
Southend Zero 6: **Jah Wobble & Friends**
Staines Jacksons Club: **The Mighty Strypes**
St Albans Horn Of Plenty: **The Stop Band**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **The Naughty Boys**
Taunton Odeon: **Wishbone Ash**
Thetford Carnegie Room: **The Shots**

XTC claim their new concert series is unique, because it has absolutely no connection with record promotion. Well, maybe "unique" is stretching it a bit — but rare, certainly. With no axe to grind but only to play, they're in action at York (Thursday), Sheffield (Friday), Blackpool (Saturday), Edinburgh (Monday), Newcastle (Tuesday) and Liverpool (Wednesday).

Todmorden Golden Lion: **Private Dicks**
Torquay Princess Theatre: **Patti Boulaye (for a week)**

TUESDAY

Billingham Black Horse: **Celebrated Ratcliffe Stout Band**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Gordon Lightfoot**
Birmingham Park Avenue: **Grand Union**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bournemouth The Majestic: **The Secret**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Wishbone Ash**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **The Popes**
Cardiff New Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Cardiff Top Rank: **The Psychedelic Furs**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Silence/Future Daze**
Chatham Central Hall: **Shakin' Stevens**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **Tony Capstick**
Dudley Town Hall: **Budgie**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Manhattan Transfer**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **Reggie & The News**
Halifax Foggys: **Private Dicks**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Toyah/Wasted Youth**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **The Undertones/TV 21**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Way Of The West**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Bobby Harrison's Asia**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Keith James**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Imports/The Direct Hits**
London Euston The Pits: **Restricted Code/Pressgang**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Little Roosters/The Heroes**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Dave Ellis Band/The Volcanos**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **A Bigger Splash**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: **The Cruisers**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Sketch**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Martian Dance**
London Putney Stars: **The Identical Twins**
London Putney Star & Garter: **The 45's**
London Putney White Lion: **Steve Tilston's Loose Shoes**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Southall The Cavern: **The Attendants**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Small Change**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Blue Cats**
London Stratford Green Man: **Far Canal**
London Tottenham Prince of Wales: **The Alligators/The Wrecktangles**
London Victoria The Venue: **UK Decay/The Dark**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Flying Padovanis**
London Woolwich Odeon: **Girlschool/A II Z**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Acker Bilk Band**
Luton Kingsway Tavern: **Eddy Stanton**
Maidstone Ship Inn: **Naughty Thoughts**
Manchester (Chorlton) Lamplight Club: **The Cheaters**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Richard Strange & Cabaret Futura**
Newcastle City Hall: **XTC**
Nottingham (Gedling) Grey Goose: **The Civilians**
Nuneaton Co-op Hall: **The Quads**
Oxford Sandpipers: **Back Door Man**
Salford University: **Q–Tips**
Southend Rascals: **Steve Hooker's Shakers**
St. Albans City Hall: **John Cooper Clarke**
Stockport Brookfield Hotel: **Images**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Chevy**
Yeovil Johnson Hall: **Tenpole Tudor**
York University: **Wild Horses**

WEDNESDAY

Aberdeen University Union: **Thin Red Line/The Parachute Failed**
Bath Walcot Village Hall: **The Mob**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Odeon: **Toyah/Wasted Youth**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bolton Scamps: **Zanti Misfitz**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Tony Capstick**
Bradford University: **Richard Strange & Cabaret Futura**
Brighton Top Rank: **The Undertones/TV 21**
Cambridge Gt. Northern Hotel: **Spider**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Broadcast/Airstrip 1**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Sneak Preview**
Coventry Technical College: **The Quads**
Coventry Tiffany's: **Chas & Dave**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Tommy Steele**
Derby Old Bell: **The Civilians**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Wild Horses**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Chain Reaction**
Exeter Winstons: **In The Red**
Flixton Red Lion: **The Out**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Naughty Thoughts**
Halifax Foggys: **Private Dicks**
Hastings Crypt Dancehall: **Chelsea**

THE CRAMPS fly in from the States, just at the time when their 'Psychedelic Jungle' album is beginning to make its presence felt. They're undertaking a two-leg tour, the first half of which starts at Nottingham (Thursday), Edinburgh (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday), Leeds (Sunday) and Keele (Wednesday).

Hornsea Ocean Club: **Blitzkrieg Patrol**
Huddersfield Club Eros: **Praying Mantis**
Inverness Ice Rink: **Stiff Little Fingers/The Wall**
Keele University: **The Cramps**
Kettering Rising Sun: **The Cassettes**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Manhattan Transfer**
Liverpool Rotters: **The Psychedelic Furs**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **Attempted Moustache**
Liverpool University: **XTC**
London Acton White Hart: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Tribesman**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Sunfighter/Capital Dandies**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Leszek**
London Chelsea The Roebuck: **The 45's**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Spoilers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Jody St./Freeball**
London Euston The Pits: **The Gas/Plain Characters**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Motor Boys Motor/The Sheep**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Stiletto/The Chevrons**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **A Bigger Splash**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Modern Jazz**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Roberto Campoverdi's Cayenne**
London Oxford St. 101 Club: **Chris Barber Band**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm/The Elite**
London Piccadilly Planets: **The Method Actors/Fast Set**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Casey Quartet**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Whizz Kids**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **J.J. & The Flyers**
London Stratford Green Man: **Jazz Sluts**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Gordon Lightfoot**
London Victoria The Venue: **Michael Prophet**
London Wimbledon Tennessee Club: **The Spiders**
London W.1 The Embassy: **Downliners Sect**
London W.1 Gossips: **The Purple Hearts/The Razz**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Beech Club: **Steve Perrin Band**
Manchester Fagins: **John Cooper Clarke**
Manchester Mayflower: **UK Decay**
Manchester Whitworth Park College: **The Cheaters**
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **Mal Practice**
Mountain Ash New Theatre: **Nine Below Zero**
New Romney Seahorse: **The Record Players**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Shakin' Stevens**
Sandwich White Horse: **Perry White Band**
Sheffield George IV Hotel: **Spirit Level**
Southsea Kings Theatre: **Leo Sayer**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stafford Bingley Hall: **Bruce Springsteen & The E-Street Band**
Stockport Warren Buckley Club: **Marquis De Sade/The Predators**
Stroud Beacon Club: **Back Door Man**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **Rockin Horse**
Torquay 400 Ballroom: **Tenpole Tudor**

DATA CONTROL — LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

OUTLAW PRESENTS

RAINBOW THEATRE
Thursday 21st May 7·30pm
TICKETS £3·50, £3·00

THE UNDERTONES

PLUS SUPPORT

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
Sunday 24th May 8pm
ALL TICKETS £3·50

FROM BOX OFFICES, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE & ALL USUAL AGENTS (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

ANGEL WITCH
VARDIS
WHITE SPIRIT

BLACK AXE

LYCEUM
STRAND, WC2

The Bailey Bros. U.M. Disco Road Show

SUNDAY 31st MAY at 7·30

TICKETS £3·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

ROCK CITY
TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM
Tel 0602 412544 — **Open 8pm — 2am**

Thursday 14th May — Adv £2.50
THE CRAMPS

Friday 15th May — Adv £2.50
PSYCHEDELIC FURS

Saturday 16th May — Adv £2.50
SQUEEZE

Thursday 26th May — Adv £3.00
GIRLSCHOOL + A II Z

Wednesday 27th May — Adv £3.00
XTC

Wednesday 3rd June — £1.50 on door
Nightclubbing Dancenight
SOFT CELL
Ronny — Rusty Egan — Steve O

Thursday 4th June — Adv £2.00
TRUST

Saturday 6th June — Adv £3.00
JUDIE TZUKE

Thursday 11th June — Adv £2.50
CLASSIX NOUVEAUX

Friday 12th June — Adv £3.00
TEARDROP EXPLODES

Saturday 13th June — Adv £3.00
SUGAR MINOTT

Wednesday 24th June — Adv £3.50
KRAFTWERK

Wednesday 1st July — Adv £2.50
DURAN DURAN

Tickets from:- Rock City Box Office, Virgin, Selectadisc, Victoria Box Office, Nottingham — RE Cords, Derby — Syd Booth, Mansfield — Pride, Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks & Sanctuary, Lincoln or by Post from Rock City. Enclose SAE.

MANAGEMENT EAST PRESENTS
THE FASCINATORS
at the Cock Tavern, 269 Hertford Road, Edmonton
Saturday 16th May with guests
GALLERY FIVE

THE PITS
GREENMAN, EUSTON ROAD, NW1
***Licenced 8.30 till 1 am* Opp Gt. Portland St tube**

Thursday 14th May — £1.50
THE KEYS

Friday 15th May — £1.50
SALT + The Dee Tees

Saturday 16th May — £1.50
FAMOUS NAMES + Positive Signals

Monday 18th May — £1.50
From The Ashes of Gen X come
EMPIRE

Tuesday 19th May — £1.50
SIAM + FK9

Wednesday 20th May — £1.50
THE GAS + Plain Charactors

THE BASEMENT BAR
Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith W6

Thursday 14th May — £1
THE ALMOST BROTHERS + Support

Friday 15th May — £1
AUNTIE PUS + Support

Saturday 16th May — £1
LUCKY SADDLES + Support

Monday 18th May — £1
HIDDEN CHARMS + Support

Tuesday 19th May — £1
MARGO RANDOM & THE SPACE VIRGINS + Support

STARLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane, West Hampstead NW8

Thursday 14th May — £1.50
TAKEAWAY + Perfect People

Friday 15th May — £1.50
DUMB BLONDES + The Whizz Kids

Saturday 16th May — £1.50
THE BLUES BLASTERS featuring Victor Brox + Peter Pans Playground

Sunday 17th May — £1.50
BLACK MARKET + Monkey

Monday 18th May — £1.50
THE QUARKS + Baby Amplifiers

Tuesday 19th May — £1.50
DAVE ELLIS BAND + The Volcanos

Wednesday 20th May — £1.50
STILLETTO + The Chevrons

Thursday 21st May — £1.50
THE CARPETTES + Nouveau-a-go-go

For Information ring Pete 624 7611

Please phone before setting out, check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

THUR. MAY 14. THE METEORS
Hammer horror rockabilly played with fanatical zeal and lashings of tomato ketchup

THE BLUE CATS
FRI 15. More rockabilly from a larger than life outfit whose bruisin' sound Marvin Rainwater was said to have "been looking for for twenty years."

PAUL KENNERLY BAND
SAT. Wrote and conceived the supergroup 'WHITE MANSIONS' and 'LEGEND OF JESSE JAMES' albums, and is obviously blessed with considerable talent. Own country rock band is fine too, but the reputations are musical not music biz.

SUN. 17. BURMA BLUR + THE CREAMIES + BACK DOOR MAN.

MON. 18. STAGESTRUCK + FLASH HARRY

TUE. 19. THE TRANSMITTERS + MOTOR BOYS MOTOR

THE DOLLY MIXTURE
WED. Girl trio whose cute stage manner and 60's soul set was mispackaged 1st time round. #2 shot at stardom has fewer covers in the set and act is definitely wiser, yet still effervescent.

THE DECORATORS
THUR 21. "...ring-road soul-pop which makes Uxbridge sound poetic." reported N.M.E.

THE DOORS OPEN 8·45 till LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN ITS 7.30 till 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8·30 A.M. till 6 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 836 1927 PHONE FOR RESTAURANT INFO:- 240 3961

DOMINION THEATRE
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON W1

Derek Block presents

JOHN COOPER CLARKE
& THE INVISIBLE GIRLS

PLUS SUPPORT

SATURDAY 30th MAY 8pm

TICKETS £3·00 £2·50

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100 THINGS TO DO RECORDS PROUDLY PRESENT
BLUEMIDNIGHT/1,000,000 HAMBURGERS
NEW DOUBLE 'A' SIDE — 12 MINUTES — 75p SINGLE
AVAILABLE FROM **ROUGH, RED RHINO, REVOLVER ETC**

CINEMAS

ERIC MITCHELL'S
UNDERGROUND U.S.A
The new cult movie of the summer

music by
The Lounge Lizards
Tamla motown
James White &
The Blacks

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THE MALL SW1 930 3647

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LIVE BANDS PLUS VIDEO

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MANUFACTURED ROMANCE
CASE
14 MAY
15 MAY
SCARS
BIM
O.K. JIVE
16 MAY
BLURT
BIRTHDAY PARTY
IVORY COASTERS
17 MAY
GIRLS AT OUR BEST
BUMBLE & THE BEES
ANIMAL ANSWER

DOORS OPEN 7.30
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Stanley Frank

... plays it till it hurts

MAY
Tues 12 The Greyhound
Thurs 14 The Kensington
Fri 15 Dingwalls

ROTTERS St. John's Precinct, Liverpool
(Tel 051 709 0771)

PORTERHOUSE PROMOTIONS PRESENT
Wednesday 20th May
PSYCHEDELIC FURS
Advance Tickets £2.50

Wednesday 10th June
JUDIE TZUKE
Advance Tickets £3.00

Tickets by post from **PORTERHOUSE PROMOTIONS, 20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts.** *Enclose SAE for other outlets and times see local press.* Must be over 18 years of age. No Dress Restrictions. No Membership Required.

! NEWS FLASH !
REGGAE RETURNS TO THE 100 CLUB
Thursday 14th May
NOT THE HORSESHOE !!!
Starring
CREATION REBEL
New Wave at the 100 Club
Thursday 19th May
MARTIAN DANCE
+ The Tea Set

THE MOONLIGHT CLUB
100 West End Lane, West Hampstead NW6

Wednesday 13th May — £1.50
JUMP SQUAD/THE WHIZZ KIDS

Thursday 14th May — £1.50
SKI PATROL + Bee Vamp

Friday 15th May — £1.75
BIRTHDAY PARTY + Dr Mix & The Remix + Self Control

Saturday 16th May — £1.50
THE PURPLE HEARTS + The Directions

Sunday 17th May — £1.50
THE KEYS + The Almost Brothers

Monday 18th May — £1.50
THE CHEFS/DOLLY MIXTURE

Tuesday 19th May — £1.50
THE FLYING PADOVANIS + Bumble & The Bees

Wednesday 20th May — £1.50
MUSIC FOR PLEASURE + Art Objects

Mick Cater presents
ROBERT PALMER
+ Support

EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE
031-557 2590
Sunday 21st June

MANCHESTER APOLLO
061-273 1112 3
Monday 22nd June

LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL
0533 551502 540396
Tuesday 23rd June

BIRMINGHAM ODEON
021-643 6101
Wednesday 24th June

All concerts 7.30pm
All Tickets £4.50 £4.00 £3.50
Available from Theatre Box Offices and all usual agents.

APOLLO VICTORIA

OUTLAW PRESENTS

JUDIE TZUKE

WOOLLY WOLSTENHOLME

FRIDAY 12th JUNE 7·30pm

Tickets £4.00, £3.50, £3.00.

FROM BOX OFFICE, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, & USUAL AGENTS. (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

WARNER WEST END 1 2 3 4
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1 BETTE MIDLER
Divine Madness AA
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2.35, 4.30, 6.30, 8.30

2 THE ADVENTURE CONTINUES
SUPERMAN II A
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Progs: 12.45 (not Sun), 3.15, 5.45, 8.20
Late show Fri and Sat 11pm

3 SHIRLEY MacLAINE ANTHONY HOPKINS
BO DEREK
A Change of Seasons AA
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4 The Army was no laughing matter until Judy Benjamin joined it.
★GOLDIE HAWN★
PRIVATE BENJAMIN AA
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(Tel 0602 412544)

GIRLSCHOOL

Plus *A II Z*

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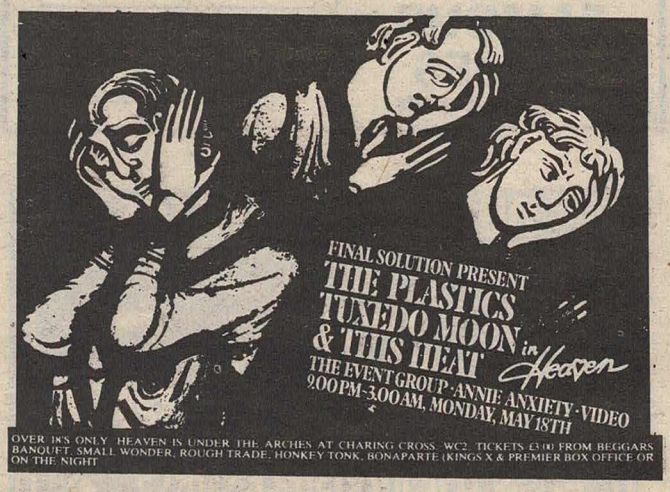

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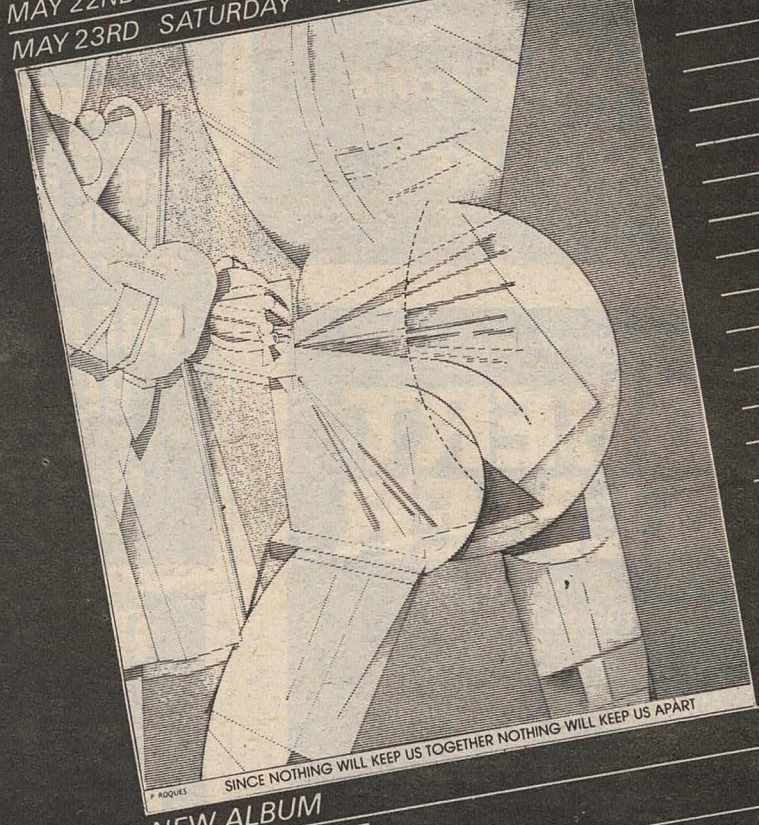

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PRE

DATA CONTROL

GARAGELAND

I Jahman Levi, looking like a right 'erbert. Pic: Adrian Boot.

Reggae Runnings

IN London for the first time this week arrives Jamaican singer **Freddie McGregor,** a month long business visit that is hoped to yield a tour of this country by Mr McGregor and his band One Vibe later this year. His 'Bobby Babylon' LP for Studio 1 is currently top of the reggae album charts here, and a new set of mostly chant material for Niney the Observer entitled 'Lovers Rock Showcase Jamaica Style' is issued on Third World's subsidiary Live & Love label this week. Current McGregor hits include 'Natural Collie' (High Times), 'When I Am Ready' (Studio 1) and 'Leave Yah' (JB).

New discomix releases include: **Errol Dunkley,** 'Happiness Forgets' (Natty Congo), **Michael Prophet,** 'Lady Friend' c/w **Lee Van Cleef,** 'Teacher For The Class' (Selena), **Sowell Radics,** 'Caution' c/w 'Bali-Hi Special' (Attack), **Creation Steppers,** 'Africa' c/w **Jah Pebbles,** 'Psalms 87:2' (Lloyd Coxsone Outernational) and **Hughie Issacher,** 'Don't Pretend You Love' (House Of Asher).

Further folklore from **I Jahman Levi,** now permanently resident in Jamaica, who brings forth next cut of 'Jah Heavy Load' on his own Jahmani label. Other interesting new pre titles: **Rod Taylor,** 'Words Of Parables' (Belva), **Norris Reid,** 'Entrance Of Jah World' (Rockers International), and **Bingi Bunny and the Morwells,** 'Him A Natty Dread' c/w **The Radics,** 'Morwell Done It' (Morwell Esq).

Gladstone Centre presents new UK reggae group **Ambassador** live on stage this Saturday, May 16 at their premises in Anson Road, Cricklewood. Sounds by **Silver Camel.** Tickets are £1.00 from Record Shack, Berwick Street, London, W1; and £1.50 at the door. Tube to Dollis Hill is suggested by way of further information.

Meanwhile, this Friday, May 15 Love Linch of Brockley present a night of Musical Space Invaders to be held at St Pauls Crypt, Deptford High Street, SE8 — from 11pm till dawn. Live on stage; the Great Scorpions Dancers with sounds by Ecko Symbolic Hi—Fi Junior with Ranking Strika at the control and Doctor Do Good at the microphone, also The Mighty Revolutionaries with Dicky Dread at the control, along with the man call Blackie, man call Shoa-Lin Monk at the microphone stand and Mickey Ranks. For which events participants are advised to "forward through the gate and co-operate — pay your rate and don't be late."

Penny Reel

THE Chilean with the singing nose called **Alvaro** who emerged a couple of years ago on Warm records with an album featuring the legendary track 'Drinking My Own Sperm' has found a home on Germany's Squeaky Shoes Records.

A tape of four sad songs including a re-recording of 'Sperm' is now available from this Amazonian cult who is enjoying considerable success both sides of the Channel. The British outlet is Recommended Records 583 Wandsworth Road, London SW8.

■ A cassette of 8 songs entitled 'Heading For The City' by **The Influence** is mild-mannered slightly stale pop music on Jungle Tapes. It can be bought only on mail order for £1.50 from Julie Gorman, Flat 5, Carlton Mansions, 37 Anson Road, London N7.

■ The second tape from Nottingham's **The Connextion** is available through all the normal channels or by writing to Mick Lount, 128A Radcliffe Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham NG2 5HG.

■ Poetry recited to the backdrop of a loosely jazz/dub soundscape can be heard on 'The Exceptional' by **Kable Truth** which features Nobby Nils and Tina Fulker's poetry. To get it send £1.00 or a blank cassette and 20p to Truthantic Productions, 34 Woodham Road, Bellingham, London SE6 2SD.

■ Patrick Bloomfield is the master mind behind **The Hydrogen Twins** whose first tape release is 'Ful of Dol' on Absolutely Pozz Tapes. It's tacky electro-closet funk with cover versions of PiL's 'Careering' and an unrecognisable rendering of John Barry's 'Midnight Cowboy'. Send £1.50 in P/O's or stamps to Patrick Bloomfield, 103 Colborne Way, Worcester Park, Surrey KT4 8NG.

■ An interesting lucky dip of mysterious goodies called **The Bastoids Box** which includes a C-60 of 25 disco smashes is available for £1.99 from Sean O'Halloran, 107 Windmere House 400 Summerwood Road, Isleworth, Middlesex.

■ For a mere 20p + sae you can have **Life Sentence's** 'Communications'. Mind you it's only a single but Mother Superior at Nun Records has an open ear for new demo tapes to add to Orbital Nun's ever growing catalogue. Get in touch with Orbital Nun HQ, 3 The Crescent, East Hagbourne, Didcot, Oxon OX11 9JY for you holy vows.

■ As mothers up and down the country scream those hallowed words "You're not going out to the golf club dance looking like something out of The Sweeney" **The Pullman Outskirts** have committed the immortal phrase to glorious chromium dioxide and you can get the recorded evidence, a booklet and other assorted trivia for 75p from Atom Bomb Farm Tapes 87 Lower Cambridge Street, Loughborough. Old school ties and 'Biggles' books optional.

■ Evidence of the upsurge of Avonside activity over the past 18 months is provided by the catalogue of Bristol's Quick Stab Music Products. Started in October 1980, the label has released 90 cassettes. For details of the releases send an sae to 177 Cheltenham Road, Stokes Croft, Bristol BS6 5RH. The latest release from the label is by **Broken Pipes Exposed** and is available by sending £1.50 plus sae to the above address.

■ Up on Humberside, Hull's highly acclaimed **Blitzkreig Patrol** has just released a three-track cassingle called 'Fall In Love With Me' through Braxen Promotions. Send £1.00 or a blank cassette to 11 Ashgrove, Beverley Road, Hull, N Humberside . . . if you want to hear a copy.

■ A compilation of West Country talent along with the latest copy of **Sheep Worrying** magazine is available for £1.50 from Sheep Worrying Enterprises, 34 Alfoxton Road, Bridgwater, Somerset. The tape is called 'Tubular Sheep' and the groups involved can be seen at selected venues over the next two weeks, promoting the tape.

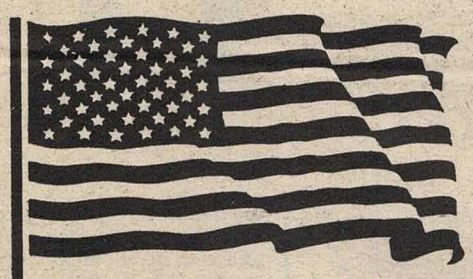
■ Apologies — a typographical error meant that the address for a cassette by **Trick Switch** called 'Where's The Raft' was omitted from the column. The full address should have read Paul Cox, 4 Bury Road, Tottington, Bury, Lancs.

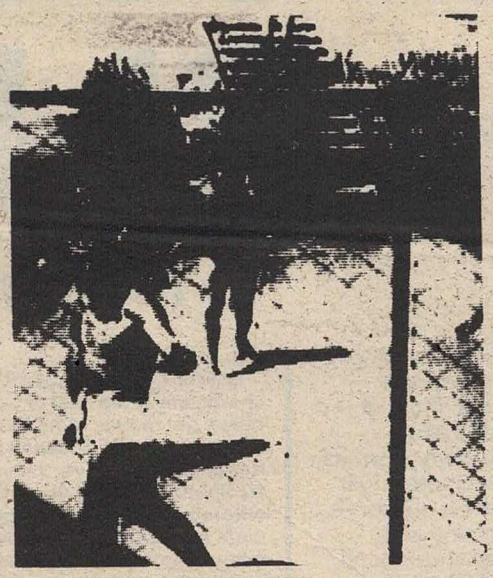
Thank you and goodnight.

This week's indies washed out by

GAVIN MARTIN

Here comes the Flag





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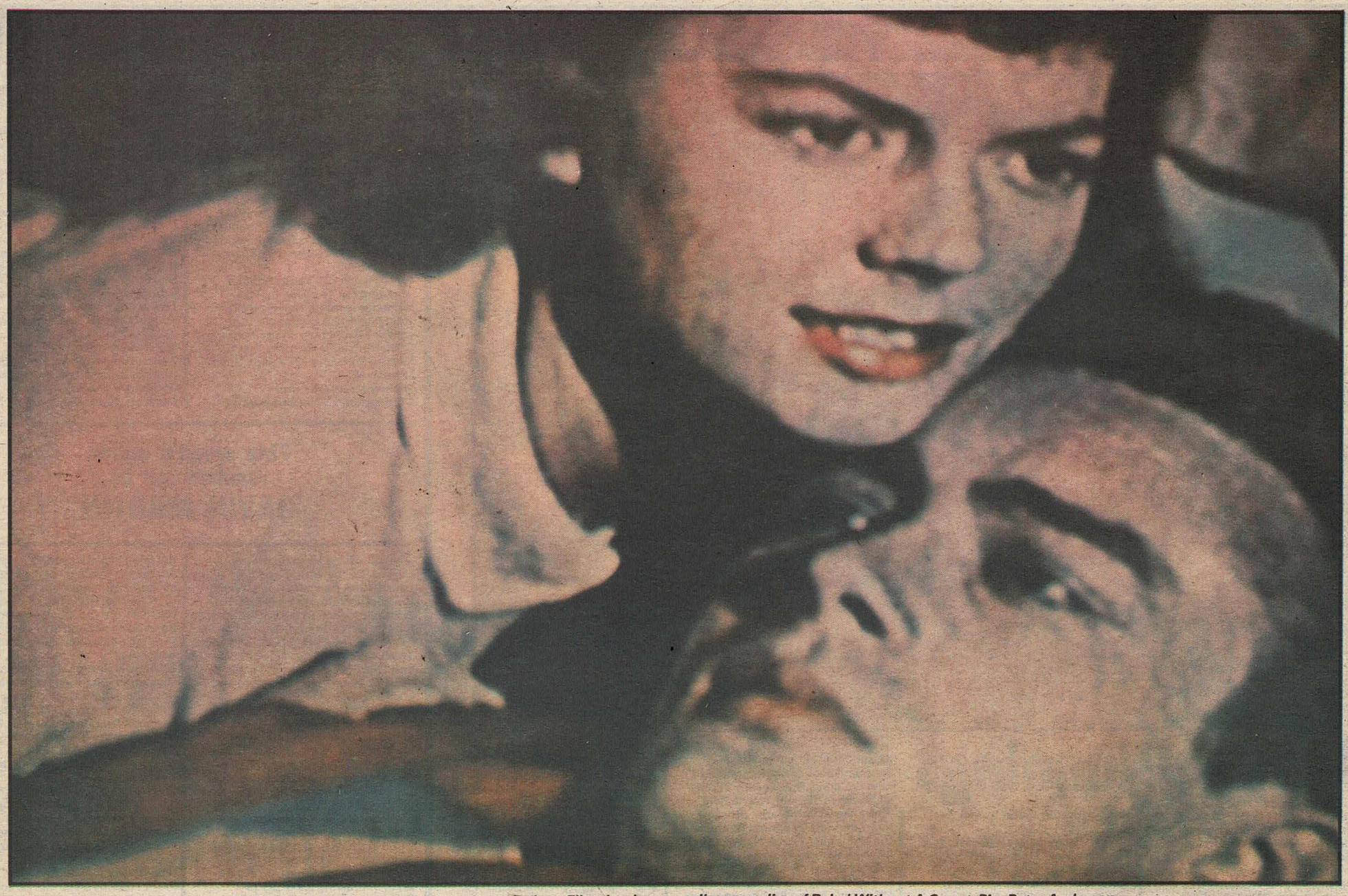

Natalie Wood and James Dean perform the Late Film ritual — a small screen slice of Rebel Without A Cause. Pic: Peter Anderson

TAKE THIS GOD AND BURY IT!*

James Dean:

The Greatest Rock And Roll Swindle Ever Sold

By Tony Parsons

THAT HEADY hybrid of drug taking and style making, this thing called counter culture (I know, I *know* — but *all* the names stink, they all sound like you're hiding roaches) has a soft sentimental white underbelly. Wherein James Dean has lodged for a quarter of a century.

The man who started it all! The first teenager! Part of our wonderful heritage! Martyred rock and roll Valentino!

James Dean has been dead and buried for 25 years — happy anniversary, darling — and hip squares everywhere still fawn over the ritual re-showings of his fine example on the Late Film.

Well, strike another one off the list. The reputation's got rigor mortis, the memory's shot full of maggots, the legend lies a-mouldering, stiff and staid and 49 years old.

James Dean was a sex aid for social workers. James Dean is embarrassing. Rock culture's mooning love for James Dean is a hysterical historical romance, *Mills and Boon* mounting a motorbike. To subscribers of the music press he's the same inviolate icon that *Daily Express* readers find in the Queen. Just as monarchists turn a blind eye to the bloodsports and lush, useless lives of the spud-faced boors of the Royal Family, so youth culture has turned so many blind eyes to the crimes and cretinous tendencies of James Byron Dean that they make Jose Feliciano look like he's got 20-20 vision.

Me too — I was ten years old when I first saw James Dean and he made a massive impression on me, real instant satori stuff. I wanted to weep all over his headstone and see him when I went to the mirror in the bathroom. I grew up acting as though he was looking over my shoulder at all times, taking notes.

James Dean's angle was that his looks made everything that's lousy about growing up look glamorous.

It's always dumb and dangerous to dress up something that stinks in a charismatic package. Think of Marlon Brando as eternal Nazi (*Roots* and *The Young Lions*), Tony Curtis as the Boston Strangler, Tony Perkins in *Psycho*. Foolish thespians do it to this very day: Alan Alda is soon to play mass-rapist Carl Chessman (canonized by both establishment and "alternative" media as the glamorous Red Light Bandit).

Actors — simple, superficial characters at the best of times — all bust a gut to play mindless psychopaths (as opposed to the righteous *Taxi Driver* played so well by Robert De Niro, who kills a child whore's procurer) because they want to "stretch" themselves, they want to prove they can play someone who is "complex".

Everybody in the world who isn't the proud possessor of anything between his ears finds the whole "outlaw" schtick enormously appealing. They're always trying to disprove what Hannah Arendt said about the banality of evil by attempting to portray the *carnality* of evil.

Although James Dean never sank as low as some he certainly started it all. He's enough to make any red-blooded wet liberal come all over his knee-jerk social conscience. In all his films he gives the impression he wants to meet a nice young probation officer and settle down. James Dean is something to grow out of, like picking the scabs on your knees.

LOOK AT HIS FILMS! As the misunderstood loner Cal Trask in *East Of Eden* Dean suffers from the weight of the world on his shoulders and his unrequited love for his father. ("Mother? I want to kill you. Father? I want to — AAAHHHHHHH!" Passing Jim Morrison as they walk on down the hall in opposite directions.)

When a local kraut is mouthing off in the middle of the war about what a lovely country Germany is and let's not be beastly to the Germans, Cal Trask inevitably helps fight off the lynch mob when he should have been helping with the rope. Dean's acting is, as ever, horribly affected, overblown and finicky — Equity's answer to ELP. An overwrought black sheep who won't admit he avidly enjoys wallowing in an ocean of self-pity.

Cal throws a fit because his father refuses to accept any of the money Cal made by investing in war time beans. The father works on the town's draft board and feels he can't take any profit from something he sends young men off to get killed or maimed in. Dean rushes off with his bean money, having a blubbery breakdown and shrieking hysterically (none of this was in the script, incidentally).

Cal gets his revenge by telling his saintly brother Aaron that their mother, who Aaron believed dead, is actually still alive and employed as a cathouse madam. Aaron gets drunk as a skunk, smashes a plate glass with his bare skull and runs off to the war, causing the boys' father to be floored by a heart attack.

But all is forgiven!

The film takes very much the cheap liberal view of No One Is Innocent perpetuated by everybody from Malcolm McLaren to Lord Longford. At the end of *East Of Eden* Cal's father is bedridden and paralysed, making your average cabbage look extrovert in comparison; the nurse comes in to swill out his bedpan or some equally thankless task, murmuring something in a maternal voice about the petrified pops being a good boy and taking his medicine while she's touching up her lipstick (EVIL woman! Oh, HUSSY!). Cal, well, he goes through the roof! Practically throws her out the window without opening it first!

None of this — his father at death's door, his brother insane and on his way to the trenches — is any of *his* fault of course. *East Of Eden* ends in maudlin mood with everyone marvelling at the sensitivity of huge-hearted Cal.

The director of this melodrama was Elia Kazan, who claimed to make folk films. What Kazan made were films wherein male impersonators like Dean and Brando played what Kazan hoped were the Christ figures of a rural and urban Americana fantasia full of mawkish brutality. Very much in the mould of the ginger's romanticisation of brute truck drivers (from Genet through Tennessee Williams to the recent NOTHING FAGGY! camaraderie of films by aged Hollywood brats about blue collar buddies out there napalming 'Nam), Kazan's creations purported to be noble, earthy and full of prole dignity.

Larf? I think I'll never start: Elia Kazan sold out a large number of his friends and colleagues when he testified in front of the McCarthy communist-burning Inquisition, sold them out to save his own worthless neck and overrated career (so did Burl "Ugly Bug" Ives, who was rewarded with the role of Sheriff in *East Of Eden*). This back lot quisling who wrecked lives and livelihoods by the dozen, this was our heroic

■ *Continues page 50*

The long-awaited sequel to 'Take This God And Stuff It', NME's January 1979 Parsons/Burchill treatise on Bob Dylan and The Rolling Stones

When you've got the blues

Get into these shoes

Walking
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Jimmy The Kid

■ *From previous page*

ham's menopausal mentor. They got along just fine.

NEXT UP FOR Dean was *Rebel Without A Cause.* This is a world where child abuse is when your daddy takes away the keys to your car. The shape Dean's in is pitiful — all smallpox scar, budding baby tits and an abdomen that looks as though it's been filled with helium. It's identical to the sub-standard physique of the young Elvis Presley. A sex symbol wouldn't get away with looking like that these days.

Rebel Jim Stark is so *precious;* you really root for the hoods that chase him. They are working class and the film obviously considers them to be a bit, well, *low.* The leading lady is Judy — Natalie Wood — and Judy's beef with humanity is that her father won't sleep with her. Whoever was responsible for cutting this character out of the cardboard was obviously one of those male hacks who thinks he understands the minds of women rather like Ian Smith no doubt believes he knows the way "Da Afrikarn" thinks. It brings to mind Harold Robbins playing with himself every time he sees a young girl buying a Father's Day card — all Harold's heroines want to roll in the hay with Poppa. Judy does herself up like the Whore Of Babylon and flounces about like Shirley Temple with a grudge.

The other love interest is provided by Plato — Sal Mineo — who demonstrates how deep and hard done by he is by shooting puppies, an act of hairy-chested heroism worthy of the Clash members of very little brain shooting pigeons or Sid Vicious killing a cat. All these brave boys should have had electric shock treatment — but at least Sal got what was coming to him a few years back when he was the victim of a Hollywood homosexual murder.

Plato, Jim and Judy play house in a deserted mansion, so coy it makes the latest Barbara Cartland look like *Last Exit To Brooklyn.* Two hoods by the name of Crunch and Goon (trying to tell us something here, do you think? Why not "Thug" and "Filth"?) arrive to rain all over the tea party; Jim Stark was responsible for the death of their friend and they want an eye for an eye. But how unreasonable!

Though out of the '50s, the film is steeped in the Modern Disease of Forgive and Forget — forgive the criminal anything and forget the crime and the victim.

At the end of *Rebel Without A Cause* there's a reconciliation scene fit to rot your teeth (if director Nick Ray had made it five minutes shorter we could have had a happy ending — Sal Mineo got shot by police). Jim Stark tears himself away from Plato's still-warm, firm young body and takes Judy home for tea with his parents. The Waltons putting out the lights and cooing folksy affection ain't in it.

But the archetypal B-movie final

"Eat shit, Parsons!"

frame — cloying slush in close up — can't sidetrack one from what *Rebel Without A Cause* is all about, which is counting a pair of balls, constantly. Make sure they're still there, boyo.

Early on in the film Jim Stark tells his meek and mild father off because Dad was about to clear up the mess he made by stupidly dropping a tray of food. "Let her see it! LET HER SEE IT!" Jim Stark shrieks passionately, referring to his mother. Was there ever masculinity in such a state of crisis as *this?*

The rampant MOMism of Dean's films is staggering. MOMism was very big in '50s America; shrinks of all description suddenly discovered that every malcontent, hoodlum, junkie, psychopath, failure, etc, all had one thing in common. In their background was a MOM! It was all HER fault!

Mom was a castrator, emasculating men, cutting off their balls for earrings, waving them off to the humble office when, of course, if not for these cock-jealous Amazons of the suburbs, the little man would be out killing a herd of buffalo with his bare hands and roasting Red Indians. Like these things do, it filtered down through the concerned murmurings of intellectuals through the media to its final resting place — the situation comedy. These were soon bursting at the seams with cowed American Manhood in Retreat, short-ass hubby with the intimidating bulk of the scowling, becurlered, meat-cleaver-toting little woman towering above him.

Rebel Without A Cause contained some of the most hysterical MOMism ever. It showed James Dean visibly breaking out in a cold sweat if the women weren't kept down there with the Negroes. In fact the misogynist view of women is indistinguishable from the racist's view of blacks — both are terrified that their hate-object has ravenous sexual appetites (and equipment) that he couldn't possibly hope to compete with, nor prevent them from swallowing his frightened little world (and equipment) whole.

Dean's celluloid mothers were a strumpet, a castrator and a deserter (the last guilty of pushing up daisies without consulting James first). You see? Good or bad, living or dead, they'll barbecue a boy's balls every time.

NOBODY ever bellyached as loudly as James Dean about what a deprived childhood he had. "My mother died on me when I was nine years old. What does she expect me to do? Do it all myself?" This from a Californian resident in his twenties with a big fat Warner Brothers contract to make motion pictures. What did he expect her to do? Rise from the grave every morning to make him breakfast in bed?

In actual fact Dean had it soft. He was white and male and middle class (Dad was a dentist). White middle class men are hardly the Untouchables of the Western World. He was brought up by loving relatives on a farm in Fairmont, Indiana, who gave him everything a young boy wants and needs — encouragement and affection, animals and motorbikes plus plenty of cheques and food parcels from home when he was in the big city trying to crack it as an actor. The Orphan Annie routine is second only to his early death in the manufacture of the James Dean myth.

His best film — the only one you can watch without your flesh crawling off your bones and leaving the room in disgust — is the Edna Ferber early *Dallas* prototype *Giant* (long tall Texans, oil and cattle, power and passion, vendettas, revenge and happy endings). Dean is good because Dean is kept in his place — back in the chorus line with the other supporting players. He never gets the chance to hog the screen and coax you into crying into your choc ice (what's so irritating about James Dean is that he wants you to wring your hands and applaud at the same time).

Dean plays Jet Rink, a surly poker of cows who strikes oil and inherits Mammon. The part afforded James Dean his finest thespian moments — ageing some thirty years with the help of wrinkled prune make-up and a shaved hairline, making a fool of himself with young girls, and for an encore collapsing dead drunk with his face in a plate of food. Dean was so good as Rink because the part allowed him to give his considerable self-loathing full rein.

Ironically much of the dialogue Dean speaks in *Giant* is mere mime — some of his Method mumblings were so unintelligible that the soundman failed to pick them up and Dean died before he could try again. The voice of Nick Adams, one of Dean's brooding sycophants, was dubbed onto the soundtrack.

ON FRIDAY September 30, 1955, James Dean was driving to Salinas on Highway 466 when just before 6pm his silver Porsche Spyder collided with a black Plymouth driven by a 23-year-old student named Donald Turnupseed. James Dean died instantly, impaled on the steering wheel of his Porsche.

The articles and one-shot magazines went on forever — *Did Jimmy Dean Really Die?* (one theory had him survive and end up horribly disfigured in a nuthouse), *I Almost Married Jimmy Dean, James Dean's Black Madonna, The Strange Love Making Of Jimmy Dean, You Haven't Heard The Half About James Dean,* etc.

But it is by their loved ones — and who they leave the hero for — that you shall *know* them.

It said more about Elvis Presley that his Priscilla left him for plain chap pauper Mike Stone than all the carnal, chemical, crap food Satyricon potboiler revelations ever could.

Likewise Jim's greatest flames Pier Angeli and Ursula Andress — both perfectly fine and decent girls — walked out that door for lesser mortals.

Although Dean was a strident heterosexual, there's much evidence to the contrary. He avoided the draft by claiming homosexuality. He was no stranger to the casting couch in the scuffling days; an old associate says "He was an instant hit with the fist-fuck set." Kenneth Anger maintains in *Hollywood Babylon* that Dean enjoyed having men stub out cigarettes on his body (hence his handle The Human Ashtray). The night before he died he was at a "stag" party where a fellow reveller cornered Dean and shrieked repeatedly "Come out! Come out!" Dean was terrified of playing opposite Elizabeth Taylor in *Giant;* to over-compensate he urinated on the open set in front of thousands.

How unlike Montgomery Clift, who made no bones at all where being homosexual was concerned. It's ironic that Clift was one of the two Hollywood lights Dean always compared himself to. The other was Brando. "How can I lose?" Dean was fond of rhetorically asking. "In one hand I've got Marlon Brando yelling 'Fuck you' and in the other I've got Monty Clift pleading 'Please help me'." The Monkees look positively spontaneous in comparison.

Dean could get away with comparing himself to Brando (what with his jackboot fetish Marlon is hardly an appealing character) but when Dean puts himself in the same world as Clift the hackles rise.

Clift was better looking, a better person and a better actor than Dean. Clift turned down leading roles in practically every film offered him (which included about two dozen Oscar winners) whereas Dean in true hack fashion gobbled up every morsel of employment offered. Clift was/is too classy to be hosanna'd by the youth culture — they need the gross simplicities of someone like Dean to get a handle on.

Clift was a confused flit but so nice to girls. And didn't they love him! The man had more household face dreamboats falling for him than any man in history. Liz Taylor pleaded with Clift to marry her, Marilyn Monroe was mad about him and paraded in front of him silhouetted by an open window and sunlight sewed into the tightest whitest outfit she had while Monty stuck with his vodka and valium.

The Goddesses understand. Dean looks so *shoddy* next to Clift — think of Clift as Noah Ackerman in *The Young Lions.* Jimmy never came close.

Instead he mouthed inanities like "Being an actor is the loneliest thing in the world." Yes — because without somebody else's words to spout actors flounder. See them groping for platitudes on the chat show.

DEAN'S death was a big break in his career; his next project was to have been *The Left Handed Gun,* a paragon of Western mediocrity, and Dean would have no doubt played the role of Billy The Kid as John Wayne mates Lee Strasberg.

Had he lived he would probably be pestering his agent to get him on *The Muppets* on a slow week. Dean was lucky he died when he did — it sealed a legend that would have been totally unattainable had he lived. And anyone who boasts of having a death wish has just got to see it through. Think of Dorothy Parker anticipating an early grave and then outliving all her peers to die a sad and lonely octogenarian. coffin in Vernor Hunt's General Store in Fairmont, Indiana, for the camera lens of Dennis Stock.

It was Snuff Rock, without the belly laughs. James Dean's death wasn't a tragedy — it was the punch-line to the whole joke.

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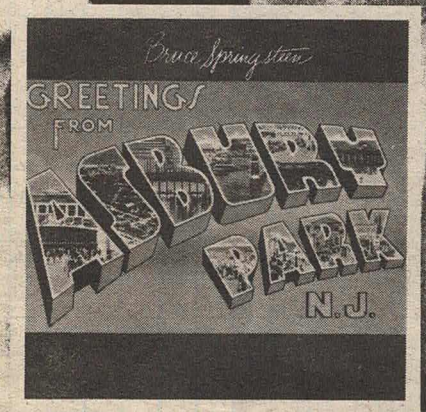

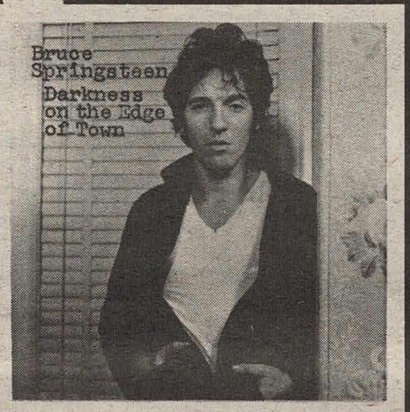

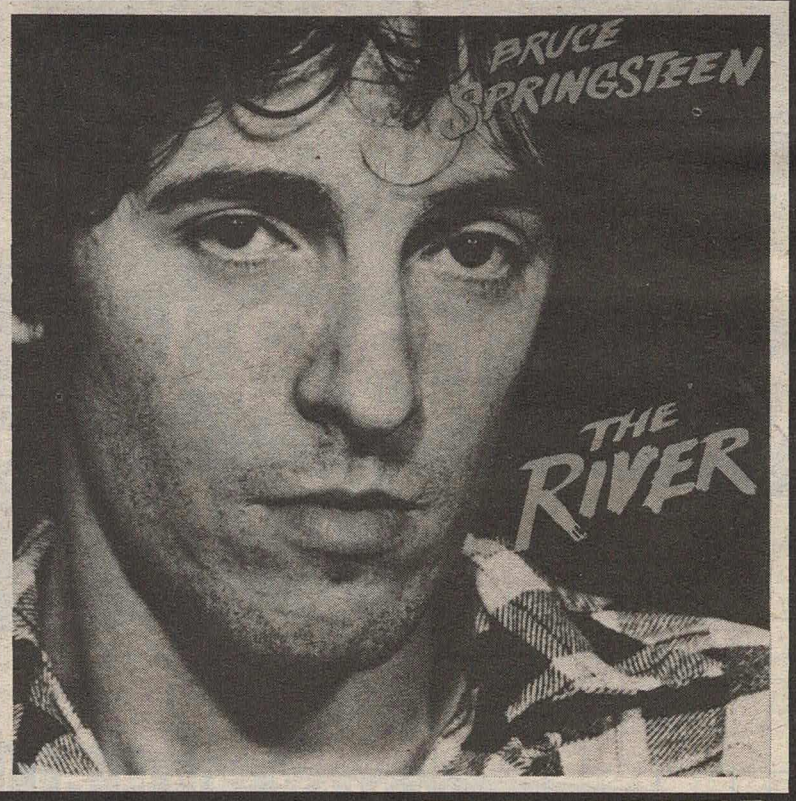

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VIC IS WHERE DEAN MARTIN'S BEEN

Vic Godard
Pic. Robert Sharp

The Bureau
Subway Sect

Glasgow

IN THE beginning was the soul vision. Dexys Midnight Runners were the medium. To translate this into a viable proposition in the trash pop climate was a brave venture: to have succeeded was a rare achievement. But with the increasingly obvious paranoia of Kevin Rowland, things turned sour — and then they were two: Dexys retaining Rowland and the repertoire, and the Bureau: the Dexys who couldn't stand the pose/the pace/the po-faced?

Tonight Glasgow has managed to muster a hundred or so young rebels to witness the group that helped take 'Geno' to number one in the nation's heart. And about half are here primarily to see Subway Sect. But who's counting?

Is Vic there?

The old eccentric must be crazy, crazy! There he is, smooth and confident, in dinner-jacket, white shirt and bow tie, (and slightly fatter than we'd like to see him), seeming to all the world a poor man's Dean Martin . . . So this is what he's up to the minute Bernie Rhodes turns his back; from white riot chaos to cabaret crooner — the alternative Tony Bennett. Anything goes!

The scene should be a smokey nightclub in a bygone age.

Bass, drums and keyboards are quiff-bound: rockabilly that has nothing to do with the current regurgitation. It's pure enjoyment. Only that familiar, nasty reality of a poor live sound quality prevents this from being perfect. They are effortlessly appealing — dedication without profit motivation.

And the stage is full now, alive and bustling with The Bureau. They display an exciting contradiction of showbiz glamour and strict jazz discipline: the juxtaposition of the sensual and the Slavic. The musicianship, of course, is never in doubt, and their performance is powerful, if not quite the 'atmospheric event' these shows are intended to be. Singer Archie Brown (looking like someone in Madness, with blockhead haircut and wraparound shades) is a sharp contrast to dour Rowland.

Some of their songs are just not instant enough to hold the general interest (their first single 'Only For Sheep', played twice tonight, lacks appeal) — but they earnestly pour out effort. And just when they start to seem a bit ordinary, the stage lights catch the shiny brass of the horns, and the glamour is back . . .

There's a healthy energy in The Bureau that once clear of the demands and restrictions of Dexys, will surely thrive.

They encore twice — and as if relieved to have survived the performance, smiles break now. If only they would relax and enjoy themselves a bit more . . . Are The Bureau sincere? Yes! But they're still trying too hard.

And perhaps Vic Godard could try taking some singing lessons.

Kirsty McNeill

New Order
Tunnelvision
Safehouse

The Forum

MAYBE IT was some sort of conceptual joke hatched by Factory Records and promoters Final Solution. Maybe it was the muffled thud of a PA system which tended to make all the groups sound alike. Maybe it was just coincidence — although I very much doubt that.

Whatever the reason, the first two groups — Safehouse and Tunnelvision — on New Order's second ever London show, came across as pale and derivative echoes of another time and another group. And I wasn't the only person in Kentish Town's gothic Irish ballroom, the Forum, to think so: I lost count of the number of times I overheard the observation that "all these groups sound just like Joy Division".

First up were the London four-piece Safehouse who, in their own dismal way, were as pitiful as any one of the third-rate post-Pistol outfits that were thrown up during the death throes of punk.

They were dreary and largely unoriginal. Bathed in cool blue light, the quartet wallowed in a formless musical mire. Their dense barrage of snarling grey guitar is given little real bite or structure by their numbing bass-heavy backbeat. Only occasionally do they hint at something a little more original, notably in the undertones of ethnic Indian musical modes that brightened up some of their early numbers, the vocalist being of obvious Asian extraction.

Tunnelvision, Factory's latest sons, were marginally better. Another quartet, they too rely on a harsh, guitar - laden assault, though their chords are choppier, their bass rhythms chunkier.

But there are still far too many uncomfortable echoes of their obvious mentors, Joy Division. The majority of their songs open with the all - too - familiar sombre bassline, later underpinned by that jagged, regulated snaredrum. These mechanics and dynamics, once so devastatingly used by JD, *have* been successfully incorporated by other groups — take a listen to Positive Noise's 'Ghosts' single for proof of that. But wholesale imitation simply winds up sounding like spineless heavy metal, devoid of punch or passion.

And so, after an LP-orientated disco of dub reggae, and Lou Reed's Drab Ratio 'Berlin', to New Order.

To the predictable massed cheer, they open with a swirling 'Ceremony', already one of the year's better singles — rousing, atmospheric, independent and a chart hit. From there on, however, things gradually became more erratic, even monotonous, even shambolic.

All four members assume more or less equal 'importance' onstage, switching vocal and instrumental roles virtually at will. Although Bernard Albrecht does most of the singing as well as playing lead guitar and melodica, he is by no means the front man. With bassie Peter Hook taking the gruff vocal on a couple of songs, guitarist Gillian doubles on keyboard and drummer Steve Morris adds synthesizer on one number.

They make the traditional roles of *the rock band* more or less redundant although, for all their virtuosity, some of their songs degenerated into half - formulated dirges, tortuous and unimaginatively laden with powerchords and hysterical Albrecht vocals.

At their best, as on the softly pensive 'In A Lonely Place' (the B-side of the single), they recall the tender soul of 'Atmosphere' or the opaque sheathes of 'Decades', creating music of a stunning power and beauty.

But such moments were regrettably few, the lion's share of the set consisting of grinding, slothful rock. They have gained in confidence since their Heaven show and another that I saw in Brighton, but most of what I saw from my seat on the balcony at the sold-out Forum was disappointing.

Maybe our expectations are ridiculously high. Maybe New Order — whose growth in isolation has given them a rare musical purity — should be a bit more *outward,* a bit more optimistic. Maybe we place an intolerably heavy burden on their shoulders.

If so, that is unfair. But this was just another rock gig, and not a particularly great one at that.

Adrian Thrills

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IN THE LOBBY OF THE

Discipline
Lounge Lizards

Her Majesty's Theatre

SUFFERING from the declining audiences in London's West End, the between-shows Her Majesty's Theatre had been closed five weeks before this evening's concert. Its plush furnishings and wood panelling might not make it an obvious rock venue, but then this isn't rock. And, outside a crumbling movie emporium, The Lounge Lizards couldn't have chosen a more appropriate setting to debut their fake jazz.

Being as much about style as music, the Lizards' sharp dress sense — baggy suits with razor edge creases, collars and, excepting the drummer of course, ties — is their passport of acceptance to anything from the seediest of clubs, through the haughtiest of art lofts to this quite grand theatre.

The style naturally incorporates the studied pose: John Lurie is slightly hunched over his sax, blowing with a minimum of effort and indeed a hint of disdain, creating a cool impression as befits a band leader. Brother Evan alternates between conservatory composure and mad organist ramblings, depending on the demands of the music, and you can see drummer Anton Fier's face knot in concentration as he struggles to keep time. And so on.

Though on the surface they treat music like another fashion accessory — "Boy, don't I look cool with a sax!" — it's by no account as superficial as their flippant description. It's a defiant mixture of B-movie soundtrack jazz, artful, punning and genuine love that's guaranteed to upset purists. Pseudo-ethnicism fortunately isn't their primary concern, as they only approximate the form of jazz and fill it with their own (or should that read John Lurie's?) idea of what it can be.

Originally conceived to snub New York art snobs, the joke backfired when they became loved instead. But they succeed in upsetting a few dullards tonight.

"Bullshit!" a few intermittently yell.

"Hey someone, throw *that* guy outa here," John Lurie nonchalantly sneers, his cool unruffled.

Maybe it's Dana Vlcek's deliberately jarring guitaring that is throwing them off, this being a gathering of guitar worshippers. Whatever, Vlcek's contributions are vital to the band's dynamic, grating as they do against the general symmetry of their set pieces. He revels in his role as scruffy clown — broken strings dangle from his machine-head and goofy grins break out like acne when he does something he's particularly proud or ashamed of.

The Lounge Lizards play pop jazz for now people, so let's please avoid tarring them as revivalists or citing them as harbingers of a new beat generation!

Robert Fripp's Discipline is almost as much about style as The Lounge Lizards, excepting that he's not content to stick to one. Instead his music places various passing rock fads in the idiosyncratic setting of his Discipline.

Fripp's perched stage right on a stool, from where he leads his fellow players — Adrian Belew (guitar), Tony Levin (bass) and Bill Bruford (percussion) — with a series of almost imperceptible signs and nods, telling them when to increase the pressure, when to relieve it and when to bring it to an end. And even, it appears, when the excitable Belew should cool it a touch.

While the band romp through various styles and periods, Fripp's rapid, circular plucking remains a constant factor around which the others revolve. Can't say I enjoy all the phases they pass through — one lengthy tension and release jazz-rock piece in particular lost me — but some moments are stunning.

One song, especially, embraces the best characteristics of Discipline, a near perfect rock melodrama in which Belew's allowed to get effectively hysterical, screaming *"I couldn't see his face/He held a gun against me/It's a dangerous city"*, while Fripp and the rest shore him up with a chillingly dark, oppressive noise.

Because these players are so experienced you sometimes get the feeling you're attending an academic exercise. It doesn't last long, however, as Discipline's strength is also their joy. It's (mostly) contagious.

Chris Bohn

Kirk Brandon. Pic Peter Anderson

ABC

Moonlight

ABRACADABRA! ABC show up in London. Another banal crew of slight white boys clumsily revising their dance style for the sake of summer attention? A boorish confusion of fumbling f-f-f-f-funk, pseudo-soul, watery brass and self-defence?

To say it as it has to be said, ABC are successful, a crowning glory, the deliverers of bacon, a promise that's been licked. The tale powers towards the twist. Today the Moonlight, tomorrow the light of the world. Let's fall in love?

ABC were fashioning their joyous nightclub sex-pop before the funk blandwagon wheeled up a trendy action. They now find their exultant chant-dance selves categorised as a nouveau funk unit — but they are imaginative and infatuated enough to transcend the trend just as when Vice Versa they were a high energy extension of the electro-pop theme. Martin Fry, Mark White and Stephen Singleton were the unsatisfied Vice and they attacked the post-League synthesizer sensibility with lovely bitterness.

No one knows that Vice Versa shook up the misanthropic electro-pop harmlessness with sensational indignation because just as they were perfecting their spitfire art they disintegrated, peeved by the tonal, textural and dynamic limitations of the synthesizer.

Undimmed, and even more antagonised, they steamed off in pursuit of their free love action heaven, gathered up David Robinson and Mark Lickley, switched to real instruments, and it's as ABC that their spirited, articulate and intolerant approach to rhythm music will be noticed and coveted. A for action, B for boil and C for cover up four fifths of your body. Let's fall in love?

ABC make their music much the same way Vice Versa did: it's based on the same premises: provocation, irreverance, a cruel streak of desperation, a snatch of narcissism, rampant mobility.

ABC have not been humbly influenced by the libertine Brown, the defiling Chance, the welcome War, the young American Bowie, the immodest Weather Report — they have been delivered. They don't copy, they convert. Their defiant dance music achieves through its organisation and compulsion, directness and naughtiness, a timeless force. They come over loud, clear and decisive. They've taken their time to arrange the decent assault, they celebrate the folly of

Theatre Of Hate
Modern English
The Birthday Party

London University

LATE again, so I missed most of The Birthday Party — who I was looking forward to the most, as it happens. Theirs is the very witching hour's sound, and to squeeze them on so early is to lose a certain bite, though what I heard of 'Catman', their final fling, showed that more than a few sparks had been flying. More of them in a week or two.

On the strength of their 'Mesh And Lace' album, I've seen Modern English twice recently. Visually, they're a curious mix, four Oxfam bank clerks on vocals, keyboards, bass and drums, and a foppish matador on guitar;

LIZARD KINGS

John Lurie. Pic David Corio

dance, they glorify mobility, they stand in favour of The Song.

A for attack, B for body, C for come and get it. When they let you. Let's fall in love? Let's go to bed.

Paul Morley

The Remipeds

Herne Hill Half Moon

AN eight- sometimes nine-piece, The Remipeds are the biggest pub band in the world. They aren't rock, though, but orchestral funk, salsa, soul, reggae. . . proficent musicians all, they move through these genres like superior, inventive Barron Knights parodying styles rather than individual songs.

The bass player looks like Mike Harding. The horn section aren't adverse to walking riffing amongst the audience, the singer to removing his shirt and orang-u-tanging on the speaker stacks. He's an ageing skin with a passable soul voice and he likes a bit of the old oi oi: knees up, beer down. At least the cabaret of it all can serve as a temporary light antidote to the po-faced way in which so many bands assimilate soul (e.g. Dexys) or funk (e.g. ACR). This kind of zany time is OK once a year as long as you don't forget yourself. . .

Paul Tickell

whichever way the wind blows, they're ready to jump.

They start okay, with '16 Days' and 'Gathering Dust', but all too soon degenerate into a hearty headbang thrash, the live sound flattening out the occasional intricacies of the records into a sub-Banshees drum-heavy bombardment. They seem to go on interminably, and are thoroughly wearing.

Singer Robbie Grey has a remarkable capacity for arousing intense dislike. Put quite simply, the boy is a complete and utter pea-pod.

Theatre Of Hate are currently in the Big Noise League, a prospective future of something-or-other, which is a pity, as at present they're abusing what idiosyncracies they possess and could well end up as merely minor heroes of the bleak, post-punk Gothic goons along with Killing Joke, Bauhaus and all those other names etched in white paint on black Lewis leathers.

With but a small amount of thought, they could be quite enormous in about a year's time. They could *still* be enormous by then, of course, but it's doubtful whether they'd fulfill the proverbial potential, both in their eyes and others'.

The two factors which set them apart from the rest of their nouveau black-thrash ilk are the unusual inclusion of alto sax which isn't actually very special at all, and is for the most part completely inaudible — and the bizarre vocal technique of singer Kirk Brandon, a pint-sized chap made up of equal parts of James Dean and Paul Cook.

Brandon obviously possesses a naturally strong set of tubes, and the determination to use them to full effect; at present, though, this only results in a fairly hideous headache-inducing wail lacking in any subtlety or restraint: the kind of sound which screams "Look what I can do;" but isn't actually *doing* anything.

At the moment, the effects are twofold: one is that the sheer *effort* he expands in reaching —and holding, often for absurdly long periods — certain peculiar notes is such that he's literally reduced to a quivering red-faced wreck by the end of each number. Fine if you like drainage by effort rather than emotion, I suppose. The second is that it's quite simply impossible to make out one word of what he's on about.

Apart from Brandon, there's really not that much about Theatre Of Hate to get steamed up about. It's just the (old) new Gothicism again, this year's wall to bang your head against, that's all.

Andy Gill

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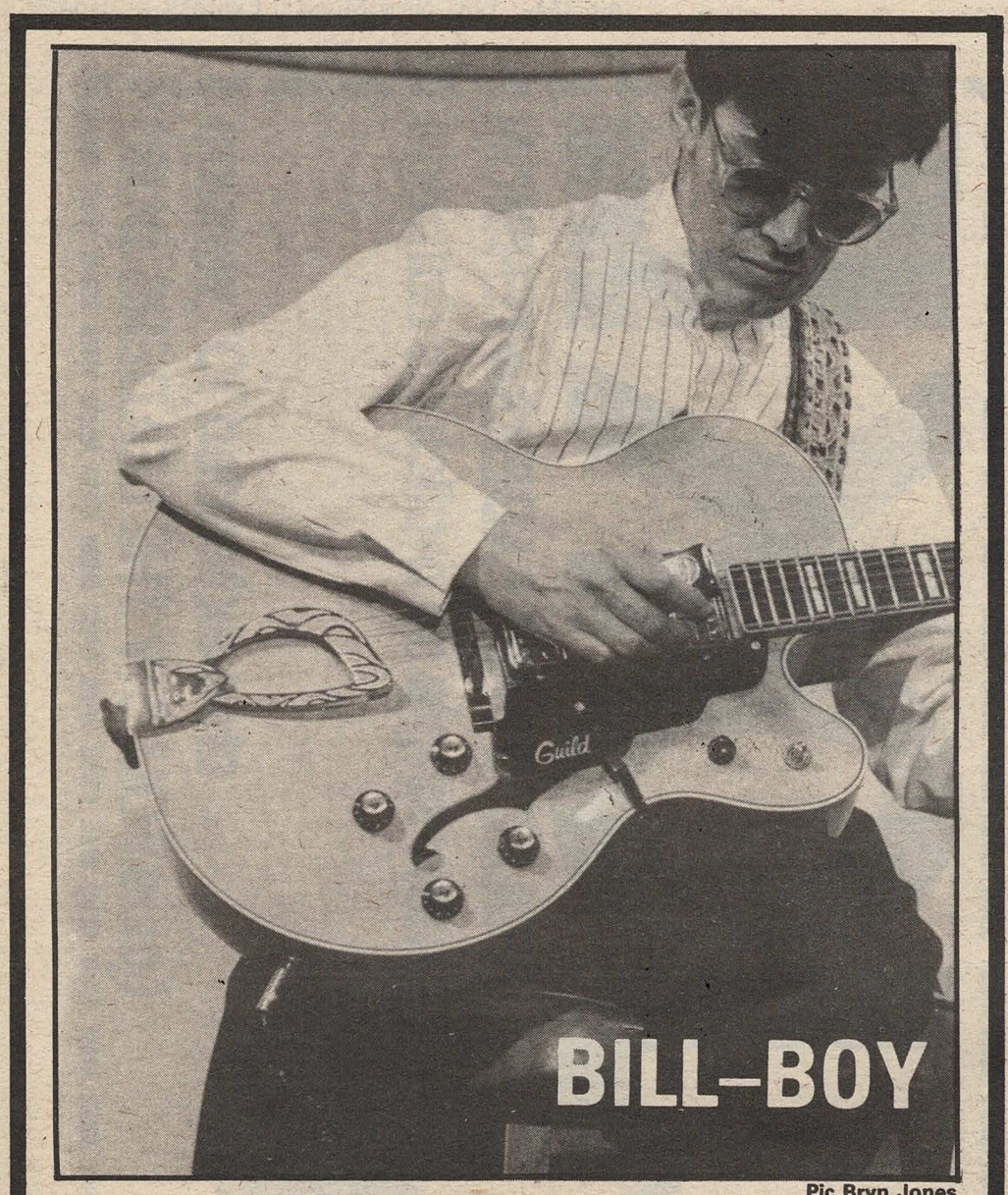

Pic Bryn Jones

Bill Nelson
Vini Reilly

Nottingham

THIS affair of experimentation arranged by the local guitar society packed a pub jazz venue to capacity. On stage first, Vini Reilly is an unassuming figure in a blithely tasteless sweater, nervously announcing that since he hasn't been able to find a drummer he is playing with a drum-machine whose workings he hasn't managed to master.

After his initial embarrassment, Reilly makes a diffident, delicate music. Graceful, airy guitar patterns float around the harder core of mechanical rhythm, creating a cool, quiet sound that seems to spread and hover around the small stage. Reilly's restraint is restful and the overall effect refreshing. I preferred his instrumentals, since lyrics tended to intrude on the pristine classicism of his sound and left less to the imagination.

With his studious spectacles, clean cut good looks and elegant military evening dress, Bill Nelson looks like a college graduate turned temporary holiday bell-hop. Urbane, charming, something of a showman in an understated way, he begins by explaining that his accompanying tapes were compiled late last night and are intended as an integral part of the performance. Neither Nelson nor his saxophonist have rehearsed the set, and when they forget what they're doing, Bill produces a portable cassette recorder with a rather theatrical flourish to play back a snatch of the song.

Sipping wine as if to emphasise the informality of the evening and inserting politely chatty explanations of technique, Nelson plays silky, sustained guitar accompanied by mellow sax in a dreamily ambient set of songs. Slow, sinuous melodies unfold in a variety of atmospheric settings that range from clipped Eastern echoes to a soft latinate shimmer.

Each track is kept fairly short to reduce the impression of indulgence and when heard in different surroundings, adds their creator, he hopes they will prove to be dance tunes. In fact most of the music is too ethereal and fitfully meandering for the dance floor, but when Bill breaks into a passage of fluid, distilled funk guitar the effect is both technically impressive and emotionally exhilarating.

Drifting from one smooth stream of sound to another in songs often so similar that they seemed to intermingle, like most improvisation, the music appeared to give the greatest pleasure to its protagonists. Nevertheless the audience weren't short on appreciation and the applause seemed to be equally distributed between Bill Nelson as a personality and the results of his endeavours.

Nelson himself was careful to stress that he attached no great importance to his spontaneous sketches and regarded the event as an incidental chance to experiment. Taken as such and with an enthusiastic makeshift atmosphere and warm, responsive rapport that made a welcome slant on the standard rock concert, its results were unusually entertaining.

Lynn Hanna

23 Skidoo
The Event Group

Cabaret Futura

IN TWO weeks time Cabaret Futura will be closing down for the summer. It's a smart move, cutting out while the going's still hot, despite the disappointing response MC Richard Strange has received from the performance artists he hoped would lend different dimensions to the club.

Unfortunately, though no end of wildly different groups jumped in, few performers outside music and mime have come forward, making it difficult for Strange to maintain the balance that would prevent the Futura from becoming just another rock venue.

His greatest allies on the left of rock have been Richard Jobson, who's extravagant poetry readings were a regular highlight in the club's early days, and the absorbing weekly Event Group spot.

If the group's performances sometimes stray too closely to cheap fringe shock tactics for aesthetic comfort — like the time they inadvertently splattered the unsuspecting innocents Depeche Mode with fake urine — their best moments have been excellent. And these have often been hooked to their one looped riff — apparently discarded by a Magma person — which they've sometimes kept going for 40 minutes.

The riff made a welcome return this week to underpin their reading of Dylan Thomas's *A Child's Christmas In Wales'*. A stooge planted in the audience danced and flailed frantically until the Futura's normally cool clubbers were forced to join in. People dancing to Dylan Thomas? It's the kind of large scale joke The Event Group are good at. Funny nobody is dancing to 23 Skidoo, but then maybe they're absorbed by their great visuals. Though the relationship between their movies and music isn't always discernible, they're the first of a stream of image/music fusion groups appearing at the cabaret to work them in a stimulating way.

Their use of film is delirious: the screen's split up to accomodate various diverse images over which cartoons, newsreels and more obscure footage are superimposed. Singer Tom's wraparound shades and studied and indifference brings their visuals front a bit too close to the Velvet Underground's Exploding Plastic Inevitable stills for comfort, but who cares? Though they too revel in unsettling, bursts of gleeful guitar noise, the connection goes no further.

Young and snottily adventurous, their contrast of cacophony and fluid, percussion driven rhythms gives them the edge over the too cautious and respectful pseudo-ethnic groups, who have taken their lead from the scholarly Eno and Byrne. 23 Skidoo thankfully trounce traditions and rely instead on their own instincts and memories.

Chris Bohn

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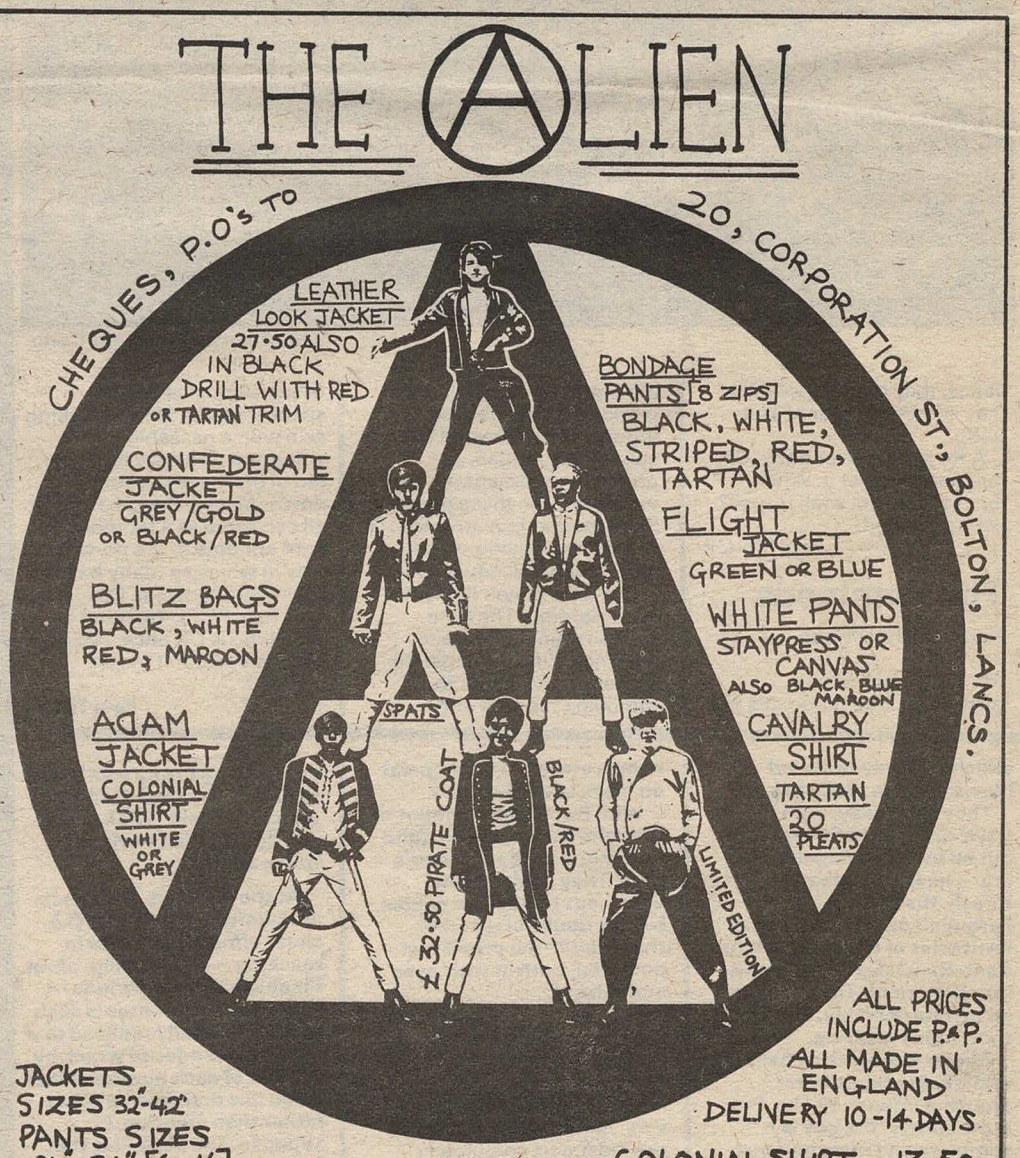

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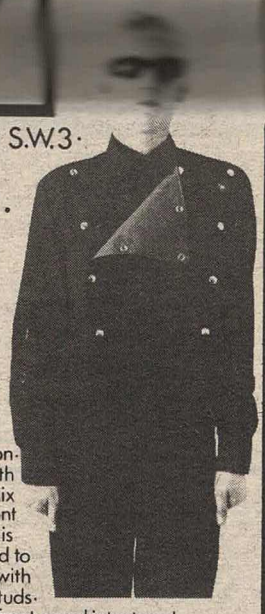

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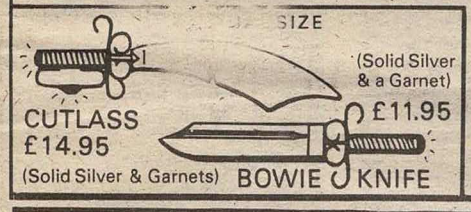

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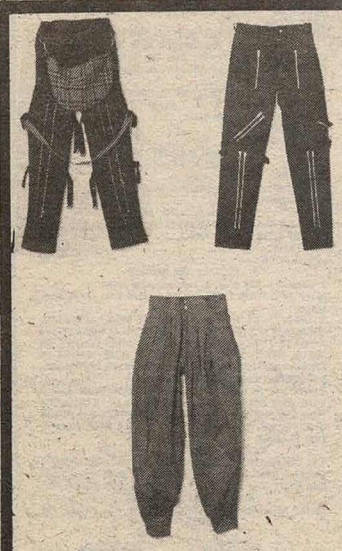

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All shops open daily 10am — 8pm for 1000's of cheap used records/tapes — new releases, deletions, dealers' bargains etc. RARITIES are bought, sold, exchanged UPSTAIRS at 38 Notting Hill Gate W11.

THIS WEEK'S BIGGIES THIS WEEK'S BIGGIES

12" UB 40 Don't slow down / Don't let it pass you by (P) 1.99
7" STATUS QUO Wild side of life; Accident prone; Whatever you want; Living on an island; Mystery song; Live e.p.; What you're proposing; Down down (All import, all pic) ..... each 1.99
12" KRAFTWERK Pocket calculator (long version) (P) 1.99
L.P. OLIVIA N. JOHN Live in Japan (Gatefold sleeve + lyrics + poster) (I) 8.99
12" HAWKWIND Hurry on sundown (6.50) / Sweet mistress of pain (5.20) / Kings of speed (4.25 live) (P) 1.99
L.P. DAVID BOWIE (re-issue of 1st L.P. with original pic) (14 tracks) (Splendid collector's item) (I) 5.49
7" ADAM & ANTS Stand & deliver (ltd. poster sleeve) 1.15
7" ADAM & ANTS S. & deliver (Pic, diff. to poster) 1.15
7" BLONDIE Rapture (Jap ! + lyrics) (P) 2.50
7" JOHN LENNON Woman (Jap ! + lyrics) (P) 2.50
7" U.K. SUBS Keep on running/Perfect girl/Party in Paris (French version)/Ice age (4 track e.p. (P) 1.15
12" TALKING HEADS Houses in motion/Air/Houses (live) (P) 1.25
12" JAPAN Art of parties (6.41)/Life without (6.40) (P) 1.25
12" CURE A forest (long version) (I) (P) 2.99
12" DURAN DURAN — Fame (Bowie's)/Careless Memories + 1 (P) 1.99
7" ADAM & ANTS Don't be square/Ant music (I) 1.20
12" POLICE De do do do/Don't stand so close (Picture disc, shaped like a badge) (I) 8.50
12" ENO America is waiting / Regiment (I) (P) 2.99
12" FISCHER Z Over Germany + 3 (I) (P) 2.99
12" PHIL COLLINS In the air tonight (4.57) (I) (P) 2.99
12" ROXY MUSIC Jealous guy (I) (P) 2.99
12" JOHN LENNON/E. JOHN Saw her standing there/Lucy in sky/Whatever gets you (I) (P) 2.99
(Slightly smaller biggies in other sections)

MEGASTARS MEGASTARS MEGASTARS

L.P. MARC BOLAN Words & Music of (Splendid double L.P. + gatefold sleeve) (I) 7.99
L.P. NED KELLY Soundtrack (Featuring MICK JAGGER) (I) 5.49
7" GARY NUMAN (All Jap ! + lyrics & pics) Cars; Are friends electric; Complex; We are glass; I die you die ..... each 2.50
L.P. T. REX Dabora (I) 3.99 L.P. 20th Century (I) 4.99
L.P. R. REX Electric warrior (Gatefold sleeve, pic of Marc) (I) 5.49
L.P. T. REX Great Hits (Jap ! + lyrics to all tracks) 7.99
7" ADAM & ANTS Whip in my valise/Zerox; Ant music; Car trouble; Y. Parisians; Dog eat dog; Kings of wild frontier (all pic) ..... each 1.15
12" GARY NUMAN/TUBEWAY ARMY Are friends electric; Cars; Remember I was a vapour (2 versions) (All pic) (All I) ..... each 2.99
7" TUBEWAY ARMY Bombers/That's too bad (dble single) (P) 1.60
7" TUBEWAY ARMY Are friends/You are in my vision (I) 1.20
7" T. REX Get it on/Hot love (I) (P) 1.99
L.P. ELVIS PRESLEY Legend of a King (Ltd PICTURE DISC) (I) 7.99
L.P. ELVIS PRESLEY Leg Perf Vol III (Pic Disc) (I) 4.99

GOOD THINGS GOING

7" DAMNED Dr Jeckyl & Mr Funk (I) (P) 1.25
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L.P. GENESIS/P. GABRIEL Profile (I) (12 tracks) 4.99
L.P. GEORGE HARRISON Wonderwall music (I) 5.49
L.P. DEEP PURPLE When we rock we rock (I) 5.49
L.P. RUSH Through time (Best of) Cinderella/Anthem/Overture/Temples of Syr./T. Zone/Best I can/Closer to heart/In the end (I) (Superb pic sleeve) 4.99
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L.P. FLEETWOOD MAC Live in Chicago (Dble) (I) 8.99
L.P. TEARDROP EXPLODES (inc Reward & Suffocate) (I) 5.49
12" POLICE (Pic Disc, badge shaped) Message In A Bottle (studio & live versions) (I) 5.99
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7" PAUL BENATAR Treat me right (clear vinyl (P) 1.15
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7" 999 OBSESSED E.P (+ free patch) (P) 1.15
7" DEVO Mates of state/Be still (Both live) (I) 1.20
L.P. KISS Paul Stanley, Ace Frehley, Gene Simmons, Peter Criss (Solo PICTURE DISCS) (Sleve cut) (I) ..... each 5.99
7" JAM Start/When you're young (I) 1.20
7" JAM Sats kids/Heatwave (I) 1.25
7" POLICE De do (in Spanish)/De do (in JAPANESE) (I) (P) 1.25
7" STRANGLERS Duchess/Raven (I) (Diff. P from British) 1.25
7" PRETENDERS Precious / The Phone Call (I) (P) 1.50
7" SLADE — I'm A Rocker/Ginny Ginny (I) (P) 1.50
10" PDLECATS — John I'm/All night + 1 (Pink Vinyl) (P) 1.25
7" BRITT EKLAND Do it to me (Nude PIC DISC) 1.99
7" O.N. JOHN Magic (PIC DISC) 1.99
7" SNIDS Goodbye civilian (PIC DISC) 1.99
7" SEX PISTOLS Holidays (with original banned British pic) 1.50

12" METAL 12" METAL 12" METAL

12" ANGEL WITCH Sweet thunder + 3 (P) 1.99
12" APRIL WINE Ladies night + 3 (P) 1.99
12" BLUE Wildlife/Schoolgirls + 2 (P) 1.99
12" BLACK SABBATH Die young/H. & Hell (live) (P) 1.99
12" JUDAS PRIEST Take on the world + 2 (Ong) (P) 4.99
12" JUDAS PRIEST Living after midnight + 2 (P) 1.99
12" JUDAS PRIEST Evening star (Clear vinyl) (Drilled) (P) 2.99
12" JUDAS PRIEST Hot Rockin'/Law (live) + 1 ..... 1.60
12" IRON MAIDEN Women in uniform/Invasion/Phantom (P) 1.99
12" IRON MAIDEN Sanctuary (4.23)/Phantom (7.12) Drifter (8.16) Women (First 3 are live) (Jap ! + lyrics to all tracks) 4.99
12" IRON MAIDEN Sanctuary / Prowlers / Drifter / I've got fire (I) (Banned pic) 2.99
12" KROKUS Tokyo nights/Bedside + 1 (Yell vinyl + sticker) (P) £1.99
12" KROKUS Bedside/Back seat R&R/Lady double dealer £1.99
12" OZZY OSBOURNE Mr Crowley + 2 (P) 1.99
12" BILL NELSON Banal + 2 (P) 1.99
12" QUARTZ Sartan's serenade + 2 (Col. vinyl) (P) 2.25
12" M. SCHENEKER Cry for nation/Armed (live) + 1 ..... 1.99
12" SAXON Suzy hold on; Strong arm of law (P) each 1.99
12" TRIUMPH I live for the weekend (P) 1.99
12" WHITESNAKE Love in heart of the city (8.18) (P) 1.99
12" SCORPIONS All night long/Fly + 2 (P) 2.25
12" MOTORHEAD Beer drinkers e.p. (Pink vinyl) (P) 1.99
12" MOTORHEAD Golden years e.p. (live) (P) 1.99
12" MOTORHEAD Golden years e.p (diff Pic) (I) 3.49
12" MOTORHEAD Ace of spades (Christmas pic) 1.99
12" AC/DC R&Roll ain't noise pollution (+ badge) (P) 1.15
12" AC/DC Touch too/Live wire/Shot down (I) (P) 2.99
12" VARDIS Police postcard/All you'll ever need/Power under foot-/Money grabber (Rare promotional 12") 4.99

BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE

L.P. BOWIE Wir kinder Vom Bahnhof Zoo (New pic sleeve) (Has 6.06 version of Heroes / Helden combined + LYRICS) (I) 3.99
L.P. DAVID BOWIE (re-issue of first L.P.) (I) 5.49
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BOWIE POSTER (2ft × 2½ft) of a painting by Edward Bell. Specially commissioned by Bowie himself. Called 'Glamour'. (Poster comes rolled, not folded. Price includes P&P) U.K. 2.50 Overseas 3.50
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7" BOWIE C Japan/Alabama (Jap ! +yrs)(Diff Pic) 2.50
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BOWIE BADGES (1 inch) Low, Man who sold, John I'm, Ashes (clown). Scary Monsters (P&P 14p any quantity U.K.) ..... 25p each
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LP BOWIE 1980 All Clear 10 tracks fromvarios albums. Rare promotolons LP.V ltd (Good pics on sleeve)(I) 13.99
12" BOWIE John I'm (EXP)(+ free RCA 'John' Promo badge) 1.75

CULT 45 CULT 45 CULT 45 CULT 45

7" JAPAN Art of parties (fold out pic) 1.15
12" POISON GIRLS Hex (gatefold sleeve) (P) (Crass label) 2.00
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7" POISON GIRLS All systems go (CRASS label) (Gate P) 90p
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12" DEVO (all live) Freedom of Choice/Whip it/Girl you/Gates of stee/Be still/Planet Earth (I) (P) 3.49
12" RUSH Vital Signs/Passage/Circumstances/Mood (P) 1.99
12" SPANDAU BALLET Musclebound/Glow (P) 1.99
12" P GABRIEL Biko (dif pic to Brit) (I) (P) 2.99
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12" LANDSCAPE Einstein a go-go 2.25
12" VISAGE Mind of toy / We move / Frequency 7 (dance mixes) (P) 1.99
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12" MADNESS Los Palmas/Swan lake live + 1 (+ comic) (P) 1.70
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MAGAZINES & FLEXIDISCS

7" BAD MANNERS Flexidisc No respect (Blue v.) (+ Flexipop mag) ..80p
ADAM & ANTS Mag. Trivia Rock special (Info + pics) 75p
ADAM & ANTS Poster No. 2 (Facts etc. Opens into poster) 50p
7" SELECTER Flexidisc Ready mix (Clear v.) (+ Flexipop) 60p
7" B. RATS Flexidisc D. Loughaire (Yell. v.) (+ Flexipop) 60p
7" CRASS Flexidisc (+ Toxic Graffiti mag.) 50p
7" ADAM & ANTS Flexi A.N.T.S. (Blue v.) (+ Flexipop) 60p
7" JAM Flexidisc Pop art poem/Boys up town (remix) (Blue or Yellow vinyl) (+ Flexipop mag) 60p
7" PRETENDERS Flexidisc What You Gonna Do/Stop Your Sobbing (Demo version) (Orange vinyl) (+ flexi-pop) 60p
NOTE — P&P 50p any quantity. Overseas £1

CASSINGLES (singles on cassettes) CASSINGLES

Cassingle KRAFTWERK Pocket calculator (E) (P) 1.20
Cassingle GARY NUMAN Cars/We Are Glass (Flip) (P) 1.25
Cassingle STARS ON 45 (11.30) (P) 1.99
Cassingle MADNESS Grey Day (P) 1.20
Cassingle PRETENDERS Stop your sobbing/Kid (flip-top) (P) 1.25
Cassingle T. ARMY Down in park/Are friends (flip-top) (P) 1.25
Cassingle SAXON Wheels of steel/747 (flip-top) (P) 1.25
Cassingle PRETENDERS Talk town/Brass in pock. (flip P) 1.25
Cassingle ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN Crocodiles + 3 (P) 1.99
Cassingle BOW WOW WOW W.O.R.K./C.30 (In Spanish) (P) 1.20
Cassingle HAZEL O'CONNOR — D Days (P) 1.20
Cassingle IRON MAIDEN Twilight Zone (P) 1.20
Cassingle LENE LOVICH New Toy + 3 (P) 1.15
P & Packing — 50p (Overseas £1) — any quantity

DON'T STOP THE MUSIC

12" CHAMPAGNE How 'bout us (E) 1.99
12" S. MILLS / T. PENDERGRASS Two hearts (E) 2.25
12" AIN'T NO STOPPING US NOW (Disco Mix '81) (9.20) |Similar style to Stars on 45 ... The next big disco hit) 2.50
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12" SHALAMAR Make that move (E) 2.25
12" SUGAR MINOTT — Good thing going 2.25
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12" WHISPERS It's a love thing (E) 2.25
12" JACKSONS Can you feel it (5.58)/Shake your body (8.40) 1.99
12" QUINCY JONES Ai-No? Corrida (E) (P) 1.99

12" 12" 12" SEX PISTOLS 12" 12" 12"

12" SEX PISTOLS God save the Queen/Do you (I) 3.25
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12" SEX PISTOLS Holidays in the sun/Satellite (I) 3.25
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12" SEX PISTOLS Not your stepping stone/Pistol Prop. (I) 3.25
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7" BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN Born to run; Prove it all night; Hungry heart each 2.50
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BLONDIE BLONDIE BLONDIE BLONDIE BLONDIE

L.P. BLONDIE Autoamerican (+ 7" Call me in Spanish/Heroes + poster + gatefold lyric sheet + Blondie sticker) (Jap !) 5.99
7" BLONDIE Rapture (6.33 L.P. version) (diff. P. to Brit.) (I) 1.25
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L.P. MOTT THE HOOPLE 2 Miles from heaven (includes new & rare tracks plus hits) (I) 4.99
L.P. KINKS Star Discothek; Pop gold (Both I) ..... each 4.49
L.P. KINKS Pop chronik (24 hits dble + 4 page book, I) 6.99

METAL METAL METAL METAL METAL METAL

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L.P. IAN GILLAN Scarabus (I) 4.99
L.P. R. BLACKMORE Green Bullfrog (I) 4.99
7" TYGERS OF PAN TANG Story so far (Ltd 3 tracks) (P) 1.20
LP GILLAN Clear air turbulence (I) (Deleted here) 4.99
7" KROKUS Bedside radio / Celebration / Easy rocker / Bye by baby (P) (+ Free Patch) 1.15
7" RAINBOW All night long / Since you've een gone (Jap imports + lyrics + pics) ..... each 2.50
LP JON LORD Windows (Coverdale on vocals) (I) 4.99
Cassingle WHITESNAKE Don't break my heart (P) 1.20
10" GIRLSCHOOL Hit & run / Tonight / Tush (P) 1.75
LP D COVERDALE North winds (Jap + lyrics) 9.99
7" SAXON Motorcycle man (Jap ! + lyrics) (P) 2.50
7" I GILLAN Smoke on the Water (Jap ! + lyrics) (P) 2.50
LP I GILLAN Live at Budokan Vol 1; Live at Budokan Vol 2; I Gillan (First) (all Jap ! + lyrics) ..... each 9.99
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ALL RECORDS ARE BRITISH UNLESS MARKED IMPORT (I) P=Picture Sleeve. E=Extended version

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MORE SONGS

From page 31

H-Block or whatever. The idea for 'Crisis Of Mine' just comes from that dilemma.

"The new LP is definitely a lot more personal. There is a lot more thought in the songs. And there's no way we could really ignore the troubles. There are still some songs on the LP that people could say are typical Undertones songs. But there are also songs that probably say a lot more in the lyrics than we ever have before."

Dee agrees with his brother.

"I think one of the things that has obviously made us more concerned has been the whole H-Block thing. Before that started, things were almost getting back to normality in Ireland.

"If you ever read the British papers, the attitude to the troubles is always that they are just an *Irish* problem. You know the sort of thing — *The Irish are at it again! It's all their fault!* Typical! But it is as much of a British problem as it is an Irish one. The fault lies in all the mistakes the British have made throughout history in Ireland.

"I've always been frustrated about the way we have never said anything about Ireland in our songs, because we can write songs about the situation without sounding as corny as, say, Stiff Little Fingers. Take Dexys Midnight Runners — 'Dance Stance' is probably the best song written about Ireland in the past five years!"

THE REFERENCE to Dexys relatively obscure Oddball debut single is perhaps significant. While Feargal might be thoroughly disinterested in the latest developments in modern pop, John and Dee are still avid and well-informed followers. Dee checks for Dexys, Madness and UB40 while John mentions Teardrop, The Beat and Orange Juice.

The latter supported on the last Undertones tour just before Christmas and John makes no bones about the impression that they left on him personally, claiming that the track 'Julie Ocean' on the new LP was partly inspired by the Postcard popsters.

"Orange Juice were the best group we've ever had support us. They've probably been the only group that had us all out there every night to watch *their* set. I mean, when we first saw them I just felt that this was the group that I always wanted The Undertones to be. They are the 1980s version of The Velvet Underground. Brilliant!

"If The Undertones are ever as good as Orange Juice or Teardrop Explodes that will suit me fine.

"There's been some great singles released in the last year. It has been really frustrating for us in the last year, seeing all these groups like Madness, Teardrop and UB40 having great singles in the charts and us not having anything, not that we're as good as some of those groups."

We are getting back to an absurd paradox: The Undertones have never actually realised how good they are. This is not a case of false modesty. The Undertones simply lack belief in themselves. Not for the first time, I almost go blue in the face trying to convince them of their worth. Their lack of confidence really is ridiculous for a group of their stature.

"When we were doing the new LP we were very conscious that we were out of fashion," says Dee. "Looking back, I think that maybe we should have used another producer to get away from our old sound a bit more. I reckon we could have changed our sound a lot more than we did, but we were probably too afraid to."

Paul Morley once described John as one of the *saddest* people he'd ever met. John seems a lot happier these days, more accomplished a songwriter and guitarist and more relaxed as a person.

"I don't know about that. I reckon a lot of songs on the LP are still pretty sad. They are more serious. I believe in the songs a lot more now. There are about three or four songs on the new LP that I am really proud of.

"But I still get depressed very easily. It always seem to happen when we're doing interviews!"

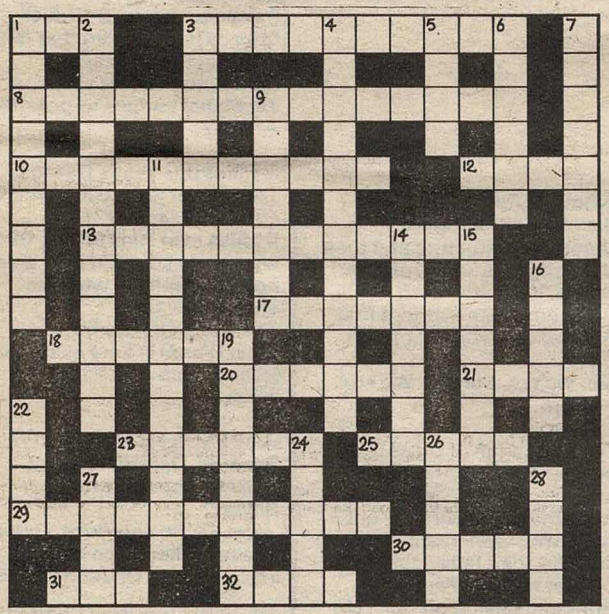
How come?

"I don't know! I was going to say something, but I've forgotten it . . . I must be getting drunk!"

So there we leave it. The Undertones have come a long way since 'Teenage Kicks'. They have learnt a lot, changed a lot. Dressed in their pullovers, parkas and trousers that still terminate a good few inches above their ankles, they might look a little quaint beside Spandau Ballet, Madness, Linx or The Polecats. But they are on the move. As people they are growing up and as a group they are moving steadily away from yet *more* songs about chocolates and girls.

And *that* takes the Positive Touch.

NME X-PRESS WORD



ACROSS

1 &22 One of the 'stars' of the C81 cassette
3 *The* classic Sixties girl group
8 Stuart Goddard's latest costume drama for the kiddies (5, 3, 7)
10 TV Sci-Fi series also the name of a Comic Strip double act (5, 6)
12 A toy for Jackie Leven?
13 A one hit wonder, her Sixties reading of 'Rescue Me' was a Mod favourite (8, 4)
17 Japan pretty boy with apparently bisexual surname
18 'New Rose' was their first 45
20 Mo-Dette chanteuse
21 Harvey, grizzled Scot
23 & 31 Annabella and playmates (3,3,3)
25 UK reggae band
29 'Top Of The Pops' was their hit; they deserved more (3,8)
30 Recently married a Bach
31 See 23
32 Spandau Ballet funk item

DOWN

1 Ze label funk band whose contribution to the 'Mutant Disco' is 'Wheel Me Out' (3,3,3)
2 A Blondie Number 1 (5,2,5)
3 & 16 Touted as East London's answer to West London's The Who
4 & 28 Vintage Jerry Lee Lewis rock'n'roll workout (5,5,2,4)
5 & 27 The beginnings of Merseybeat (4,2,2)
6 David Bowie hit from his 'Pin-ups' collection
7 & 26 Dapper Stone
9 Classic John Lee Hooker blues number, a '60s hit
11 Beat singer (7,5)
14 Newcastle's contribution to Sixties beat boom
15 California's contribution to insomniacs everywhere (difficult this, so many acts to choose from)
16 See 3 down
19 On which 11 down can currently be heard vocalising
22 See 1 across
24 Mr Johnson and out!
26 See 7
27 See 5
28 See 4

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 2 Wasted Youth; 8 'Stray Cat Strut'; 10 Axe; 11 (Elvis) Costello; 12 Modern (Lovers); 13 O'Connor; 15 Scars; 17 'Lily The Pink'; 20 (Modern) Lovers; 21 Joe Jackson; 25 '(Under) The Boardwalk'; 28 'Go West'; 29 (Roberta) Flack; 30 Hit; 31 ELP; 32 Oboe; 33 Freddie.
DOWN: 1 Girlschool; 2 Wayne County; 3 Small Wonder; 4 'Up The Junction'; 5 Hyland; 6 'Under (The Boardwalk)'; 7 'Psychedelic Jungle'; 9 Tom Robinson; 14 Yes; 16 Roberta (Flack); 18 Bush; 19 Scott (Walker); 22 James; 23 (David) Steele; 24 (Scott) Walker; 26 David (Steele); 27 Kate; 29 Fox.

Apologies to X-word addicts for last week's numeration cock-ups, and we'd like to say it won't happen again . . . We'd like to, but we can't!

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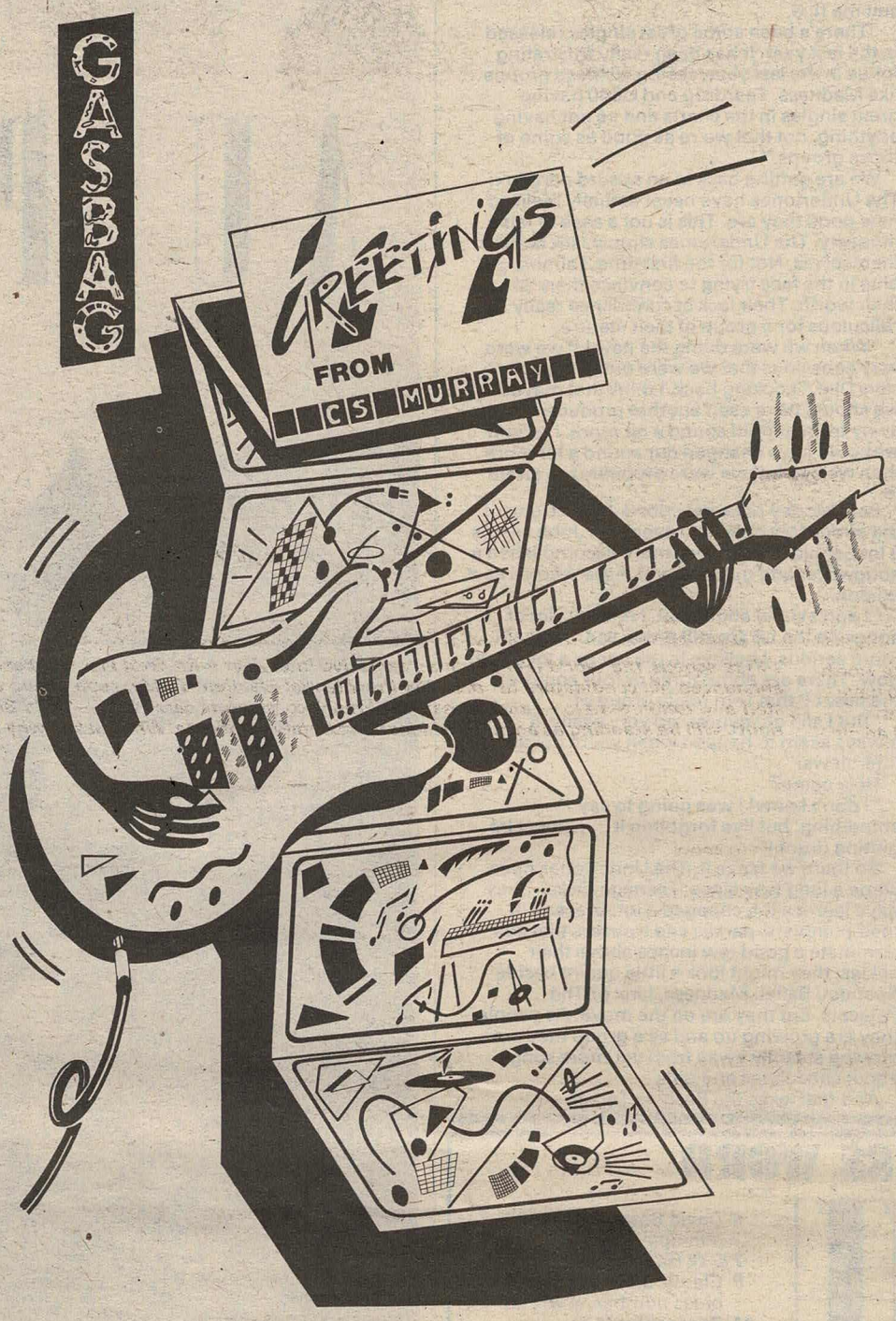
,,	18	EDINBURGH	Tiffanys
,,	21	MANCHESTER	University
,,	22	LIVERPOOL	Bradys
,,	23	NEWCASTLE	University
,,	24	REDCAR	Coatham Bowl
,,	27	LONDON	Marquee
,,	28	LONDON	Marquee
,,	29	LONDON	Marquee
,,	30	BIRMINGHAM	University

(Supporting THE BEAT)
(Supporting THE BEAT)
(Supporting THE BEAT)

HUMAN RECORDS



SWEAT: DOES IT WORK? EARLY REPLIES:
It takes ten years of hard gigging for Shakin' Stevens to make it to No.1 in Great Britain. Sheena Easton makes No.1 in America without even perspiring. It's a cruel world isn't it?
A voice in the wilderness, Nottingham.
Yep. You get penalised for perspiring. — CSM

I would like to make a very important announcement? I love Sheena Easton.
A confused punk.
See? No one's written to us to say that they love Shaky this week. Moral: if you wanna be loved, don't sweat. — CSM

HEAVY METAL: CRAP OR NOT? THE DEBATE RAGES
I was utterly pissed off by Paul Morley's article on Girlschool in the 2.5.81 issue. The guy obviously hates heavy metal and he deliberately perched himself on a high mantle *(Huh? — CSM)* to talk down to and generally run down any heavy metal fan who happened to read him.

He also has a hang up about the word denim and attempts to make out that anyone who attends a Girlschool gig is a 14-year-old schoolboy with a wet dream syndrome about Kim McAuliffe or Kelly Johnson. Are they a two-girl group? Because all we got in three pages was Kelly and Kim. Christ! Even Kim's dad got interviewed and got to tell us how he wanted to be "Britain's Frank Sinatra". I don't want to read that! What happened to Denise Dufort and Enid Williams? Oh well, Enid only happened to co-form the group and possesses one of the best rock voices to come out of Britain. As for Denise, she just happens to be the most articulate of the four and her drumming potential is phenomenal.

Anyway what I'm trying to say, Mr Morley, is that if your article was to be about the band and their musical direction, why didn't it mention the gig contents for the benefit of the fans who missed out? Stick to pop bands, Morley, because heavy metal doesn't need cretins like you!
Denise and Enid freak, Scotland.
Heavy Metal needs all the cretins it can get — CSM.

Thank you for printing the above letter.
Keith Chapman, Essex.
YOU can stay out of this. Next? — CSM

Being a Girlschool fan and noticing the cover of *NME* at the newsagent I bought the magazine expecting to read an interview with Girlschool. The first time I read it I couldn't follow it, it seeming like part of a psychiatrist's report on human behaviour 'weird' questions and slagging off groups such as Whitesnake and Saxon. As a journalist you are supposed to be impartial, Mr Morley, and should not lower yourself to slagging off groups. They are doing what they enjoy and giving pleasure to others and you, supposedly, are doing what you enjoy.

Also, why devote a large portion of the interview to the parents of Kim? As a Girlschool fan I am not interested in how her father failed to get into showbiz. Why wasn't it possible to just ask questions about the group? I normally buy *Sounds*. Next week *Sounds* is featuring Girlschool and I am looking forward to reading a good interesting interview.
Craig Urmston, Atherton, Manchester.
Why not relax and have it read to you? We're sorry that Paul committed the heinous crime of giving something other than that which you expected, and we intend to do it to you again if you're ever courageous enough to haul your snout out of *Snouts* again. — CSM

Bloody aesthetes!
Fat greasy Mark, Stafford
You tell 'em, Mark — CSM

EXPRESSIONS OF DISSATISFACTION
After reading the Velvets piece, I suggest you give the boot to those pretentious onanists Morley and Penman, and replace them with Mary Harron.
Graham Larkbey, Northampton.
Paul Morley understands this letter, but disagrees with its dominant premise. — CSM

I agree entirely with Paul Morley's attitude to HM, but his opinions were *so* bigoted and badly put in the Girlschool piece that I'm worried I may be as big a wanker as him. Am I?
Andy Neal, Chichester, Sussex.
Only if you're over six foot. — CSM

A JOKER WRITES
In the *Gasbag* of 28.3.81, Richard of Leeds claims that by re-arranging British Electric Foundation, you get Nicer Fruit-Lash Noticed Orbit. You don't — in actual fact, you get Nice Fruit-Lash Noticed Orbit. Do I get the prize?
Graham, devoted Jim fan, Scunthorpe.
Whatever happened to the good old days when all anybody ever wanted to do was to create the most ludicrous anagram of that band who were crappy on *Rockstage* the other week? — CSM

FOREIGNERS WRITE
Yep, America's a funny place. Here, the only people who enjoy the "new wave" of English pop (Echo, Teardrop, Joe K.) are the same people who usually listen to industrial and post-industrial sludge (C.V., T.G., Y Front, Dome). Like I said, America's a funny place.
Fun E. Smith, Johnstown, PA, USA.
You don't say! What about Canada? — CSM

I wanted to drop you a line and tell you the great job the staff there are doing. I really do enjoy the articles you put in about the groups and the information you give in the new groups you may not know, but Toronto is right about the British bands and we love all the new fads that come out of England. So I just wanted to tell you that here in Canada the *New Musical Express* is well liked and is the best musical paper bought. So from the *NME* readers in Toronto, we thank you for offering us your paper, so keep up the great work.
Ana Karcis, Toronto, Canada.
See — they love us in Canada! Now what do you say? — CSM

CROSSIE
Having noticed the recent interest in *Crossroads* in your pages, I thought your readers might like to know that I used to be one of the girls at the reception desk who are always being received by David Hunter. Although I never actually had any lines to learn, I once said "Yes, Mrs Mortimer", nodded and walked through the sliding door. I also appeared in a kitchen scene slicing Shuie McFee's carrots, and Adam Chance said "You can go now, Sandra", to me after I brought coffee into Meg's sitting room.

I am now prepared to offer readers the brown nylon uniform I wore (offers welcome), as well as some revealing fish-eye lens photos of Doris Luke changing in the ATV dressing room (home videos also available) at crack-down prices.

Having taken some acting lessons from dear David Hunter and some hair-care tips from his wife Barbara, there was quite a good chance of me getting a prominent role as Jill Harvey's incontinent illegitimate offspring by one of Chris Hunter's drug-crazed friends, but for some reason it never came off.

I am now a futurist pop singer, and hope to enter next year's Eurovision Song Contest with a self-penned song entitled "A bench, the sea — hello, oh world of joy".
Braille Kebab Seschellschaft Sinistre, Easton Court, Bellshill, Glasgow.
And let this stand as an inspiration to all of us. — CSM

CRASSIE
Did anybody hear Crass's 'Penny Rimbaud' on *Rock On*? If they did, it is to be hoped that they will realise that the — precisely, crass — misunderstanding of Freud's theories which he expressed during the programme bore no relation whatever to what Freud actually said.

It seems that we are to be treated to yet another dose of 'Rimbaud's' enlightened vision, this time concerning his reading of Freud, in Crass's new record 'Penis Envy'. Never mind — we might be able to see some humour in the spectacle of someone setting up their own gross misapprehension of what is, after all, an exceedingly complex theoretical structure and then decrying it as 'utter rubbish'; that is, if we are not to overcome with sadness first.
Konrad S. Marlow, London SE27.
Oh, we are, Konrad. We are. — CSM

I've been a fan of Crass for years. I've got, or rather I had, all their records. I used to think that they were the only band who were really trying to support their fans.

After hearing Penny Rimbaud talking on *Rock On* on Saturday I've changed my mind though, and now it's hard to see how I could have been so stupid as to be taken in by them in the first place.

Anyone who can claim, as Rimbaud did, that they completely support a movement (in this case No-Nukes) but then refuse to help it in the most obvious way open to them (putting a track on their record) just because they don't like the name is just being childish and as elitist as any media-star. And anyone who believes that their fans are so mindless and uncommitted in their ideals that they will only wear an anti-war badge if it has Crass's name on it doesn't deserve any fans.

The contempt with which Rimbaud views Crass's fans was most obvious when he talked about one of the group's earlier records. He said that it was deliberately "all street cred stuff for people who want that sort of rubbish". If he's prepared to make a living, as he said, out of making records that he believes or knows are rubbish, then he's no better than any of the Establishment groups he pretends to despise.

The sooner all Crass's fans realise that behind all the talk, Crass are just using them for their own ego-trip the better. I learned something on Saturday and I feel a lot better for it.
Steve, Hackney, London E8. (A disillusioned but happy ex-Crass fan).
Great. Now go and learn something else. You'll feel even better. — CSM

GASSIE
As your staff and readers appear to have exhausted all possible variations of diminutives after the style of Julian Cope's idiomatic appellation of a popular television soap-opera, I suggest that a close now be brought to all such corry. (Corry? Correspondence! You call it corry, don't you, Eddie? Eddie? Editor! You call him Eddie, don't you?)
Johnny Nobody, Toddy, Yorkie (Nr. Lanky).
Dunno about all this. I'd better check with Paul Morley. (You do call him Morley, don't you?) — CSM.

ALL YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED
I've just found my copy of 'Incubation/Komakino' by Joy Division in the second edition of *Introducing Economics*. What next?
Simon Winwood, Stratford, salisbury.
'Kilimanjaro' in *Much Ado About Nothing*. — CSM

Could you clear up for me the fact that it is now hip to be into funk as I can sort out my Blackpool Mecca, Manchester Ritz, etc. badges and wear them again instead of being told I must be daft to have wasted by Sundays going to unheard of 'discos'.
Neil Rushton, Cannock.
It is hip to wear these badges from now on up until such time as it is decided that it is no longer hip. In the meantime, collect as many Taj Mahal badges as possible. — CSM

Is Miles this year's George Tremlett or am I just a cynic?
Omni Bus (age 4).
If Miles ever runs for the GLC, we assure you that he'll do a book to coincide with the election. — CSM
***The Gang Of Four In Their Own Words* is now available from Omnibus at £1.95. — Miles**

Why are the staff of Our Price Records, Oxford, so good looking, especially John Silver?
John Silver, Our Price, Oxford.
Because they're so hard to see. — Ghost Of John Lennon

Re. your Funk Wall Chart thing — how come Larry Graham was the original bass "slapper/thumper" one week, and Stanley Clarke the next? I thought Geezer Butler invented that particular style of bass playing! Also, how on earth can you write 136 words about Weather Report (can you really dance to them?) without mentioning Jaco Pastorius?

Oh, I know: it's the wrist action.
S.I.D. Scrote, Chipping-Ongar.
Pow! I gotcha! Caught you with your funk down! Larry *was* first, or at any rate first on the radio. If you want to get technical, he was doing that stuff on turn-of-the-decade Sly records when Stan was still playing acoustic bass. You got us with *our* funk down on Jaco, tho'. — CSM

With reference to your "funk" wallchart, what's all this about Talking Heads being funky? They're about as funky as Killing Joke (if that). And David Byrne's "singing" is as funny as a duck's ass.
Biggus Diccus, The Colosseum, Wome.
Talking Heads *are* funky, but in a different way. That'll be 25 guineas. — CSM

T-ZERS

BY ERROL G.

ELVIS COSTELLO recently returned from the States, where he's been working on a further collaboration with **George Jones,** aided by **Attractions Steve Naive** and **Pete Thomas** and **Nick Lowe** (depping on bass for an ill **Bruce Thomas).** Exactly what this project involves remains a mystery, though it's rumoured that the pair cut a bunch of tracks in Nashville, including **Hank Williams'** 'Why Don't You Love Me Like You Used To Do', **Patsy Cline's** 'He's Got You', and **Bobby Bland's** 'I'll Take Good Care Of You' . . .

Costello also performed the aforementioned Hank Williams number, **Presley's** 'Little Sister' and four other non-originals at a solo gig for the patients of a mental hospital just before the Stateside sojourn. The performance, a low-profile, totally unpublicised gesture, was filmed possibly for screening at the Year Of The Disabled gig that Costello, **Dury** and numerous other media folk will actively involve themselves in during June. The only problem reported was that during the set, the patients clapped along in a decidedly arhythmic manner, totally throwing EC off his pitch. A volunteer from the film crew helped out as impromptu percussionist in order to keep Elvis in synch . . .

JULIE COPE intends to bombard fans on the next **Teardrops** tour with cassettes of music he thinks they should listen to. **Errol** advises prospective Droppie audiences to be prepared to reciprocate . . . **David Bowie** trying to land the part of **Johnny Ray** in forthcoming biopic about some NY gossip columnist so famous we can't remember her name . . .

That's entertainment! The bass vocalist with '50s r'n'b group **The Coasters,** missing for a year, has been found in a California canyon with his hands and feet severed. Certain American management types are being questioned in connection with the murder. No business like show business, eh?

Squeeze are no longer under the managerial wing of **Jake Riviera.** All will be explained in next week's piece on the Fab Five. **Nick Lowe,** meanwhile, is set to succeed **Elvis Costello** in producing a follow-up to the excellent 'East Side Story' . . .

Bruce Springsteen currently performing a lengthy **Presley** tribute in his European concerts. In Paris, he did 'Can't Help Falling In Love With You' prefaced by a rambling monologue involving an imaginary chat 'twixt The Boss and The King . . .

Yoko back in business: she's apparently making moves to purchase NY art/pop paper *Soho Weekly News* . . .

Official Receiver for **Sex Pistols** affairs please take note: Warners picked up a cool $25,000 for the synchronisation rights to the Pistols songs from *D.O.A.* producer **Lech Kowalski.** *NME's* **Chris Salewicz,** the film's ass director (not the most unpleasant of jobs, we hear) reports that the eleven minutes of S&N footage in the film — that's **Sid and Nancy,** you perverts — are of the interview which appeared in the *NME* of February 1978, when Sid didn't manage to tell all about the Pistols split due to his somewhat weary condition (read: smacked out) . . .

Deborah Harry has donated a snap of herself to charity, and wants the bidding to start at $300. Other contributors: **Kurt Vonnegut,** who gave two drawings he claims are worth $800; **Miss Piggy,** who gave her ballet slippers; and **Lemmy,** who donated an old pair of leather trousers so soiled they've been known to walk without their owner, and have just been acquitted of an attempted sodomy charge . . .

T-Zers scoops the world (again)! In an exclusive interview with Errol last weekend, Teddy Kennedy announced his candidature for the 1984 Presidential Election. Teddy, seen above with his campaign staff and running-mate — and former San Francisco mayoral candidate — Jello Biafra (second from right), will be standing as an independent Road Safety candidate. When asked why he'd chosen Biafra to be V-P, Kennedy muttered something about "better dead than red". T-Zers wishes them the best of luck.

BACK at the Hammy Odeon, **Echo And The Bunnymen** encored their set the other night with **Blue Orchids** assisting. They did a **Velvet Underground** medley consisting of 'Waiting For The Man', 'Real Good Time', 'What Goes On' and 'Oh Danny Boy'. Oh what? Oh well. **I Mac** is 22 (just) ...

Loads 'n' loads of pop star persons at the opening party for a new New York niterie called Interferon, including **Spandau Ballet's Tony Hadley, Bush Tetra Pat Place, Andy Hernandez** (aka **Coati Mundi**) of **Kid Creole And T'Coconuts, Alan Vega, Lenny Kaye** and assorted scenemakers including every club doorman in town. The club promises "a new era in New York nightlife" (yawn) including separate floors for bands, dancing and a restaurant, plus staying open till dawn. Why don't these people settle down and get proper jobs, that's what we'd like to know . . .

The real next *T-Zer* is about **Bruce Springsteen.** Seems he's "Mulling over" an offer to play **Marlon Brando's** role in a re-make of *The Wild One.* Hey! Was the future of rock 'n' roll born to be wild? . . .

AH YES, **The People. Charley,** of said combo, and Race Records supremo **Brad** (of **The Specials**) were allegedly "helping police with their enquiries" after a squalid incident in which Race label manager **Sean Karamazov** was found in a mangled heap at the bottom of the Chrysalis office stairs. And who's doing the alleging? Why, Sean of course. It transpires he'd met his two colleagues there to present them with artwork for the imminent People 45, 'Musical Man'. 'Twas then that Sean realised he'd left the goods on a London bus, to Brad and Charley's instant non-amusement. The artefacts were, however, duly found at Hackney garage, and it's now kiss-and-make-up time. Ahhh . . .

Meanwhile Brad is keen to get in touch with ultra-promising reggae act **Van Daan,** who left him a tape, but no address. So, Van Daan, the digits to dial are 609 2029 . . .

THANK YOU, reader **Dominic Raymond Barker,** for pointing out that **Arthur C. Clarke's** story *The Nine Billion Names Of God* ends thus: "Overhead, without any fuss, the stars were going out". This is obviously blatant plagiarism, ripped off from the last line of **Wah! Heat's** C81 contribution 'The 7,000 Names Of Wah' . . .

The Dead Kennedys played a Sunday matinee for their under-drinking age fans at Bonds, New York, calling it the Fresh Fruit Show. Ain't that cute? Only fruit and soft drinks were sold, and over 1,000 young 'uns turned up . . .

Question Mark And The Mysterians (of '96 Tears' fame and not a lot else) are back. Comprising original ? **Rudy Martinez** on drums, plus a new guitarist and bassist, they played NY's Irving Plaza and may be in England soon . . .

David Byrne was in Bournemouth (where else?) last week, downing scrumpy with **Robert Fripp** and **Eno** and telling bad jokes. The legless trio later caught the sou'wester band to tip, **X/S** . . .

And yet more down-home folks in glamorous places: **Joey Ramone** is in Stockport "laying down vocal tracks, man" for new Ramonoid stuff, to be produced by **10cc's Graham Gouldman** . . .

STRANGE BUT TRUE. The music played over the house PA on all the dates of **Rod Stewart's** recent Japanese tour was none other than **The Fall's** 'Totally Wired'. The obvious musical empathy which has existed for years twixt Stewart and **Mark Smith** has been compounded by Rod's Nip promoters who presented him with a complete collection of Fall discs . . .

B-Film, The London group from the Not So Famous stable, have signed to Cherry Red: but to avoid confusion with the more-established **B Movie,** they've had to change their names. **Soul** is the choice they've hit upon. Meanwhile B Movie should not be confused with **Scott B** and ?????? **B** whose 'B Movies' are previewed page 11 . . .

John Cale is to take **Rise Irishlami,** the 22-year-old NY actress in *Stardust Memories,* for his bride in an early summer wedding . . . Back at Bonds club, NY (*T-Zer* two in a series of three), a blue-haired **Debbie Harry** sang 'Rapture' with **Chic** at a benefit for **James Chance's** girlfriend **Anya Phillips,** who's currently fighting cancer. **Spandau Ballet** (again) and various **Axioms** were found in bar-propping postures . . .

RICHARD JOBSON, described this week by **Haircut 100's Nick Heyward** as a "lazy bastard" in his role of producer, will be making selected appearances in his other guise of The Bard on the Cabaret Futura tour of the UK. The tour itself will be playing two European dates, both in Vienna. The first is at the Metropole, one of the world's oldest cabaret clubs. The second will be before inmates of the Vienna Psychiatric Clinic . . .

Is The Beeb's Chinese detective on the take from Chrysalis? In every club he and his fellow coppers busted last week, a **Blondie** tune happened to be on the tables, not to mention the 'Autoamerican' poster on the wall of one of his suspects . . .

Whether or not they influenced the election result we may never know, but **The Clash** have been blowing up a storm dans la France this past week. They played to an 8,000 crowd in Lyon before seeing the Parisian hordes go similarly apeshit, monkeypoo and orangutangdung when they played there . . .

The City Rockers are obviously in big demand in New York too where their week-long residency at Bond's disco on Broadway — the shows to be attended by the *NME's* magnificent insulter — sold out "on the day" that tickets were made available . . .

Spotted impersonating an audience at **The Barracudas'** Embassy Club foray were **Annie Lennox, Phil Lynott, Steve Jones** and some **Blondies** plus one genuine celebrity, a **Michael Jackson,** friend of **Yoshi** and **Danny Baker,** sporting a strip of Band-Aid over his nose. "**My Adam And The Ants** look," joked Mike . . .

Dexys offshoot **The Bureau** have brought out a handy little booklet, for distribution to fan or fans at live appearances. Despite the photos bearing captions like "thinking up lyrics in Birmingham, February 1981", they were actually all taken by *NME's* **Peter Anderson** in Amsterdam. Furthermore the booklet fails to acknowledge this fact, crediting fellow-photographer **Mike Laye,** and Peter has as yet gone without payment. An explanation, chaps, would be *ever* so welcome . . .

At an impromptu secret gig in Huddersfield this week A Certain Ratio celebrate the rise of their 'To Each . . .' LP and unveil their new fashion concept for the summer of '81 — the trews remain the same, as does the percussive verve — but wow! dig that cool combination of be bop neckwear and Popeye chic. Och aye, do the du!

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BETTER BADGES

This Last Week		
1	(1)	Ceremony — New Order 20p
2	(–)	Sandanista — The Clash 20p
3	(–)	Cassette Pet — Bow Wow Wow 20p
4	(4)	Mask — Theatre of Hate 20p
5	(6)	Toyah Black & White — Toyah 20p
6	(5)	Unexpected Guest — UK Decay 20p
7	(10)	Let Them Eat Valium — Thatcher 20p
8	(2)	Ant Music 20p
9	(8)	C.N.D. 20p
10	(–)	Nagasaki Nightmare — Crass 20p

NEW RELEASES: Flux Of Pink Indians 1"; Clash — Sandinista 1", 1¼"; Josef K 1", Jam — start 1¼"; Gang Of Four — "History" 1¼"; Delta 5 — "D.V." 1"; Pere Ubu — "Art Of Walking" 1"; 23 Skidoo — Shape 1"; Demob — Anti Police 7"; Roll A Joint ¾", Bunnymen 1" or ¾"

NEW FANZINES (inc P&P): Poser 8, 40p; Jamming No. 11; God Crazy, 55p; ID3 — Fashion Fanzine 85p; Over The Top 1 — Heavy Metal 40p; Panache 15 — Ants Special 45p; I.D.3 85p; Story So Far 4 'Cramps-/Joan Jett) 45p; Shake 11 (60's garage bands) 45p; ZG '81/1 (Image & Culture) 90p; Syn Rock 95p.

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